APRIL 4, 1936

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN Joyce Sewell left for Mexico, she made a clean get-away. No one knew where she had gone, not her stepmother nor Helm Blackadder nor the gilded youths of Platinum Hill who had been begging her to marry them. She was on her own, about to begin a fight in a strange land for the estate from which her father had been driven and where her mother had been killed.

The courts would pay no attention to her claims. Her only chance lay in meeting force with force. George Agnew Chamberlain's new novel shows you Joyce caught in the dark currents of Mexican politics and carried through violent adventures "Under Pressure."

IN October, 1922, Mussolini's black shirts marched on Rome. They were making a desperate and hazardous bid for power. An officer of the regular army, stationed in Rome, watched them with sardonic and unsympathetic eyes. "Give me one company of *carabinièri*," he said, "and I'll sweep this Fascist scum into the sea." The officer was Marshal Pietro Badoglio. He didn't get his company of *carabinièri*, but Mussolini has remembered his remark and hated him. Finally, though, in desperation he had to call on Badoglio to take charge of his imperial enterprise in East Africa. W. B. Courtney, from personal acquaintance with the marshal, introduces you to "Mussolini's Unhappy Warrior."

THE bride had just stepped into the kitchen for a minute before the ceremony. She had no business there, but it did give her an idea. The idea was that one of her bridesmaids could just as well take her place and she—well, she would be free. If you think this was too sudden to be sound, we recommend Josephine Bentham's delightful short story, "There's Always Penelope."

IT was just an accident that Cesare Moneta, on his way to enlist for the Spanish-American War, stopped at a restaurant on Mulberry Street in New York. Young Mr. Moneta never got to the wars. He bought the restaurant and has been there ever since, while his fame spread amazingly. Next week he divulges his secrets of subtle cookery in "Don't Neglect the Garlic."

A RUGGED romance of the pioneer days in Ohio is contributed by Mary Louise Mabie, "In the Blockhouse."

LUCIAN CARY, George Creel, Frank Leon Smith, Jim Marshall, Jacland Marmur, Ruth Carson, Sax Rohmer and others complete a large and satisfactory issue.

This Week

●

April 4, 1936

Cover by Howard Butler

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WALTER DAVENPORT
Storm Warnings in Idaho. Governor Charles Ben Ross bids for the Senate. Page 10

THOMAS McMORROW
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SAX ROHMER
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KYLE CRICHTON
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
His Public, by Henri Duvernois. Page 24

EDWIN MULLER
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One Can of Luck. The sardines are in the ring. Page 46

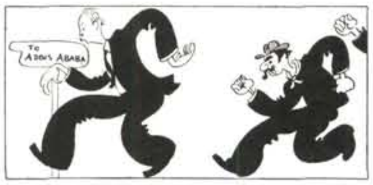
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Your share of facts. Page 57

EDITORIAL
Double Fault. Page 66

●

Any Week

OUR W. B. Courtney popped his head well above the journalistic crowd recently with "To Hell by Troopship." And now Mr. Leonardo DeLorenzo of Los Angeles, California, reports that he and "all the Italians in America" are prepared to kick Mr. Courtney "from New York to Addis Ababa where he should live for the rest of his life." Mr. DeLorenzo also finds that Mr. Courtney "must be in the pay of rapacious England." But Mr. Marc Antony Badoglio of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, assures us that "it is well known that Mr. Courtney was not in Ethiopia at all" and that "he was well paid for what he wrote with British or American anti-Fascisti money."



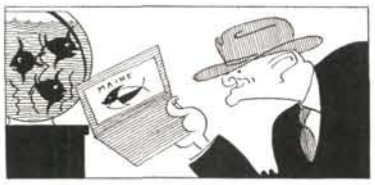
VERY indignant is Mr. J. Turley Owsley of San Francisco, California. "I'm not trying to take anything away from Owen D. Young," says Mr. Owsley, "but why can't J. Turley Owsley make the front pages of the newspapers? I know the answer so don't remind me that Mr. Young is a big shot and I'm just an Owsley. For years I've been demanding that the radio broadcasting companies make our political orators prove that they know what they're talking about before going on the air. This would be a boon to us all as it would mean about one speech every four or five years. But along comes Owen D. Young and without saying half what I've been saying he hits the front pages and I don't get a tumble. Call that freedom of speech?"

WE have to be above such petty squabbling. Upon us Mr. Joseph B. Dallman of Portland, Oregon, has served notice that "the charter membership books of the Fight for America Party are about to close." We have to make up our mind whether we shall send Mr. Dallman two dollars and "get in on the ground floor" or pass up an opportunity to be somebody. "Candidates for public office," says Mr. Dallman, "are to be chosen from the charter membership." And Mr. Dallman hints that to him we look like good presidential material.

BUT, for a dollar we can join The Congressional District Budget Disbursement League of America. A Colonel B. Franklin Hargiston of Chicago, Illinois, is the head man. Instead of a Federal Budget being whacked up in Washington while we're not looking, it would be apportioned amongst the nation's congressional districts for a pro rata divvy. Everyone would get his share but anybody coming in with the initiation fee of one dollar now would get his first plus a founder's bonus. And no nonsense about being sixty years old, either.

AND still we can't make up our mind. Maybe we'd prefer to join the Individual Survival Party, an invention of Mrs. Florence C. Christlett of Los Angeles, California. "We guarantee you nothing but peace and a chance," says she with candor we can't ignore. First of all, Mrs. Christlett would take an occupational census, after which each person would be given a shop or office or small building in which to practice his trade or profession. "All trusts and big business would be abolished and private enterprise would sink or swim," says Mrs. Christlett. This would cost us only a dollar.

SO you see how it is. Shall we go in for important national movements or selfishly save our money for a new spring necktie? Miss Edna H. Spruance of Memphis, Tennessee, urges us toward the latter. Says she: "If President Roosevelt really wants to do himself and the country a lot of good, he will stop digging up trees, building dog pounds and counting bullfrogs with all that money and buy every man, woman and child a new spring suit and hat. That's the way to play Daddy."



AND to make decision all the harder, the Honorable Louis J. Brann, Governor of Maine, has just sent us a complimentary fishing license in a neat leather holder. Maybe if we didn't join anything and didn't buy that tie we'd have just enough for gas and oil. And then we'd sit down and remember Sergeant Simoncini. We knew Sergeant Simoncini in the Army. One day the sergeant was explaining to a bewildered replacement the whys and wherefores of those forced marches wherein we'd hike for an hour and rest five minutes. "The five minutes," explained the sergeant, "are taken out to give the general a chance to think."

SO we'll just sit down.

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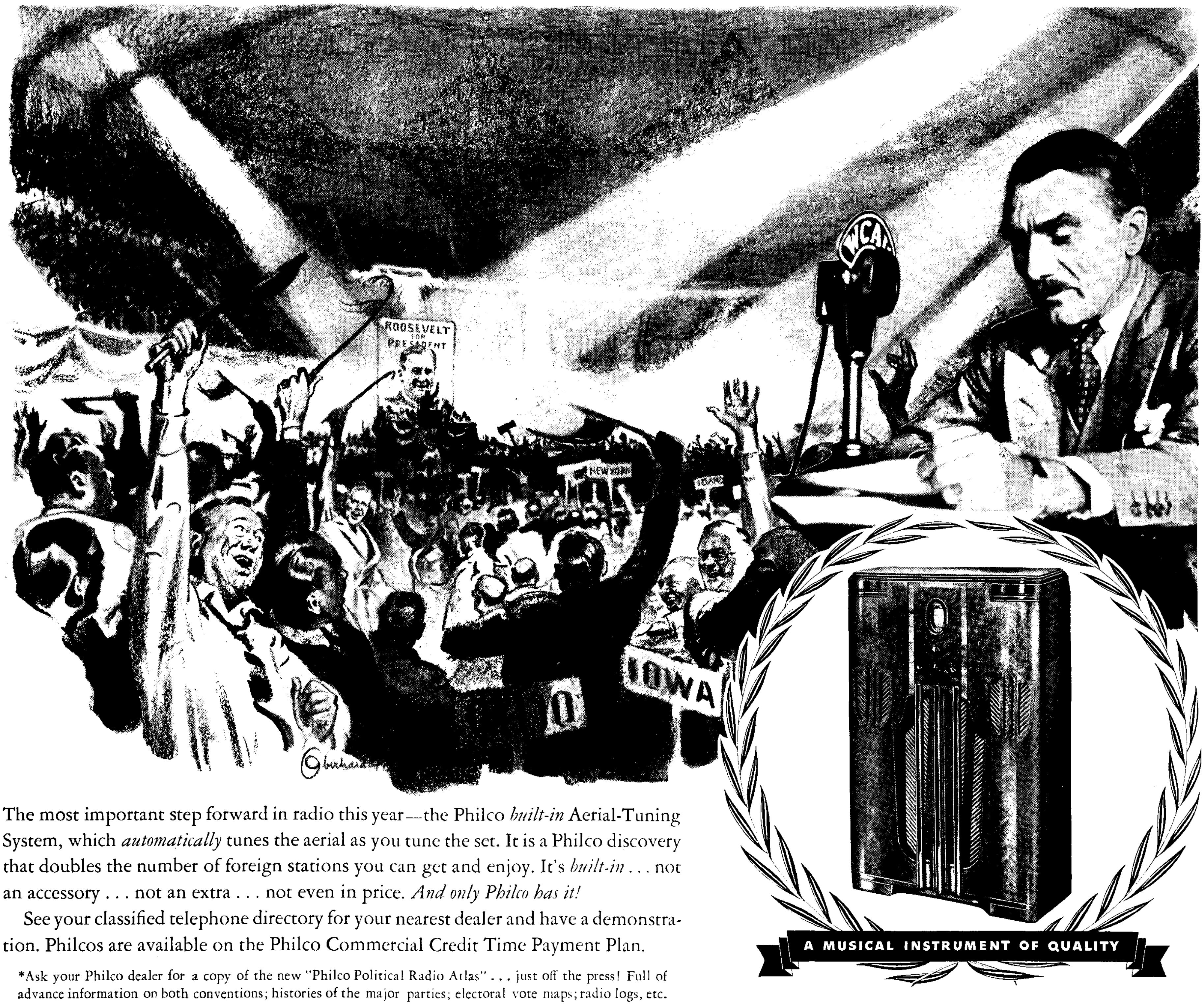

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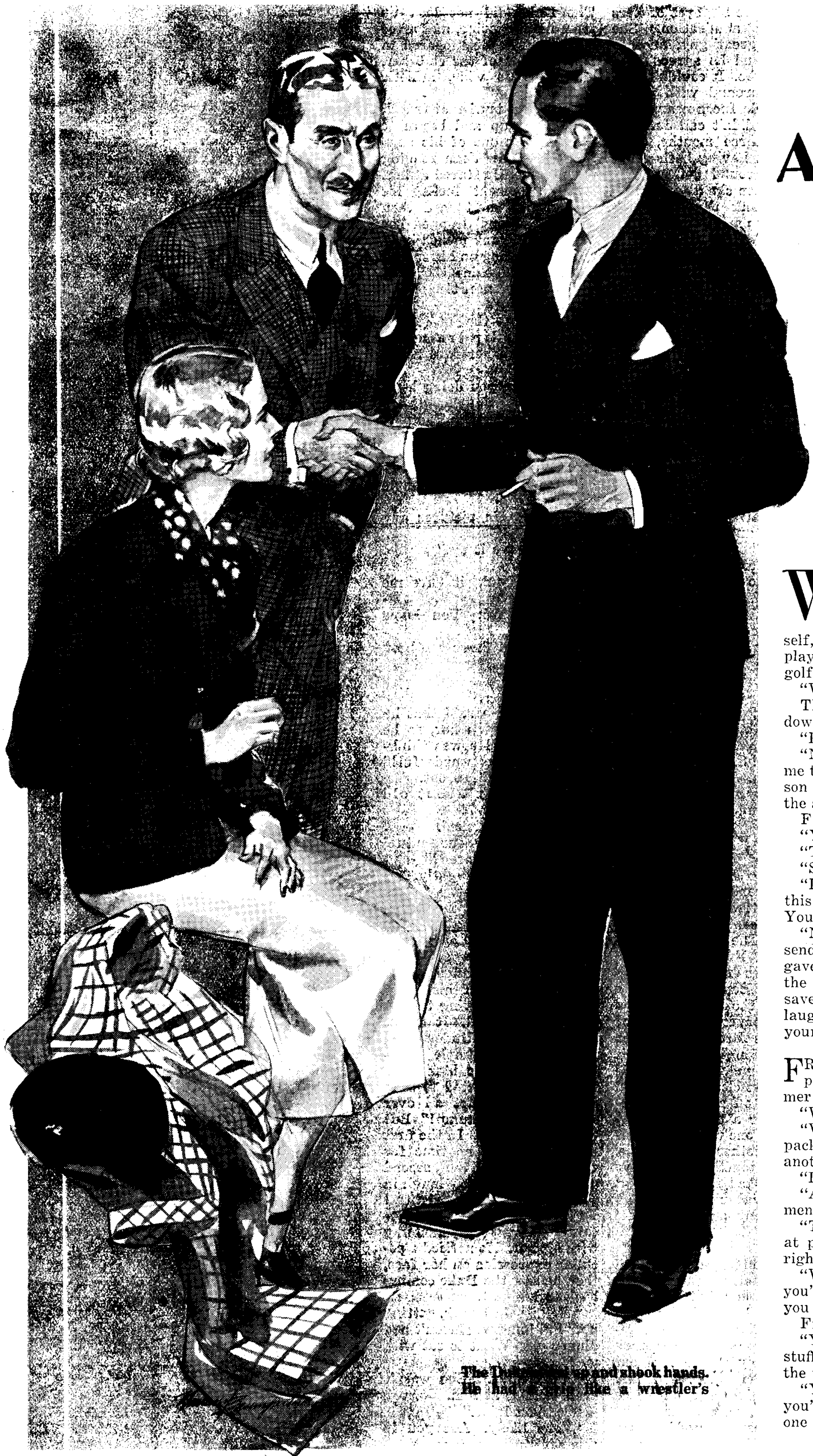


The Du[illegible] up and shook hands. He had a grip like a wrestler's

Across the Aisle

Frank Evers had orders to get on a train and keep his eye on Duke Benson and a girl. Simple enough, those orders. And exciting enough, the story

By W. R. Burnett

WHEN Frank Evers entered the office the Chief was standing with his back to the room staring down into the sunlit street below. It was a perfect California winter day, and Frank smiled to himself, thinking that the Chief was probably wishing he could play golf. The Chief was always wishing he could play golf, but he never seemed to get around to it.

"Well," said Frank, "here I am."

The Chief turned, glanced at Frank wearily, then sat down at his desk.

"Pull up a chair. Now. What did Manny tell you?"

"Nothing much. Said he'd made all arrangements for me to take the Golden State this evening. That Duke Benson was on the train and that I had a section right across the aisle from him. . . ."

Frank hesitated.

"Yes? Go on."

"This is a tough assignment, Chief."

"So what?"

"I know. I know. You're in the army now, et cetera. But this is all new to me. I've never been in on a killing yet. You told me . . ."

"Never mind what I told you. I've got my reasons for sending you. We'll get around to that. When Uncle Sam gave you that badge he didn't ask you . . ." The Chief saw the satirical look on Frank's face and paused. "Okay. I'll save that line for the dumb ones. Smart guys like you laugh at that kind of stuff. Nevertheless, I still sign for your pay check. . . ."

FRANK squirmed. The Chief was looking satirical now. It pleased him to see dapper, handsome Frank Evers, former football star and movie aspirant, uncomfortable.

"We always get around to that."

"We always do," agreed the Chief. "Since you're not packing 'em in for old alma mater any more you're just another young man trying to get along. Am I right?"

"Right."

"All right. We'll forget about this being a tough assignment. Now, what else did Manny tell you?"

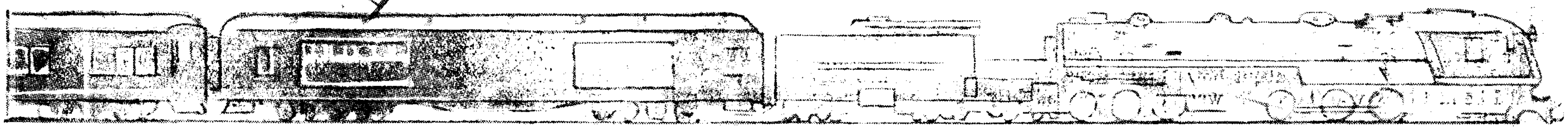
"That I'm to keep my eyes on Duke Benson. I've looked at pictures of him till I can't see straight. He'd do all right in the movies himself."

"What do you mean, adding that 'himself'? It sounds like you'd done all right yourself. Which you haven't, unless you can call standing in for a cream puff doing all right."

Frank flushed.

"You don't need to build me all up with that cream-puff stuff. I know you know I'm no cream puff. So let's forget the movies."

"You brought it up. Quit wasting my time. Just forget you're a personal friend of mine and play like you're just one of the boys."



Frank flushed again. He could see now that the Chief was in a bad humor; probably trouble at home; he always seemed to be having some kind of domestic trouble.

"Well," said Frank, after a moment, "I'm to keep my eyes on Benson and when he gets off the train tomorrow morning at Tucson I'm to help the Arizona boys."

"Right. If the big shots don't show up, you help the boys arrest Benson; if they do show up, which I think they will, you help the boys plug Benson and his boy friends. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes. I still don't like it. But, as you say so often, 'beggars can't be choosers.'"

"Do I say that often?"

"You imply it."

"Sorry." The Chief shrugged and stared off across the room. Then: "I've got a bad headache this morning. Don't pay any attention to me. Now, Frank; here comes the works. I had a darn' good reason for giving you this assignment. Everything was going swell. We had the goods on Benson right and he never had an idea we were checking up on him. He thinks he's pretty well covered because he had his hair dyed and raised a mustache and had it dyed and also because he put on such a front and lived at the Ambassador. He's still spending that Indiana bank robbery money. . . . All right. It was a perfect setup, when this dame walks into it. . . ."

"Dame?"

"I thought that would wake you up. Yes, dame. She's eloping with Benson, or that's what she thinks. He's a great one for dames, this boy! They flock around him. Well, this happens to be a pretty nice girl. I've had her checked backwards the last few days. But what can I do? I might frame an arrest but that puts Benson on his guard. No, the girl's got to take that train. Anyway, I don't care a hang for Benson. He's small potatoes. A front guy; nothing else. I want Fats Morgan and Ernie Schiff. The sooner they're buried the better and if Benson has to go with them to the cemetery, that's his tough luck. It's the girl that worries me, and that's why I'm sending you."

"Thanks."

"In the first place, you're about the only sheik I've got on the pay roll. In the second place you . . . hold tight now . . . you know this dame."

"I know her?"

"So I hear from the snoopers. Her name is . . ."

JEAN GARVIN! All the way to the station Frank kept repeating that name to himself. Sometimes he flushed; other times he swore under his breath. He had met her on the Pacific Pictures Inc. lot. She was from a small town in Iowa; had won a popularity contest or a beauty contest or something. Her tests were pretty good. They signed her, at a very small salary, to one of those "five-year" contracts; the joker being that there were options to be taken up every three months. But the "five-year" business looked nice in the newspaper, and Frank remembered the day he'd gone to the post office with Jean to mail a lot of the clippings home.

She was a darn' nice, wholesome kid. He'd been pretty "Hollywood" at that time; everybody was flattering him and inviting him around, not because they thought he'd ever make the grade in pictures, but because of his reputation as a football player, a near All-America. He remembered with a flush how condescending he'd been to Jean. After all, as his friend Eddy Jenks, the publicity man, had said, "Jean's just a little corn-fed bumpkin from the wide open spaces; a dime a dozen in Hollywood."

Frank squirmed, thinking about how offhand he had been with her. She was crazy about him and he didn't have sense enough to appreciate her. He thought it was great fun having her look at him with those big eyes of hers full of wondering admiration. She thought he was a great guy, another Valentino, maybe, and he agreed with her—minus the maybe. It couldn't last. He started going around with Marie Jensen, one of Pacific Inc.'s near stars, and pretty soon he didn't call Jean up any more. After three months, Jean was let out without having been given a part; she was around doing extra work for a while, then she disappeared. Somebody told Frank that she was working in a beauty parlor—manicurist or something. He'd never seen her again. He'd been let out himself; all his friends disappeared. He was just a has-been football player; a washout in pictures, a mug generally. Now, because Jim Bryson, the Chief, was a friend of his, he was a copper. What a laugh!

POOR Jean! And now she was in a real jam, mixed up with a bad one like Duke Benson, although she hadn't any idea he was a bank robber and a murderer, or so the Chief thought. Duke had been registered under the name of John C. Hawley at the Ambassador and was supposed to be connected with a bonding house in New York.

"He won't take any chances," the Chief had said. "They'll pretend they don't know each other on the train. Or else they'll pretend to meet on the train. After all, there's a Mann Act and Duke's no fool."

Frank had winced. He had felt the Chief's eyes on him and had kept his own eyes lowered.

"Pretty sweet on her at one time, eh, Frank?"

"I wouldn't say that."

Pretty sweet on her, but full of crazy ideas, and puffed up with thoughts of his future greatness! She was the nicest girl he'd ever known.

As he was getting aboard, a man in the uniform of a conductor stepped up to him.

"Car 17, Section 9?"

"That's right."

"He's on board."

The man in the conductor's uniform nodded and hurried toward the front of the huge, transcontinental train. Frank went into the car. The porter was arranging his luggage. Frank tipped him, then sat down. Across from him, in Section 8, he saw Duke Benson. He was a big, handsome man, though he looked a little like a funny-paper caricature of an Englishman. His face was long, his nose prominent and high-bridged. His blondined hair shone under the lights. He was dressed in sports clothes and could have passed himself off as a rich, polo-playing American or a traveling Englishman—except for one thing: his eyes didn't match his clothes or his face. They were too close together, too active and shrewd. He looked in the pink of condition; his color was excellent. Frank noticed how big, bony and strong his hands were.

DUKE turned slightly, gave Frank a cursory glance, then went back to his magazine. There was nothing of the copper about Frank; he still had a reckless, somewhat collegiate air. Crooks always passed him up, after one quick look; bums invariably picked him out to panhandle; on the city streets strange women approached him with confidence to ask for directions. "I must look like a 14-karat sap," Frank grumbled. He didn't; but neither did he look dangerous in any respect.

Frank saw a girl coming down the aisle: Jean! Much to his disgust, his heart turned over and his hands began to tremble slightly. She had her eyes lowered. The porter arranged her baggage; she tipped him, then sat down. She was in Section 7. The Duke did not look up from his magazine, and after a moment he disappeared in the direction of the club car, swinging his wide, athletic shoulders.

The big train started. Frank got up and began to rummage in one of his suitcases. He saw Jean reading a magazine. He stared at her. After a moment, feeling his eyes on her, she turned, then she gasped and dropped her magazine. Frank picked it up for her. Putting on his smart-alecky air, he said:

"Fawncy meeting you here."

Jean took the magazine. Her lower lip trembled slightly, then her face tightened.

"What are you doing here, Frank?"

"I'm on my way to Tucson."

"Tucson?"

"Yes. I'm working for an automobile company at Wilmington. Got to see a couple of dealers."

"Oh. Not in pictures any more?"

"No, I gave it up."

"Really?"

"To be frank, it gave me up."

"So I heard. You know about me."

"Yes. What have you been doing?"

"Working."

SHE seemed afraid that he might question her, so he said nothing. He was thinking: "She looks wonderful!" He cleared his throat.

"Ever think about old times?"

Her face tightened.

"Never. How's our mutual friend, Marie Jensen?"

Frank winced slightly.

"Doing all right, I hear."

"Oh, you hear? Don't you see her any more?"

"What do you think?"

Jean laughed shortly. Frank had a strange sensation at the pit of his stomach. Jean was trying to look blasé and cynical. It didn't suit her at all. Underneath, she was still the simple, trusting kid from the hick town in Iowa. He wanted to say: "Honey, let's start all over again. I was a chump!" But there was no use. In the first place, this was no time for sentiment! In the second place, she'd probably laugh in his face. And quite rightly!

He couldn't think of anything to say. He sat fumbling with his hat. He noticed a peculiar expression on her face, then he saw the Duke coming back to his seat.

"Well," said Frank, getting up, "I'm hungry. Haven't had dinner yet. Want to eat with me?"

"No, thanks." She wasn't even looking at him.

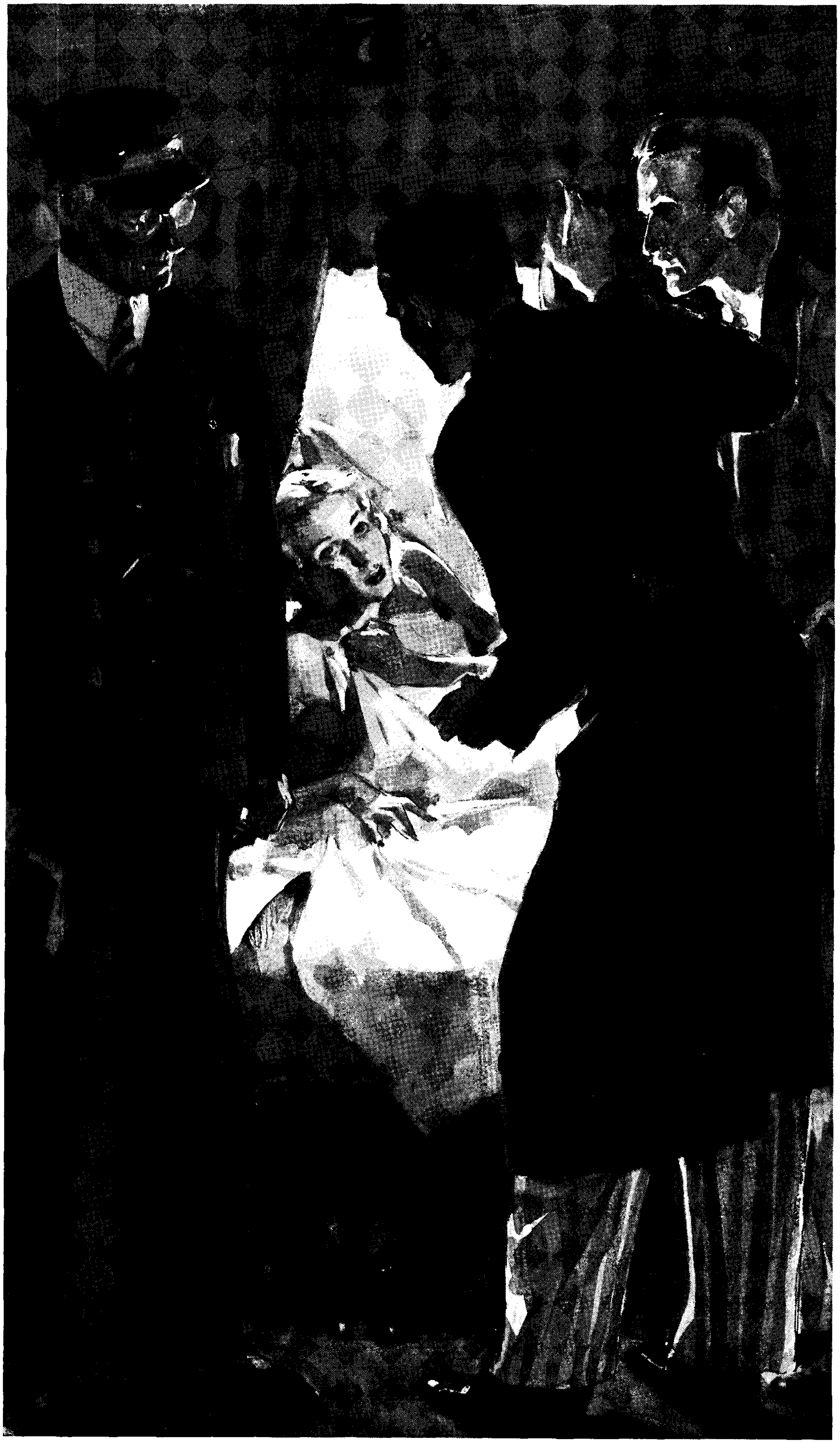
"See you later."

"Very likely. Are you in this car?"

"I like that. Yes, I'm in Section 9. Right behind you."

Frank went to the dining-car, where he sat trying to eat. It was no use. He just wasn't hungry. Damn his as-

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



"Oh, hello, Mr. Evers," said the man in the conductor's uniform. "What's the matter?"

signment; damn his poverty; damn that slick mug, the Duke; damn everything, in fact! When he went back to his car, the Duke was sitting with Jean.

She glanced up, trying to look cynical, but flushed.

"Frank," she said, "meet Mr. Hawley."

The Duke stood up and shook hands. He had a grip like a wrestler's.

"Glad to know you," he said. "The little lady here tells me you used to be in pictures."

"Yes," said Frank, "I used to double for Pete, the trained chimpanzee."

The Duke laughed.

"Yeah? I understand you used to play football, too. In fact, I remember you. I saw you play against Notre Dame over at South Bend."

"Do you call that playing?"

"I guess you did pretty well."

"Thanks."

Jean turned.

"Didn't you say something about eating?"

"Oh, sure," said the Duke. "Let's go eat. The little lady is going to have dinner with me."

FRANK gritted his teeth but managed a grin. Jean glanced up at him insolently, then smiled. Frank went to his section and sat down. He saw them disappear in the direction of the dining-car.

"Nice work, Jean," he muttered. "Give me the works. I deserve it. But if things keep on like this, it's going to be a pleasure for me to plug that big stiff!"

He sat trying to read a magazine, but the lights were dim, the car swayed and jiggled, and anyway he wasn't interested. He turned and twisted, trying to get into a comfortable position. At the far end of the car the porter was already making up a section for an elderly couple. Pretty soon, Jean and the Duke came back. He had her by the arm, escorting her with his best society manner. Frank caught his eye and smiled. The Duke smiled back with exaggerated friendliness.

Frank went to sit with them, enjoying the Duke's look of annoyance, which he immediately masked. They talked. From time to time, Frank noticed that Jean would look at the Duke and then at him. Was she comparing them? If she was, what were her conclusions? As time passed, her put-on blasé-cynical attitude vanished; she began to laugh merrily at some of the things Frank said. She looked very young, he thought, girlish almost. He began to worry. Was it possible that she was really in love with this big phony? Or was she just tired of the grind and grabbing off what she *thought* was a *rich man*! If she was really crazy about the Duke, what a spot! If Fats and Ernie met him at the station, Jean was going to get to see him filled full of lead. And what about her? A bullet might ricochet or somebody's hand might shake. . . !

THERE was the blast of a whistle. The Duke glanced at his wrist watch.

"This Desert City?"

"I think so."

"Got to send a telegram."

"The porter will take it." Frank rang.

The porter came, grinning.

"How long do we stay here?"

"Ten minutes, sah."

The Duke got up.

"I want you to send a telegram for me."

"Yes, sah." The porter went for the blanks. The Duke apologized for having to take care of a business matter and when the porter came with the blanks he went over into his own section.

Jean and Frank sat looking at each other, then he said:

(Continued on page 41)

Storm Warnings in Idaho

The citizens of Idaho are getting ready to watch an old conundrum put to the test. When an irresistible force (the Honorable Charles Ben Ross) meets an immovable object (the Honorable William Edgar Borah), what happens? The citizens of Idaho are unwilling to make any prophecies, but they do think it will be a lively campaign

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY ANITA PARKHURST

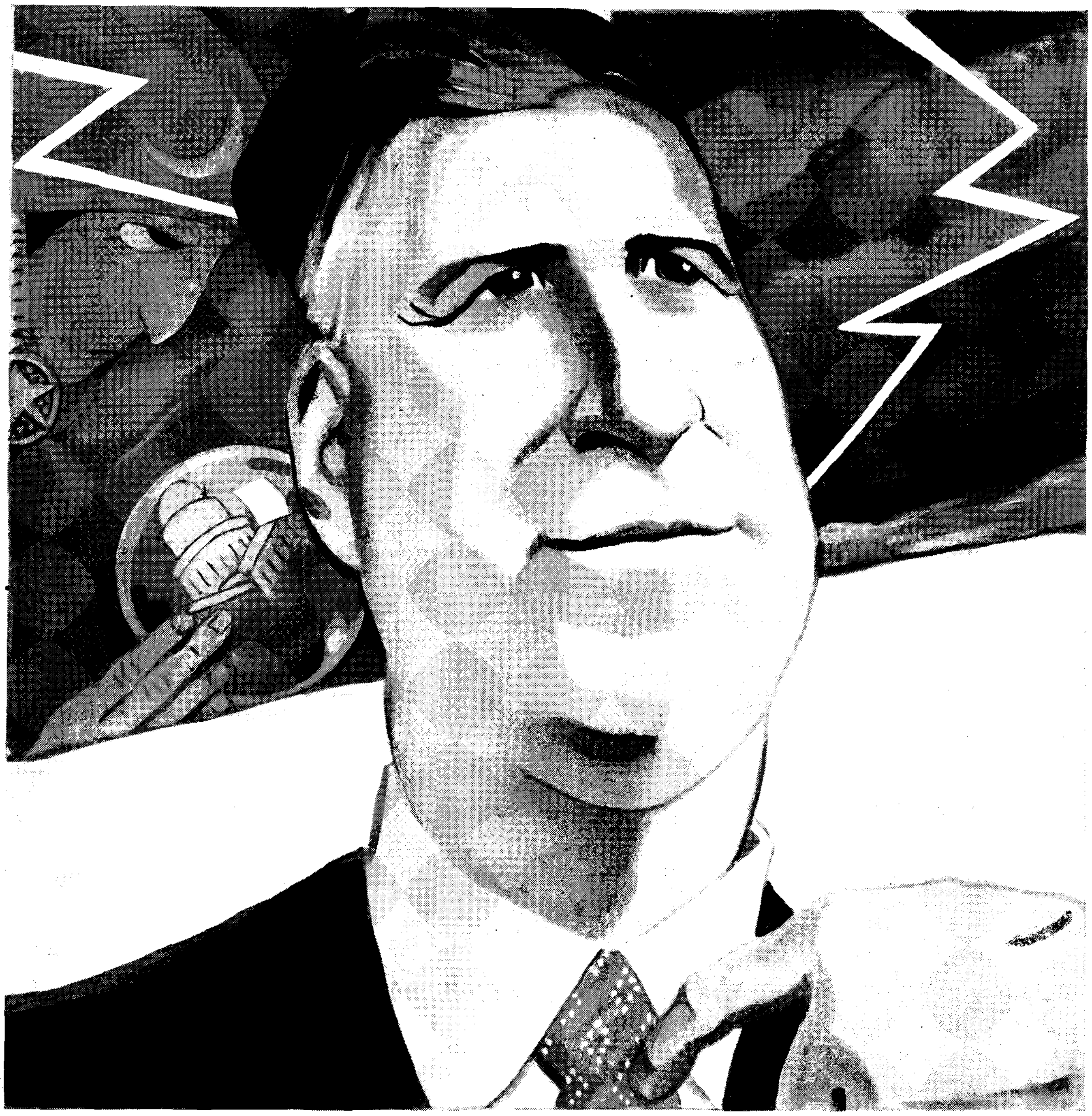
ONE of the Payette Valley citizens we talked to said he thought it was going to be like a fight he once saw between a bear and a mountain lion in a circus. He said it was so long ago that he doesn't remember which varmint won. But the important point was that when it was all over there wasn't any circus.

He admitted, when pressed, that Idaho wasn't exactly going to be missing when the Honorable William Edgar Borah and the Honorable Charles Ben Ross got through battling for Mr. Borah's seat in the United States Senate, but then neither was the circus when the lion and the bear stopped.

"Pieces of that circus were scattered right across the state lines," he said. "But it wasn't worth while trying to put them together again."

With this gentleman, large numbers of Idahoans view the impending conflict between Mr. Borah, who cannot be defeated, and Mr. Ross, who is notoriously unbeatable, with considerable apprehension. Quite a few of them regard the situation much as a Mr. Hillegas up Moscow way did when the power company first introduced its lines into that still untamed neck of Idaho. Mr. Hillegas, having prospered, was building himself a frame house which was to include every available convenience. The house was half erected when the man came along and sold him the idea of lighting his house with electricity. Having signed up, Mr. Hillegas started at once to tear down his half-finished home. "Got to build it of brick or stone now," he explained. "I just got to thinking what a heavy shock of electricity would do to a frame house."

Even at this moment, with the elections months ahead of us and unlimited opportunities for fate to ruin everything, the titanic battle between Senator Borah and Governor Ross is under way. Even today Governor Ross is trudging up and down the state asking all and sundry—daring them in fact—to tell him what Senator Borah has ever done for Idaho. And Senator Borah, sitting sphinxlike in Washington daring the world to try and get away with its latest unconstitutional wickednesses, has every pocket—to say nothing of his hat—filled with reports from his bush-beating vote rustlers back home.



A man of beatific faith (in himself) is Idaho's governor, Charles Ben Ross, who wants to be senator

Mr. Ross, who happens to be Idaho's governor and a Democrat too, told us that he wasn't wasting his time worrying about Mr. Borah. Why should he? Mr. Ross told us that he was going to be United States senator and Mr. Borah would somehow have to get used to the idea. We reminded Mr. Ross (as if he needed reminding) that defeating Mr. Borah was no May Pole dance and that a number of pretty determined citizens had had a go at it during the past thirty years only to discover their names amongst the missing next day. But Mr. Ross replied that we had probably failed to hear what he said or had at least misunderstood him.

"What I said was," said Mr. Ross, "I am Idaho's next senator—not going to be, mind you, but am."

"Sounds almost as if you were convinced," we said. "Has Mr. Borah been properly notified?"

"Mr. Borah," said Governor Ross indulgently, "has a number of things on his mind. I have but one. I am Idaho's next senator."

Idaho's New Man of Destiny

We said that we had talked to a number of people who didn't agree with him, but Mr. Ross was not impressed. He merely told us all over again that he was Idaho's next senator. And before we left him we almost understood the frame of mind one of Idaho's hardest-working politicians was in when he said:

"I have been in every town and village of the state. I paid careful attention to those counties which Ben Ross carried in his latest successful campaign for governor. I am convinced that he cannot carry any of them against Bill Borah. If he can't carry all of them he hasn't a chance. But I wouldn't bet a counterfeit Ethiopian dime that Ben Ross won't be elected senator, and don't try to make me explain it."

Now anyone trying this far in advance to predict what Idaho is going to do about a senator next November would seem to us to be in immediate need of a painstaking examination. Anyone, that is, except Mr. Ross. There would be absolutely no use examining Mr. Ross because he would merely give you a bath in his wide, ingenuous smile and advise you to dismiss the entire subject from your mind. He would tell you that he *is* Idaho's next senator and the hell with the future tense. You may tell Mr. Ross that State Senator McBillup and Mayor Mousehouser, who have been predicting election results without an error for these thirty years, are saying that Senator Borah couldn't lose even if he came out against the Townsend Plan, silver, AAA subsidies and irrigation and campaigned in favor of Maine potatoes, the League of Nations and more power to Wall Street. Governor Ross will smile right back to his jaw hinges and tell you that no more glittering patriots nor more loving fathers than State Senator McBillup and Mayor Mousehouser could be found in all the world—no matter how many rocks one looked under. Then he'd remind you, as softly as hilltop benediction, that he will be (sorry, sorry, Governor), *is* the next senator from Idaho. So you see how it is: and if you *don't it isn't* his fault.

We, who have seen professional confidence before, were impressed. Usually it is not difficult to detect an unspoken if and but in the windy self-assurance and confident optimism of the office-seeker. Even when they tell you that virtually nobody except a few of the worst mental cases are going to vote for an opponent you catch a note of secret dubiety. But with Mr. Ross it's different.

Faith that Won't Be Shaken

His faith in himself and the certitude with which he measures his personal future reminded us of the Colorado gentleman who told us on Armistice Day that he was sorry we had never met his son who, he said, had been a completely indispensable member of the AEF in 1918. "That boy of mine," said he, "won a lot of big battles over there in France."

"Maybe," we suggested, "he had a little help."

"Nope," said the old man. "If he had, he'd 'a' told us."

If Mr. Borah should make a fool of fate and defeat Mr. Ross, a contingency which Mr. Ross holds to be impossible, no more than a microscopic sliver of the governor's belief in the inevitability of Charles Ben Ross will be lost. And he'll never miss it. We tried briefly to argue with him but we might just as well have tried to convince him that there wasn't any United States Senate. About the only thing Mr. Ross was willing to concede to Mr. Borah was that there was such a person. There was something hypnotic about such exclusive confidence—which brought us to something we had heard about Mr. Ross.

"We shall try hard not to be silly," we said, "but your complete lack of doubt reminds us that some people call you a—well, a mystic. They've been telling us that you're a crystal gazer, that you put the evil eye on the opposition, that you consult clairvoyants, astrologers, medicine men and sorcerers. They tell me you have a control that—"

Concentration Does It

"Fantastic nonsense," Mr. Ross interrupted mildly. "I may as well tell you, however, that I have a few enemies—not many, but a few. The truth is much simpler—much. I concentrate, that's all. Of course there is a lady, a friend of the family, who—but these stories have been spread by my enemies. Utter nonsense. By church affiliation I am a Congregationalist. I have my own philosophy—you might call it an Indian philosophy. What I desire to achieve I concentrate on. If one concentrates his thoughts upon a goal or purpose long enough and hard enough—Indian philosophy—to the exclusion of all else, one is bound to arrive. This is no theory, mind you. I am the next senator from Idaho."

And then Mr. Ross gave us samples. When he was a very small boy his Republican father, a solid man in whose composition there was not an atom of nonsense, took him to Idaho's State House where he, the small boy, shook hands with the great man who was then governor. Young Charles Ben Ross took a look around the place, surveyed the gallery of shaggy nobles who had occupied the gubernatorial chair, and confided in his host and his father that one day he would be governor of Idaho. His Republican father regarded this as a portent of political ability and spent many hours thereafter predicting great things for his boy. Not until some years later did Father Ross lose faith in his offspring. One day Charles Ben, approaching his twenty-first birthday, informed his father that there were entirely too many Republicans in Idaho for true talent to have a chance to shine. Therefore, he would be a Democrat and enjoy elbow room. *And Father Ross, who had been* predicting that his son would doubtless be President of the United States, revised his estimate of the lad: Charles Ben would be undeservingly lucky if he kept out of jail.

But Charles Ben began forthwith to concentrate right over his father's head, persisting even when his schoolmates and swimming pals found it to be somewhat of a nuisance and Charles Ben occasionally tiresome. And there was nothing to do about it nor him either. Over in Parma, an agreeable town of seven hundred and fifty diligent souls where Mr. Ross was born, they tell you of an occasion when Charles Ben and several of his buddies were swimming and Charles Ben invited the other lads to be mindful of the fact that they were disporting themselves in the company of one who would presently be governor of Idaho. Most of the boys had by long exposure to this clean egotism developed a resistance or protection against it; but there was a less tolerant lad present—a large, impatient fellow who announced that he felt it his duty to lick Charles Ben before he could become governor and therefore be somewhat out of reach. Young Ross who, man and boy, has cherished the belief that an ambitious politician should never disappoint a possible constituent, rose to the occasion by presenting the large impatient fellow with a lovely shellacking and then salving his opponent's physical and mental wounds with the frank pronouncement that being stiffened by Charles Ben Ross was far, far from being a disgrace.

The Penalty of Inattention

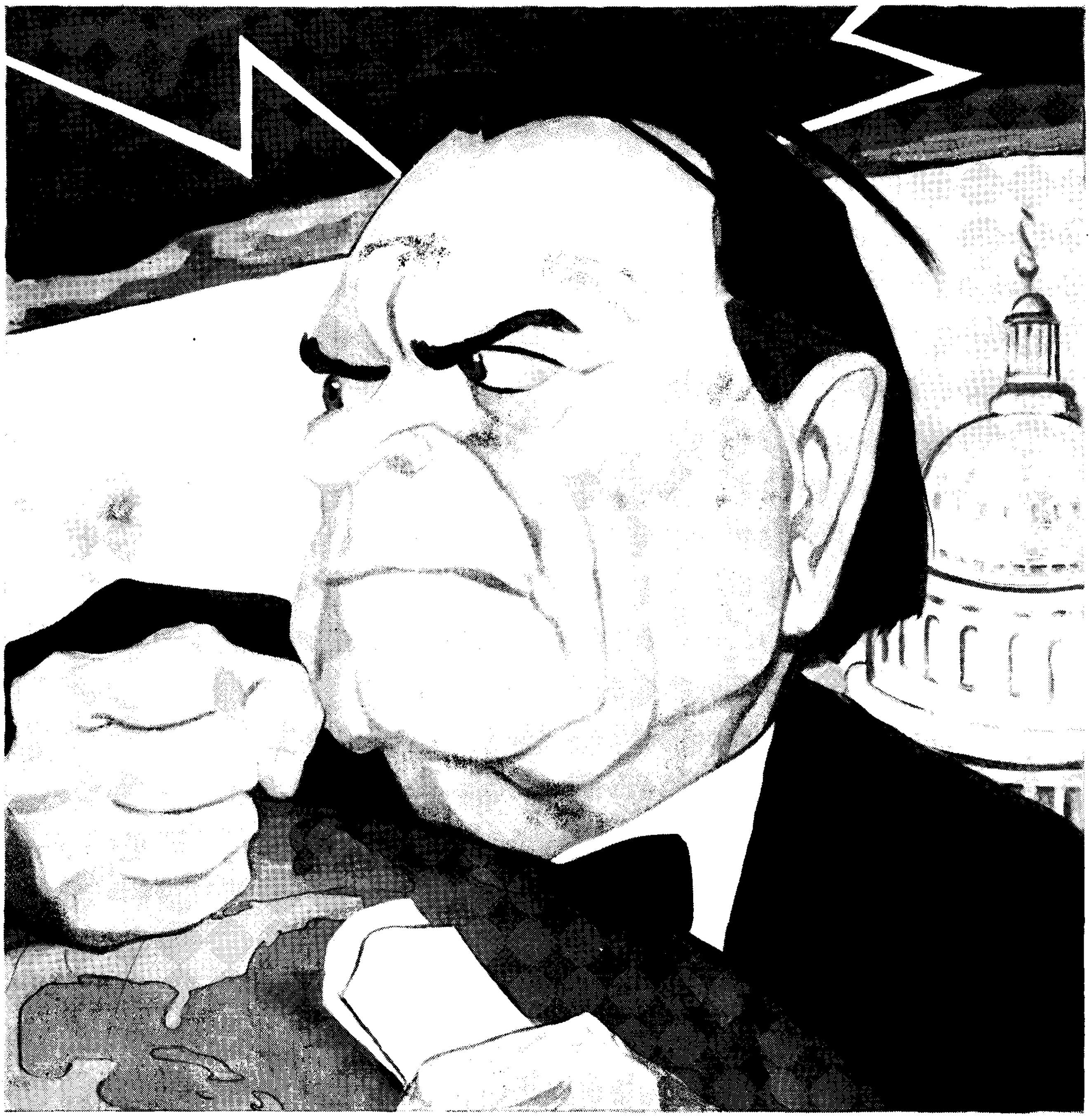
Almost the minute Mr. Ross arrived at legal voting age he concentrated himself into a county commissioner. After several terms of that he moved to Pocatello, where he lost no time in nominating himself for mayor of that whacking town. It is scarcely worth while mentioning the results. Thereafter for three terms Mr. Ross' opponents for the job were mere stooges. The other side, in its absurdly inadequate struggle to defeat him, resorted to expedients so bitter that even a Mussolini might have hesitated. Once, for example, they went so far as to nominate a Mormon elder, the city being something like sixty per cent Mormon. But no use: they seemed to have forgotten that Mr. Ross was concentrating. Nobody knows how long Mr. Ross would have held that Pocatello job had he not decided it was time to make good his promise to be governor.

We interrupt ourselves at this point to tell you some rather nasty news. Mr. Ross did not become governor first try. Frankly, he was defeated. We spoke to him about this phenomenon, asking him what supernatural influences had been enlisted against him. And Mr. Ross made it clear that, far from weakening any possible case against his Indian philosophy, his defeat merely proved its potency. Owing to a variety of circumstances (*the will of the electorate being but one,* and a quite minor one at that) Mr. Ross had not had time to do a full term of rigorous concentrating. Had he been free properly to focus all his trained faculties . . .

But next time Idaho went to the polls looking for a governor, Charles Ben Ross was ready. And just to prove that that first and unsuccessful bid was a fluke, Mr. Ross kept right on being Idaho's governor. He is now in his third term. And it is but his due that it be widely and truthfully proclaimed that he has done a commendable job. It will not be new to Mr. Ross, but for the benefit of those who do not live in Idaho it may be said that Idaho has been singularly fortunate in having him at her head. About the only issue the opposition can scrape up against him is the sales tax. And he forced it through a frightened legislature, knowing it was an unpopular measure but knowing too that Idaho needed revenue if it was to balance its budget, pay off its indebtedness and present a clean face to the world.

The job he took on when he wished himself into Idaho's State House in 1930 was as dismally forbidding as that

(Continued on page 28)



Deep misgivings assail world-oracle Borah as he prepares to meet the challenge of Governor Ross

REAR YARD
COURT
45
44
43
HALL
LIGHT
FALSE
ELEV.
46
47
STAIRS
K
K
K
COURT

"Here is the plan," John Dyce said. "Your apartment is in the rear of the central wing"

AT 5:30 P. M. on Halloween, P. Mortimer Dicks, Esq., ran from a side exit of a 125th Street office building and whipped into a vacant taxi. He had to run hunched over and guarding his chest, for it was pouted with a great bundle of United States notes totaling more than seventy thousand dollars.

"The Belgrand—West 46th Street—hurry!"

The driver lit a leisurely cigarette, puffed, and watched the exit from which this suspicious fare had darted. Perceiving no pursuers, he threw down his flag and started southward. . . .

The driver's reasonable surmise to the contrary, P. Mortimer Dicks was not a fleeing thief. He was a lawyer, though a young one; he had just come from his tiny office upstairs, and the money under his coat belonged to one of his very few clients; viz., Ruth Gilfether, and he was guarding it with his life.

Ruth, merely because of liking this counselor at first sight and then and forever, had given him the routine work of collecting a mortgage for her. The mortgage, for seventy thousand dollars, was all of orphan Ruth's estate, all she had, and there was a Gilfether family lawyer; but this new counselor—so grave, so gay, so lively and so learned—got the job.

P. Mortimer, regarding her admonishingly from behind his desk, had shown her where to sign the satisfaction piece. He'd have a certified check for her in due course.

And now he was crouched in a cab, with Ruth's seventy thousand dollars and interest under his overcoat, hurtling toward the wall-safe in his apartment in the Belgrand.

HE HADN'T got a certified check. At five o'clock, after postponing the matter during banking hours, the mortgagee, a night-club proprietor named Michael Aron, *alias* Mike the Mock, had walked in with his lawyer and a bodyguard, and had put down the whole sum in cash. And United States notes are legal tender, even when offered after banking hours by a debtor with a single and brilliant eye, a gangsters' lawyer and a blond thug in the shadow.

With a few more years behind that desk, P. Mortimer would have called his client and shifted the responsibility for taking cash. Older men do consult women, but young men have to start the creatures out right. P. Mortimer wasn't asking any girl's advice in a law matter this Halloween, and particularly not one with passionately heavy black eyebrows and marvelous brown eyes; viz., Ruth Gilfether.

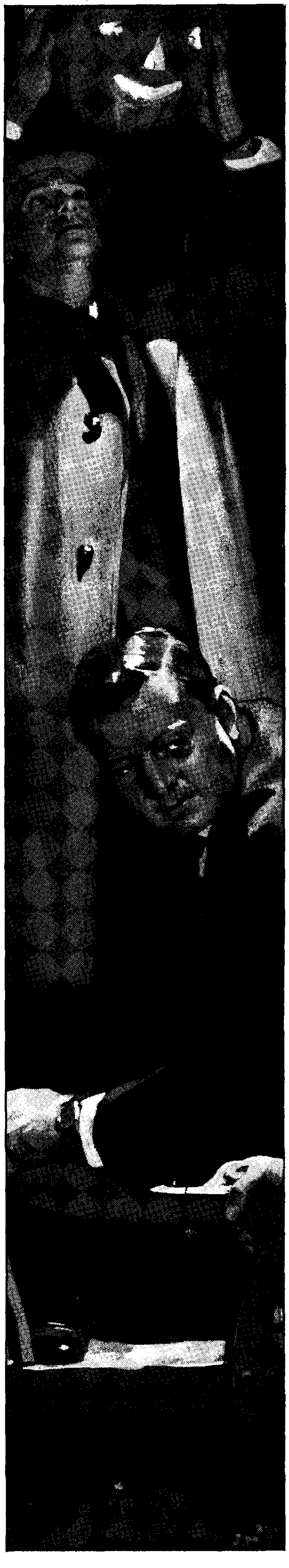
He would hand her that cash in the morning casually, but with a grave and admonishing look. . . . He ceased glancing from the rear window, settled back, and looked grave and admonishing, till the driver got restive and said, "Getting out here? The Belgrand!" Reminding P. Mortimer that it wasn't bright confident morning yet. . . .

Sight Unseen

An ingenious mystery story, featuring John Dyce, blind detective, who does not have to use his eyes to see things

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT



Mr. Mannix revolved the chair, and P. Mortimer turned like a model

He stepped from the single elevator of the Belgrand to the fourth-floor landing.

The fourth-floor hall was quite dark, dimly suffused with orange. Very little light came from the windows on the stairs at either end; and the ceiling light before the elevator was enclosed in a papier-mâché pumpkin. Under the pumpkin and staring up at it resentfully was Mr. Mannix, the house superintendent.

Mr. Mannix was the best superintendent that the old Belgrand had ever had. A mechanic, a diplomat, he was always on call, deft, quick, obliging. He was a short man with the build of an acrobat and the facial contours of a gorilla—wide, shallow, with bright and wistful eyes.

In the hall were two bridge tables, a swivel chair, and window curtains on a stretcher against the wall opposite the elevator. Mr. Mannix was always moving furniture about and trying to please. P. Mortimer blundered against the chair and Mr. Mannix.

"It's so dark, sir," apologized Mr. Mannix, peering up at the young lawyer. His voice was his own; light, high and highly cultivated; it came from the roof of his mouth. "Some prankish lad has done this. I often wonder if the children nowadays would not be the better for more discipline; or don't you think so, sir? I've tried to get it down, but it's awkward standing. Could you hold the chair for me, sir? Or perhaps you can reach it more easily. Could I—might I—would it be too much to ask you to stand on the chair and take it down, Mr. Dicks? Stand with your back to me, sir."

"Glad to, Mannix," said P. Mortimer, getting onto the swivel chair, while Mr. Mannix steadied it behind him.

"Will you have my knife, sir? It's tied on this side, I saw."

MR. MANNIX revolved the chair, and P. Mortimer, with nose against the pumpkin, turned like a model of what the well-dressed and chicken-breasted young man should wear in topcoats.

He slashed at the cords and freed the pumpkin; the hall was flooded with light.

"Thank you, sir, very kindly," said Mr. Mannix.

The lawyer blinked about him and moved to go to his apartment, which was number forty-three, to the left of the elevator. Mr. Mannix sprang ahead, used his master key, and bowed gratefully.

P. Mortimer switched on the apartment light, shut the door and saw to its locking. He was Ruth Gilfether's trustee, a priest of the rite of legal property, on guard with his life.

"I put the storm windows on today, sir," called Mr. Mannix through the door. "It was blowing up quite brisk this morning, and we might get a cold snap; or don't you think so, sir? Hope they'll make you very comfortable, sir."

P. Mortimer got that seventy thousand plus off his chest at once. There was a sturdy safe in the bedroom wall; he opened it, put the great bundle of notes into it, closed it, turned the dial, pulled on the knob, and sighed relievedly. He pushed the head of the bed against the safe; and there it was.

With his own things about him, few but reassuring—the apartments were let furnished—he was easy for the first time since Mike the Mock had given him the money, putting on him the eye.

He doffed his outer clothing, spread his trousers under the mattress, started the shower to get the mud out of the old pipes, had on his Chinese silk dressing gown, sat in a Morris chair of California mission, took his English brier from its familiar place on a mission smoking stand and loaded it with Kentucky burley from his own Japanese tobacco jar.

NOW that he was in undress, the room was very chilly. Mr. Mannix must have had all the windows open, naturally; P. Mortimer looked at several windows to see that they were now shut. That is all the windows let him see; Mr. Mannix's extra casements out there were bleared and dusty from their long cellar-season. He tried a radiator and found it stone-cold.

He went to the telephone to call Mr. Mannix, who, magically, would make those windows shining and transparent, and the steam to bang and clang.

The line was dead; the incomparable one was caught off base this time for fair. Taking his door key, P. Mortimer stepped into the hall and shut the door; he'd tell the elevator boy.

The hall was dark, and it wasn't a pumpkin this time; the light was out. Guided by the shine from the stairs, he stepped out.

At once he was seized in a giant grip, spun about, and shoved.

"Got you, my prowler!" exulted Mr. Mannix in the darkness. "I saw you come from Mr. Dicks' apartment, and don't say no!"

Mr. Mannix snapped on the light. "Why, it's—!"

"It is," gasped P. Mortimer. "And what in hell, Mannix?"

"Mr. Dicks—a thousand pardons! The elevator man saw a prowler in a raglan—quite like your bathrobe, sir—and carrying a bag, slipping into this hall some time ago, and I've been hunting him. He didn't get into your apartment, sir?"

"Not mine," said P. Mortimer, working his numbed shoulder. "But how about some steam? And look at these windows."

He unlocked the door to his apartment, and opened it. He was hit and hurled aside.

A man in a loose overcoat and with soft hat pulled down, running low with bag under arm like a smashing halfback, had charged from the apartment; the man flung himself at the stairs.

"Hi!—Hi, below!" screamed Mr. Mannix at the elevator shaft. "Down the stairs—get him!"

"Mannix—look!" P. Mortimer cried.

The apartment was worth a look. The lamp burned by the Morris chair in the living-room, but the cushions were on the floor, ripped open. The door to a cupboard where P. Mortimer kept his domestic gin had been kicked in. The rug had been tossed aheap.

P. Mortimer whipped into the bedroom.

The bed was away from the wall. Its mattress and pillows were on the floor and ripped. The door to the wall safe hung on a hinge; the knob had been torn out, and the safe was empty.

"But, Mannix! I was—only a second. This couldn't—"

"But it did, you know, sir! Could that chap have been here unbeknown to you? Is anything missing? . . . Seventy—heavens. We must have the police. . . . Confound it, the line is out. Downstairs, sir, and call the police, while I look for that chap!"

P. Mortimer bolted for the stairs and went leaping down. A slight, handsome blond boy who had had a fine young gravity and dignity. . . . He was aghast now, undone; his Chinese robe planed behind him. While racing downward, he was denying each and every allegation of things as they seemed: it wasn't true, it hadn't happened.

In the hall below, he found the husky Negro elevator boy sitting on the robber. P. Mortimer went for the man on the beat.

Returning, P. Mortimer could not identify the robber; not even, positively, as the man who had dashed from the apartment. Nor could Mr. Mannix, when he appeared. But it was the man, beyond doubt. In his bag were picture wire, rubberized tape, collodion, a shoemaker's knife, a revolver, and an ingenious little jack to grip the safe knob and pull. The jointed jimmy, to work the jack, was found under the bed upstairs. The money was not found.

Mike Aron's lawyer appeared for the robber in police court.

THE elders—uncles and aunts—of the Gilfether clan decided that something should be done; and the elderly family lawyer did it. He went to the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association and he went to the district attorney, who went to the Grand Jury.

The Grand Jury heard witnesses and handed down indictments for grand larceny. One named Jake O'Dea, *alias* Cokey Day—the robber—and the other was for P. Mortimer Dicks.

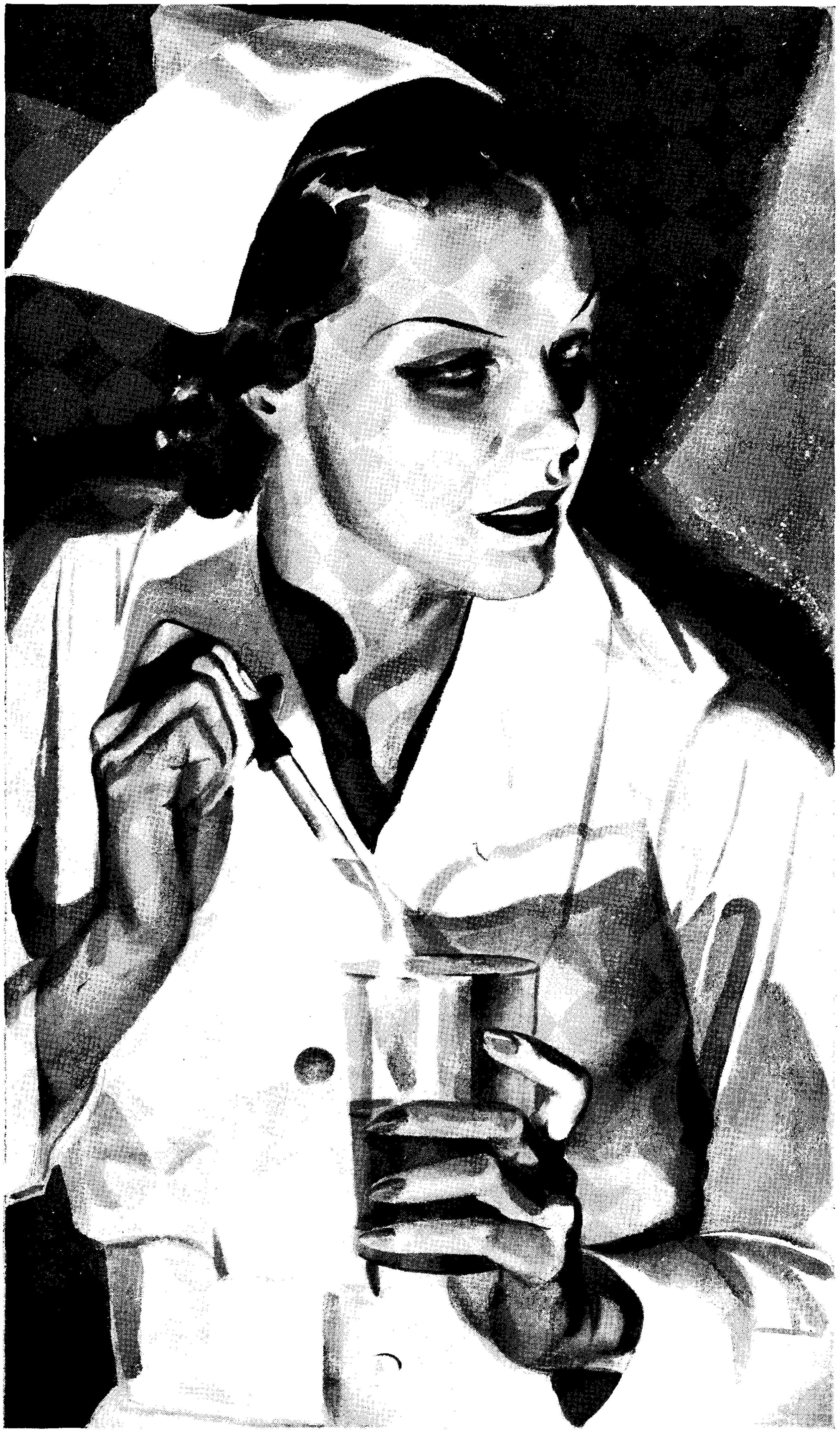
The fair inference from the facts, even P. Mortimer's facts, was that the young lawyer had counterfeited a robbery, had been present in the apartment during the crime, had stepped out to prepare a getaway, and had been surprised by the alert superintendent.

Of the few who did not approve the Grand Jury's action were the principals in interest: P. Mortimer, of course, and Ruth.

They were in love, and that's love; it's like death: there's no knowing where it will hit next, and the bystanders are

(*Continued on page* 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



She carefully measured out some drops of liquid into a glass and handed it to Orwin Prescott

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

DR. ORWIN PRESCOTT, candidate for the presidency of the United States, is kidnapped by a band of conspirators who, directed by Dr. Fu Manchu, most dangerous of all the world's criminals, are working for the election of Harvey Bragg, a wild demagogue. Combating the wily Oriental is Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Scotland Yard operative, who, assisted by Captain Mark Hepburn, maintains secret headquarters on the fortieth floor of the Regal-Athenian Tower in New York City.

Realizing that Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls millions of votes and is a Prescott supporter, is a dangerous adversary, Fu Manchu endeavors to kidnap him also. But Donegal makes his escape.

Among the women in the Oriental's toils are Lola Dumas, who is in love with Harvey Bragg, and Moya Adair. Bragg, Fu Manchu presently realizes, is not a man to take orders; he therefore makes his plans for supplanting him with someone else. And the position of trust hitherto assigned to Lola Dumas he transfers to Moya Adair. But Moya has learned to loathe him; and she makes *her* plans—for betraying her master.

While Smith and Hepburn gather evidence which will enable them to frustrate the plot, Orwin Prescott is held a prisoner in Chinatown. It is Fu Manchu's intention to permit his captive to make a political speech in Carnegie Hall (where Prescott and Harvey Bragg are scheduled to face each other in a climactic debate); it is his intention to permit Prescott to talk, *after the candidate has been given a drug which will completely alter his personality and viewpoint!*

Pursuant to other plans he has perfected, Fu Manchu directs that Herman Grosset, Harvey Bragg's half-brother, be brought before him. His orders are obeyed. As Grosset (whose physical resemblance to Bragg is striking) talks to him, he is seized and bound by two strong-arm men. A few minutes later, after the victim has been rendered unconscious by a drug, Fu Manchu stands over him. "You have killed many men, Grosset," he murmurs. "You shall end your career in a killing that is really worth while."

VI

CARNEGIE HALL was packed to saturation point. It was an even bigger audience than Fritz Kreisler could have commanded; an audience equally keen with anticipation, equally tense. The headlong advance made by Harvey Bragg, once regarded as a petty local potentate by serious politicians, now recognized as a national force, had awakened the country to the fact that dictatorship, until latterly a subject for laughter, might, incredible though it seemed, be imminent.

The League of Good Americans reputedly numbered fifteen million members upon its roll. That many thousands of the homeless and hopeless had been given employment by Harvey Bragg was an undisputed fact. The counter measures of the old Administration, dramatically drastic, had apparently done little to check a growing feverish enthusiasm awakened throughout the country by "Bluebeard."

An ever-expanding section of the public regarded him as a savior; another and saner element recognized that he was a menace to the Constitution. Dr. Orwin Prescott, scholarly, sincere, had succeeded in driving a wedge between two conflicting bodies—and the gap was widening.

That Orwin Prescott advocated a sane Administration every sensible citizen appreciated. His avowed object was to split the Bragg camp; but there were those who maintained, although he had definitely denied the charge, that secretly he aimed at nomination to the presidency.

There was a rumor abroad that he would declare himself tonight.

Amongst the more thoughtful elements undoubtedly he had a large following, and if the weight of the Abbot of Holy Thorn at the eleventh hour should be thrown into the scales, it was obvious to students of the situation that the forces of Orwin Prescott would become nearly as formidable as those of Harvey Bragg.

In the course of the last few hectic months, other contestants had been wiped off the political map. Republican voters, recanting their vows of 1932, had rallied to Orwin Prescott. Agriculture stood solid for the old Administration, although Ohio had a big Bragg faction. The ghost of a conservative third party had been exorcised by Abbot Donegal—a close friend of Prescott.

There was a certain studious mystery about Dr. Orwin Prescott which appealed to a large intellectual class. His periodical retirements from public life, a certain aura of secret studies which surrounded him, and the recent silence of Abbot Donegal, had been interpreted as a piece of strategy, the importance of which might at any moment become manifest. One would have had to search far back in American history for a parallel of the almost hysterical excitement which dominated this packed assembly.

The huge building was entirely in the hands of police and federal agents. Hidden patrols covered the route from the Dumas apartment on Park Avenue right to the door of the hall by which Harvey Bragg would enter. Up to an hour before the meeting was timed to open, no one knew where Prescott was, or even if he were in the city. The audience, which numbered over three thousand, had been admitted to their seats, every man and woman closely scrutinized by hawk-eyed police officers. The buzz of that human beehive was something all but incredible.

A military band played patriotic music, many numbers being sung in unison by three thousand voices. Suspense was intense; excitement electrical.

NAYLAND SMITH, in an office cut off from the emotional vibrations of that vast gathering, was in constant touch with police headquarters and with Fey, who sat at the telephone at the top of the Regal Tower. Mark Hepburn, bearded and bespectacled, ranged the building from floor to floor, reporting at intervals in the office which Nayland Smith had made his temporary base.

Outside, electric lights turned night into day, and a team of cameramen awaited the arrival of distinguished members of the audience. Thousands who had been disappointed in obtaining admittance thronged the sidewalks; the corner of 57th Street was impassable. Patrolmen, mounted and on foot, kept a way open for arriving cars.

Hepburn walked into the office just as Nayland Smith replaced the telephone. Smith turned, sprang up.

Sarah Lakin, seated in a rest-chair on the other side of the big desk, flashed an earnest query into the bespectacled eyes. Mark Hepburn shook his head.

"Almost certainly," he said, in his dry, unemotional way, "Abbot Donegal is not in the hall, so far."

Nayland Smith began to walk up and down the room tugging at the lobe of his ear, then:

"And there is no news from the Mott Street area. I am beginning to wonder—I am beginning to doubt."

"I have deferred to your views, Sir Denis," came the grave voice of Miss Lakin, "but I have never disguised my own opinion. In assuming, on the strength of a letter, admittedly in his own hand, that Orwin will be here tonight, I think you have taken a false step."

"Maurice Norbert's telephone message this morning seemed to me to justify the steps we have taken," said Hepburn, dryly.

"I must agree with you there, Captain Hepburn," Miss Lakin admitted, "but I cannot understand why Mr. Norbert failed to visit me or to visit you. It is true that Orwin has a custom of hiding from the eye of the Press whenever an important public engagement is near, but hitherto I have been in his confidence." She stood up. "I know, Sir Denis, that you have done everything which any man could do, to trace his whereabouts. But I am afraid—" she locked her long, sensitive fingers together—"somehow, I am very afraid."

A SOUND of muffled cheering penetrated to the office.

"See who that is, Hepburn," snapped Nayland Smith.

Hepburn ran out. Miss Lakin stared into the grim, brown face of the man pacing up and down the floor. Suddenly he stopped in front of her and rested his hand upon her shoulder.

"You may be right and I may be wrong," he said, rapidly. "Nevertheless, I believe that Orwin Prescott will be here tonight."

Mark Hepburn returned.

"The Mayor of New York," he reported laconically. "The big names are beginning to arrive." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Plenty of time yet."

"In any event," said Nayland Smith, "we have neglected no possible measure. There is only one thing to do. . . . Wait."

Orwin Prescott dressed himself with more than his usual care. Maurice Norbert had brought his evening clothes and his dressing case, and in a perfectly appointed bathroom which adjoined the white bedroom, Prescott had bathed, shaved, and then arrayed himself for the great occasion.

The absence of windows in these apartments had been explained by Nurse Arlen. This was a special rest-room, usually employed in cases of over-tired nerves, and regarded as suitable by Dr. Sigmund, in view of the ordeal which so soon his patient must face. The doctor he had not seen in person; quite satisfied with his progress, the physician—called to a distant patient—had left him in the care of Nurse Arlen. Orwin Prescott would have been quite prepared to remain in her care for a long time. Although he more than suspected the existence of a racial admixture in Nurse Arlen's blood, she was the most fascinating creature with whom he had personally come in contact.

He knew that he was forming an infatuation for this graceful nurse, whose soothing voice had run through all the troubled dreams which had preceded his complete recovery. And now, as he stood looking at himself in the glass, he thought that he had never appeared more keenly capable in the whole of his public life. He studied his fine, almost ascetic features. He was pale, but his pallor added character to the curt, gray, military mustache and emphasized the strength of dark eyebrows. His gray hair was brushed immaculately.

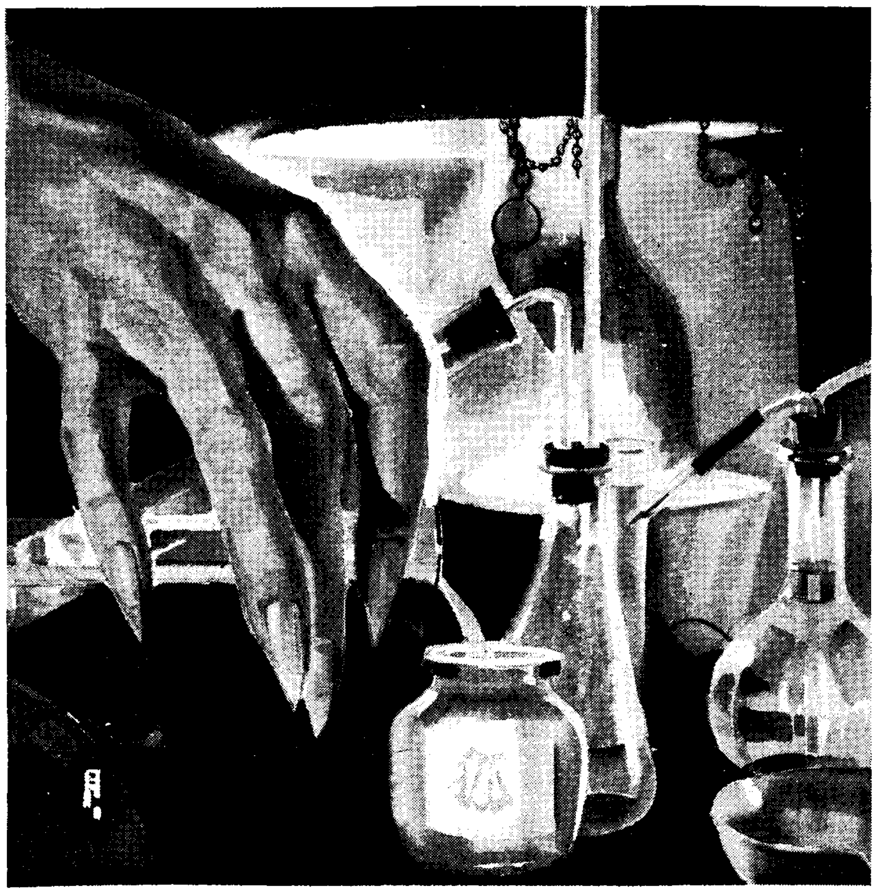
The situation he had well in hand. Certainly there were remarkable properties in the prescriptions of Dr. Sigmund. His mental clarity he recognized to be supernormal. He had memorized every fact and every figure prepared for him by Norbert! He seemed to have a sort of prevision of all that would happen; his consciousness marched a step ahead of the clock. He knew that tonight no debater in the United States could conquer him. He had nothing to fear from the crude rhetoric of Harvey Bragg.

Satisfied with his appearance, delighted with the issue of this misadventure which might well have wrecked his career, he rang the bell as arranged, and Maurice Norbert came in. He, too, was in evening dress and presented a very smart figure.

"I have arranged, doctor," he said, "for the car to be ready in twenty minutes. I will set out now to prepare our friends for your arrival, and to see that you are not disturbed in any way until the debate is over. I have never seen you look more fit for the fray."

"Thanks to your selection of a remarkable physician, Norbert, I have never felt more fit."

"It's good to hear you say so. I'll go ahead now; you start in twenty minutes. I will collect the brushes and odds and ends tomorrow. I thought it best to arrange for a car with drawn shades. The last thing we want is an ovation on the street which might hold you up. You'll be driven right to the entrance where I shall be waiting for you."



LESS than two minutes after Norbert's departure, Nurse Arlen came in.

"I was almost afraid," said Orwin Prescott, "that I was not to see you again before I left."

She stood just by the door, one hand resting on a slender hip, watching him with those long, narrow, dark eyes.

"How could you think I would let so interesting a patient leave without wishing him every good fortune for tonight?"

"Your wishes mean a lot to me. I shall never forget the kindness I have experienced here."

The woman's dark eyes closed for a moment, and when they reopened their expression had subtly changed.

"That is kind of you," she said. "For my own part I have only obeyed orders."

She seated herself beside him on the settee and accepted a cigarette he offered from the full case which Norbert had thoughtfully brought along. Vaguely he was conscious of tension.

"I hope to see you again," he said, lighting her cigarette. "Is that too much to hope?"

"No," she replied laughingly, "there is no reason why I shouldn't see you again, Doctor. But—" she hesitated glanced at him quickly, and then looked aside—"I have practically given up social life. You would find me very dull company."

"Why should you have given up social life?" Orwin Prescott spoke earnestly. "You are young; you are beautiful. Surely all the world is before you."

"Yes," said Nurse Arlen, "in one sense it is. Perhaps some day I may have a chance to try to explain to you. But now . . ." she stood up. "I have one more duty before you leave for Carnegie Hall—physician's orders."

SHE crossed to a glass-topped table and from a little phial which stood there, carefully measured out some drops of a liquid into a glass partially filled with water and handed it to Orwin Prescott.

"I now perform my last duty," she said. "You are discharged as cured."

She smiled. It was the smile which had haunted his dreams; a full-lipped, caressing smile which he knew he could never forget. He took the glass from her hand and drained its contents. The liquid was quite tasteless.

Almost immediately, magically, he became aware of a great exhilaration. His mental powers, already keen, were stimulated to a point where it seemed that his heel was set upon the world as on a footstool; that all common clay formed but steppingstones to a goal undreamed of by any man before him. It was a kind of intoxication never hitherto experienced in his well-ordered life. How long it lasted, he was unable to judge; what of it was real and what chimerical he did not know.

He thought that, carried out of himself, he seized the siren woman in his arms; that almost she surrendered but finally resisted. . . .

Then, sharply, as lightning splits the atmosphere, came absolute sobriety.

Orwin Prescott stared at Nurse Arlen. She stood a pace away, watching him intently.

"That was a heady draught," he said, and his tones were apologetic.

"Perhaps my hand shook," Nurse Arlen replied; her caressing voice was not quite steady. "I think it is time for you to go, Dr. Prescott. Let me show you the way."

He presently found himself in a small elevator which Nurse Arlen operated. Stepping out at the end of a narrow corridor where a door was opened, he entered a covered courtyard where a limousine was waiting. The chauffeur, who wore driving glasses, was yellow-skinned —he might have been an Asiatic.

"Good night," said Orwin Prescott, one foot on the step.

He held Nurse Arlen's hand, looking, half afraid, into her dark eyes.

"Good night," she replied — "Good luck!"

The windows were shaded. A moment after the door was closed the big car moved off.

DR. FU MANCHU sat in the stone-faced room behind that narrow table whose appointments suggested those of a medical consultant. His long yellow fingers with their pointed nails rested motionless upon the table top. His eyes were closed. The curtain which draped the opening was drawn aside, and Sam Pak entered.

Dr. Fu Manchu did not open his eyes.

"Orwin Prescott is on his way to Carnegie Hall, Master," the old man reported, speaking in Chinese. "The woman did her work, but not too well. I fear there were four and not three drops in the final draught."

"She is a broken reed." The sibilant voice was clearly audible although the thin-lipped mouth appeared scarcely to move. "She was recommended in high quarters, but her sex vibrations render her dangerous. She is amorous, and she has compassion; it is the negroid strain. Her amours do not concern me. If men are her toys, she may play; but the fiber and reality of her womanhood must belong to *me*. If she betrays me, she shall taste the lingering kiss of death. . . . For this reason I removed her from Harvey Bragg in the crisis, and substituted the woman Adair. You are uncertain respecting the drops?"

"I was watching—her hand was not steady; he became intoxicated. By this I judged."

"If she has failed me, she shall suffer." The guttural voice was very harsh. "The latest report regarding this pestilential priest?"

"Number 25, in charge of Z cars covering Carnegie Hall, reports that the Abbot Donegal has not entered the building."

THERE was a silence of several moments.

"This can mean only one of two things," came sibilantly. "He is there, disguised, or he is in federal hands and Enemy Number One may triumph at the last moment."

Old Sam Pak emitted a sound resembling the hiss of a snake.

"Even I begin to doubt if our gods are with us," the high, precise voice of Fu Manchu continued. "What of my boasted powers, of those agents which I alone know how to employ? What of the thousands of servants at my command throughout the world? That Nayland Smith has snapped at my heels—may now at any moment bark outside my door. This brings down my pride like a house of cards. Gods of my fathers—" his voice sank lower and lower—"is it written that I am to fail in the end?"

"Quote not from Muslim fallacies," old Sam Pak wheezed. "Your long contact with the Arabs, Marquis, is responsible for such words."

Few living men could have sustained the baleful glare of those jade green eyes now fully opened. But Sam Pak, unmoved by their hypnotism, continued:

"I, too, have some of the wisdom, although only a part of yours. The story of your life is traced by your own hand. This you know: fatalism is folly. I, the nameless, speak, because I am near to you and, loving you, am fearless in your service."

Dr. Fu Manchu stood up; his bony but delicate fingers selected certain objects on the table.

"Without you, my friend," he said, softly, "I should indeed be alone in this, my last battle, which threatens to become my Waterloo. Let us proceed—" he moved catlike around the end of the long table—"to the supreme experiment. Failure means entire reconstruction of our plans."

"A wise man can build a high tower upon a foundation of failures," crooned old Sam Pak.

Dr. Fu Manchu, silent-footed, went out into the room haunted by the seven-eyed goddess; crossed it, descended stairs, old Sam Pak following. They passed along the corridor of the six coffins and came to the dungeon where Herman Grosset lay upon a teak bench. The straps had been removed—he seemed to be sleeping peacefully.

One of Sam Pak's Chinamen was on guard. He bowed, and withdrew as Dr. Fu Manchu entered.

Dr. Fu Manchu bent over the sleeping man, gazing down intently at the inert muscular body. He signaled to Sam Pak, and the old Chinese, exhibiting an apelike strength, dragged Grosset's tousled head aside. With a small needle syringe Dr. Fu Manchu made an injection. He laid the syringe aside and watched the motionless patient. Nearly two minutes elapsed. . . . Then, with an atomizer, Dr. Fu Manchu projected a spray, first up the right and then up the left nostril of the unconscious man.

Ten seconds later, Grosset suddenly sat upright, gazing wildly ahead. His gaze was caught and held by green compelling eyes, only inches removed from his own. His muscular hands clutched the sides of the bench.

"You understand—" the strange voice was pitched very low: "The word of command is 'Asia.'"

"I understand," Grosset replied. "No man shall stop me."

"The word," Fu Manchu intoned monotonously, "is Asia."

"Asia," Grosset echoed.

"Until you hear that word forget, forget all that you have to do."

"I have forgotten."

"But remember . . . remember, when you hear the word 'Asia'—"

"Asia."

"Sleep and forget. But remember that the word is *Asia.*"

Herman Grosset sank back and immediately became plunged in deep sleep.

Dr. Fu Manchu turned to Sam Pak.

"The rest is with you, my friend."

HARVEY BRAGG turned around in the chair set before the carved writing table in the study of the Dumas apartment. He was dressed for the meeting, destined to take its place in American history. Above the table, in a niche, and dominating the room, was a reproduction of the celebrated statue of Bussy d'Amboise. The table itself was an antique piece of great value, once the property of Cardinal Mazarin.

"The janitor said the hot water would be shut off for a week, so I'm storing up a supply!"

SCOTT EVANS

"Listen, baby, I want to get this right." Harvey Bragg stood up. "I'm all set, but I'm playing a part, and I'm not used to playing any part but the part of Harvey Bragg. Bring me into the party, Eileen. Nobody knows better than you. Lola is a hard case, but I guess you're a regular kid."

MOYA ADAIR, seated at the end of the table, raised her eyes to the speaker.

"What do you want to know?"

"I want to know," Bragg came a step nearer, rested his hands on the table, and bent down: "I want to know if I'm being played for a sucker, because if I am, God help the man who figures to put that stuff over on me! I've had dough to burn for long enough—some I could check up and some from this invisible guy—the President. Looks to me like the President's investment is a total loss . . . and I never met a rich guy who went around looking for bum stock. This crazy shareholder is starting to try to run my business for me. Listen, Eileen: I'll step where I'm told, if I know where I'm stepping."

There was a momentary silence broken only by the dim hum of the traffic below.

"You would be a fool," said Moya calmly, "to quarrel with a man who believed in you so implicitly that he is prepared to finance you to the extent of many million dollars. His object is to make you President of the United States. He has selected me to be your secretary, because he believes that I have the necessary capacity for the work. I can tell you no more. He is a man of enormous influence and he wishes to remain anonymous. I can't see that you have any cause for quarrel with him."

Harvey Bragg bent lower, peering into the alluring face.

"I've learnt a lot of cues," he said, "cues you have given me. Seems I have to become an actor. And—" he banged his open hand upon the table—"I don't know even at this minute that Orwin Prescott is going to be there!"

"Orwin Prescott will be there."

"It's big fun, isn't it—" now his face was but inches removed from Moya's—"to know that my secretary is wised up on the latest moves, and that I'm a pawn in the game? There's another thing, Eileen. Maybe you know what's become of Herman Grosset? He checked in on nowhere more than an hour back, and I never move out without Herman."

HE GRASPED Moya's shoulders. She turned her head aside.

"You're maybe wiser than you look, pretty. You know where I stand. No President can balk me now. We've started wrong. Let's forget it. Look at me. I want to tell you something—"

Came a discreet rap on the study door.

"Hell!" growled Harvey Bragg. He released Moya, stood upright and turned:

"Come in."

The door opened, and Salvaletti entered, smiling, but apologetic.

"Well!" Bragg challenged.

"It's time we left for Carnegie Hall."

"Where's Herman? I want to see him."

Salvaletti slightly inclined his head.

"You have naturally been anxious; so have I. But he is here."

"What!"

"He arrived only a few minutes ago. His explanation of his absence is somewhat—" he shrugged.

"What! On the booze, on a night like this?"

"I don't suggest it. But anyway he is perfectly all right now."

"Ask him to step right in here," roared Harvey Bragg, his voice booming around

(*Continued on page 62*)

Jean Hersholt, as Dr. Dafoe, with the Dionne quintuplets, in a scene from The Country Doctor

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He's the Doctor

The story of Jean Hersholt who, after more than twenty-two years in the movies, has earned the pleasant job of playing doctor to the Dionne quintuplets

By Kyle Crichton

ALL prophecies about a man's name ringing down the corridors of time are subject to alteration without notice. It may sound like a good ringing name and cease ringing overnight. But in the case of Dr. Dafoe of quintuplets fame, two things are fairly certain, (a) the name will be the name of Dafoe, remembered or not, and (b) the face will be that of a big Dane named Hersholt.

In remotest Samoa where paying patrons are expected to attend The Country Doctor and be amazed at what Mr. Darryl Zanuck hath wrought, the quintuplets may be regarded as another example of trick photography but Dafoe will most certainly be Jean Hersholt forever after.

The picture was inevitable from the first. In a studio where officials doff their hats reverently when passing the bungalow of Shirley Temple, it was agreed that if one child was a fortune, five might possibly be quintuplets. On that basis the Dionne babies were hired and the boys in the business office began oiling up the cash registers.

"Casting trouble out at Fox," the wags used to say. "Can't find anybody to play the quints."

But they really were having trouble with the Dafoe part. They had a lot of people under consideration—Will Rogers, Fred Stone, Lionel Barrymore, Guy Kibbee, Walter Connolly—and Hersholt was not among them. He was at his regular job over at M-G-M, boning up for a part in Exclusive Story with Franchot Tone. The thing started as a German character and had been switched in midair to an Irish part. Having a nice Scandinavian accent of his own, Hersholt was sitting up past his bedtime getting his brogue straightened out. He was pretty sore, then, at getting a call from Rufus Le Maire at M-G-M to go over and see the Fox casting director.

"What's the use of talking about a part over here?" he said to the Fox man. "They're starting to shoot Exclusive Story in two weeks and I'll have to go back."

"You go up and see Henry King, the director," said the Fox man.

"What's the use of starting anything over here. Mr. King," he began, "when—"

"You come on up and see Zanuck," said King.

Since there was nowhere else to go, they settled temporarily in Zanuck's office.

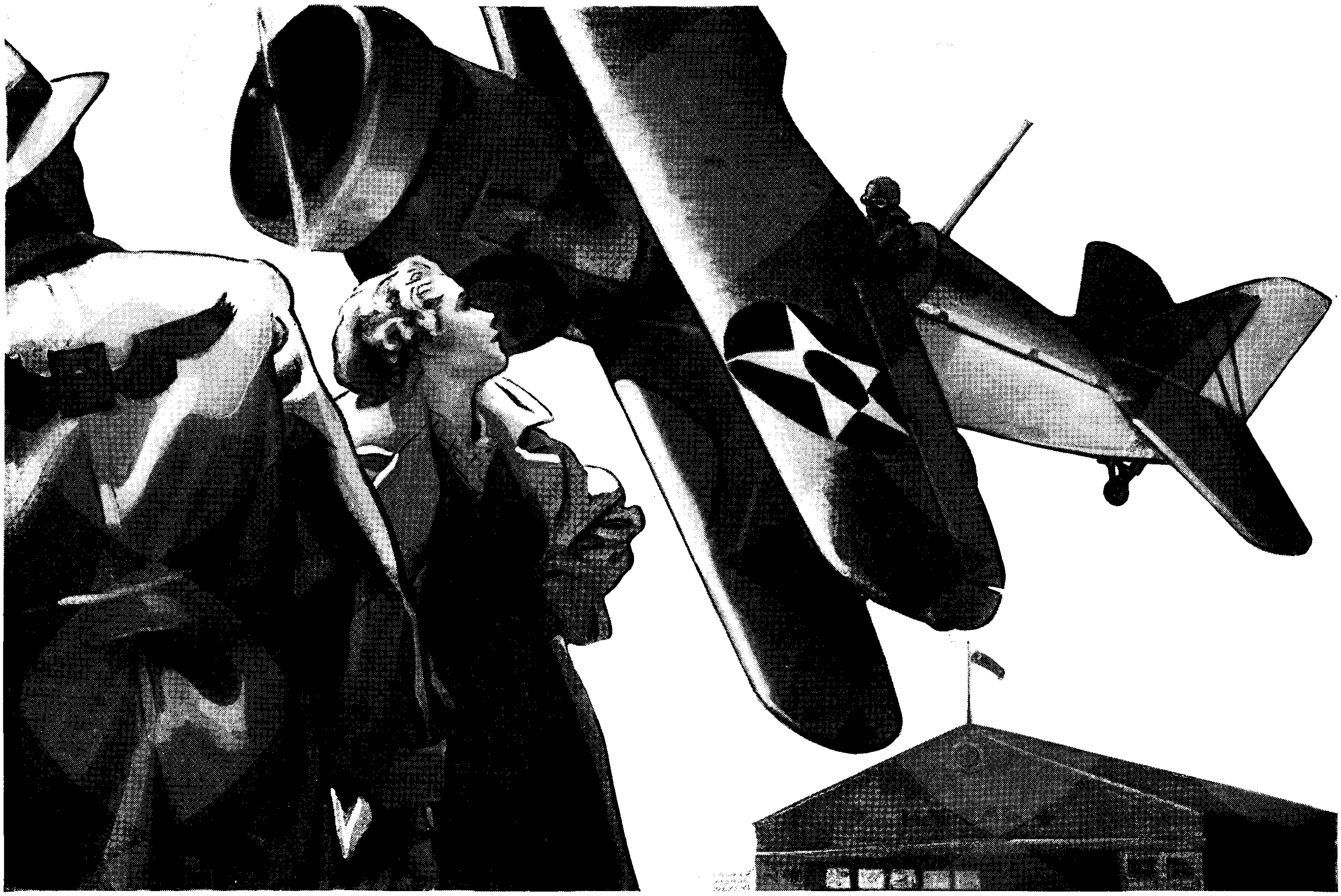
"What's the use of *what?*" cried Zanuck, springing up. "Say, if we let you in this picture . . . You know how many people are going to see this picture? You don't know what picture it is? Well, no wonder . . . Say, this is the quints! The five little darlings! The Eskimos on their skis, the Gauchos on the pampas of South America, the Chinese, the Ethiopians, the whites, the yellows, the blacks, *everybody*. . . . All coming to see those little tots. Why, Hersholt, I'm ashamed of you, coming in here like that. What's the use of your *starting* . . . Listen, Hersholt, if we let you do this picture, you're practically made in movies. You can coast on this the rest of your life."

Having been in movies since 1913 and on salary almost every minute of the time, this made little impression on Hersholt, but he did know a part when he saw one. He was on the train for Canada with the company next morning.

Which is a far stretch from the Jean Hersholt who was born in Copenhagen in 1886, studied to be an artist, was shooed away from the stage by his mother and father who were both actors with the folk theater, and finally ended up as an apprentice with the Dagmar Theater at $25 a month and played Oswald in Ibsen's Ghosts as his first part. After that he went into the first Danish movies, working for the Great Northern Film Company in a 500-foot film which recounted the experiences of two young men who were throwing pennies at a mark in a park. Tiring of that they took the "Paint" sign off a bench in the park, watched a dignified gentleman sitting on the bench, getting up with the painted stripes on his person and being chased by a crowd who enjoyed the spectacle.

Next week, he made another about a young man who visited the Danish equivalent of Coney Island, stole a rival's girl, smoked a cigar, got sick, and lost the girl. This one pleased the trade a bit better and the producer paid him six crowns for the two. This was in 1906 and he kept up the stage-screen-art institute life until 1912, when the Scandinavian Steamship line gave him free passage to America for reciting on the boat. It was something like the Pleasure

(Continued on page 53)



Harriet was saying, "Oh, I hate him! I wish he wouldn't do things like that all the time"

Little Guy

The story of a pocket-size flyer, Jimmy Stetson, who hated the idea of being crossed in love

By
Leland Jamieson

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

IT WAS the craziest fight I ever saw; and if ever there was a screwy time and place for two guys to have a battle, that was it. The glow from a burning airplane made kind of red, dancing shadows over the snow of the prairie, and put a queer spot of light against the clouds. A temperature of ten below has got fangs without a wind to help it, and now there was a gale.

I never saw anything like it. The airplane had caught fire in the air, just like Jimmy Stetson said it probably would do, and we'd been mighty lucky to get down alive. But Jimmy didn't think about how close he'd come to getting killed, and he didn't give Leon Horner time to think about it, either. He jumped out in the snow, and turned around and yelled at Leon, and he was mad enough for murder, then, I think.

"I've been promising myself for a long time I'd smear that ugly mug of yours!" he yelled. "Well, I'm going to do it, you big clunk!"

Bam! He let fly a left hook that, had it landed, would have jarred Leon down to his heels. Leon didn't say anything. He kind of laughed, and stuck out his left—and Jimmy brushed it out of the way and let another fist fly—bam! It connected, and Leon looked surprised and staggered back. It was a bitter grudge Jimmy had, and he bored on in. He swung again, but he missed that time, and spun around and fell down in the snow.

Then the most surprising thing happened. Women are sure queer. I guess I better try to tell you how the whole thing happened.

That grudge was funny, when you stop to think about it. I worked with Jimmy Stetson off and on for five years, and I'd known him a lot longer than that. He was a little guy—a hundred and fifty in a leather flying suit and all accouterments—but a very doughty warrior nevertheless. He was five-feet-four. He couldn't stand it, being five-feet-four. I guess not being able to stand it was partly what made him so hot-tempered and pugnacious and quick to blow up.

I don't mean Jimmy wasn't a nice guy. A mechanic knows about a pilot he works for, like nobody else can. Jimmy was a great guy, as proved by numerous deeds not unlike the time he bailed Roscoe Corsby out of the hospital and gave him a job—after he and Roscoe had been off speaking status for years on account of Roscoe firing him from a test job a long time ago. Jimmy had a heart as big as his head, but not many people knew that. He was not temperamental, exactly, but he had peculiarities, and he was bound he'd have 'em respected. Getting 'em respected had cost him every job he'd ever had, sooner or later. And his biggest peculiarity was something he couldn't help—being a little guy.

This thing with Leon Horner began the very first time they met. Leon was an aeronautical engineer, and a good one, the head of the Hildermann factory staff. You know the Hildermann Fighter, that the Navy uses so many of, and swears by. Leon designed it. He was a very painstaking, conscientious guy, and nothing was too expensive to hang on his airplanes. He was always *experimenting with something new*—something which Jimmy had to test fly to find out if it was really promising or just another theoretical gadget. There was a very good excuse for a grudge in this, for some of those gadgets were practically homicidal, but Jimmy took them as part of his job, and the real cause of this grudge wasn't that, although that figured in.

I was in the engineering division, so naturally I heard about it when Dean Sullavan got a case of nerves from "wringing out" too many Navy fighters. Jimmy Stetson had been out of a job for a year, then, and he was restless as a storm cloud. I went to him right away, and I was frank.

"Listen, Jimmy," I said, "if you go down and see Leon Horner right away, you can maybe get Sullavan's old job. But you got to quit being a hothead. Leon is a hard guy to work for and if you put a chip on your shoulder you'll last about fifteen minutes, no more.

Now, if you promise to do that, I'll ask Leon to talk to you."

Jimmy brightened up something wonderful. The next morning he showed up at the plant, and the first person he saw was Harriet Sanders, who was red-headed and even smaller than he, with a pert little nose and greenish eyes and a smile that was like a sunrise after a rain. She looked Jimmy over and gave him that smile, and Jimmy forgot all about the past year. He stood there five minutes, just looking at her, and in that time about all he said was:

"I'm supposed to have an appointment with Leon Horner," he said. "But never mind. Do you ever eat lunch? I'm Jimmy Stetson."

Harriet blushed a little under his direct black eyes, which was very unusual for Harriet. Then, looking up at him and speaking into the interoffice phone, she said, "Mr. Horner, there's a fresh somebody here named Jimmy Stetson, who says he has an appointment with you."

Leon's voice came back through the thin partition. "Oh, yes. I'll have to keep him waiting ten minutes."

Harriet had a kind of railing around her desk, and Jimmy leaned there, and whatever was necessary, it had already happened when Leon called through the phone: "Send Stetson in."

Harriet gave Jimmy a bright, friendly look, and she said, "He'll see you now—and good luck!"

Jimmy grinned, and he hadn't grinned like that in maybe a year. He marched into Leon's office, five-feet-four of beaming good nature. He said, "I'm Stetson. Maybe you know me—I did all the test work for the Crummen people. I heard you needed a test pilot."

LEON HORNER was a busy man. A lot of people thought he was just what he looked to be—a gruff, hard, dignified, potent executive engineer. He was all that. But underneath that, somewhere, there must have been a kind of a gamin streak that made him a ribber, so that he enjoyed once in a while trying to get somebody's goat. Or maybe, knowing something of Jimmy, he was just trying to show that he wasn't going to put up with any of Jimmy's outbursts of anger. I don't know. But anyhow, Leon said:

"I can use an extra-good test pilot. But I hear you're pretty unstable, Stetson."

Jimmy said, very earnestly, "I promise you won't have any trouble with me on that score now, Mr. Horner."

"You're a little bit of a squirt," Leon said. "How tall are you?"

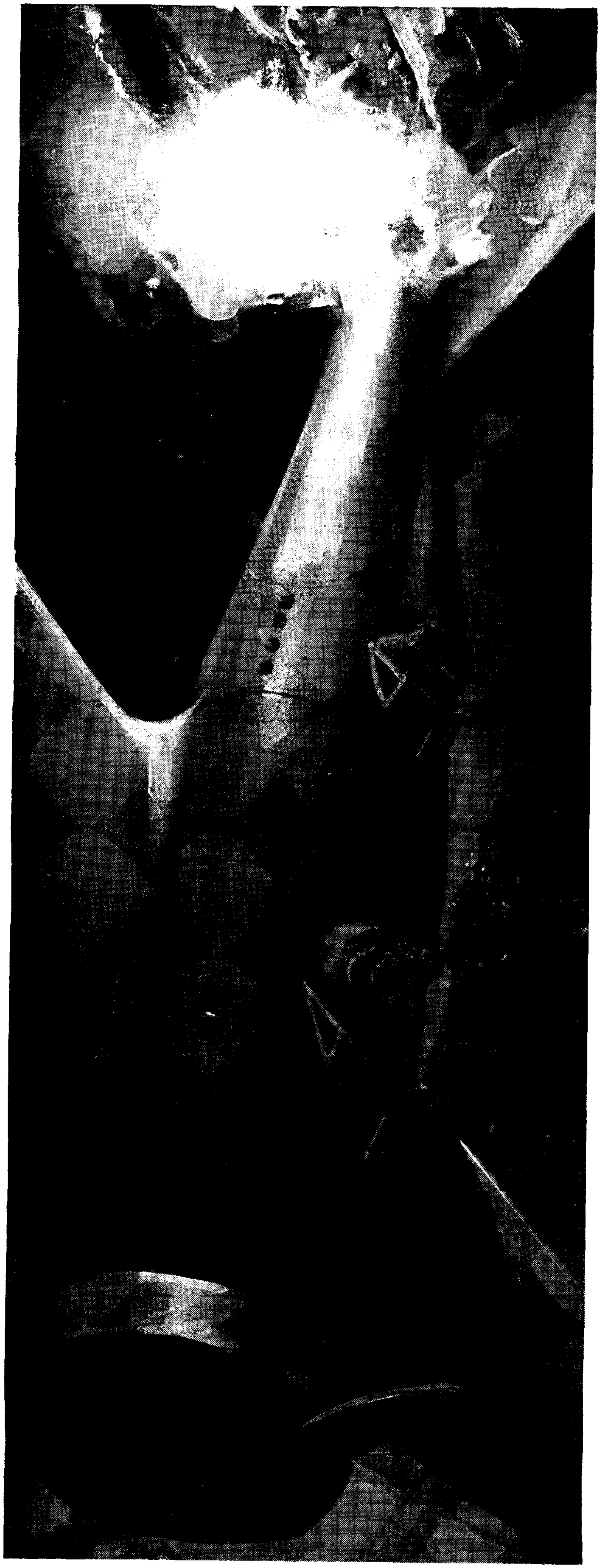
Jimmy began to get red in the face. "Five-four," he said. "But don't worry about that. It's not how big a man is, it's how much he knows."

"I understand," Leon said. He was five-eleven and weighed a hundred and ninety. If Jimmy had known him better, he would have noticed that Leon's eyelids were kind of crimped down and his eyes were real bright, like he was enjoying himself and was having a time not to smile. But all Jimmy heard was Leon saying: "But this is a big job—terminal dives and that sort of thing. So I guess we'll have to find a grown man."

Well, Jimmy stood there a second, and then started shaking all over. He edged around Leon's desk, and his fists were clenched and his jaw was thrust out. "Listen, you overgrown clunk," he sputtered. "I'll fly any airplane ever built, for money, marbles or chalk. What's more——"

Leon grinned kind of sourly. "I guess you haven't changed that disposition after all, have you?" he said. "I was just trying to find out if you could stand a little high pressure without blowing up."

Jimmy stood there irresolutely. He was so mad he was almost crying, but he bit his tongue and tried to cool down. Then he said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Horner. That kind of pressure is hard for me to take, but it won't happen again." He was pale now. He had been out of a job so long I guess he must have been pretty scared.



I could see the tail burning off. We must have looked like a blazing comet

"All right," Leon said. "I'll give you a trial."

Well, when Jimmy came out of there, he was grinning all over. I never saw him so pleased. I guess he just kind of swept Harriet along with him to lunch. She was wearing a rust-brown wool suit with a bright scarf, and her cheeks were flushed with the cold, and she was a sight. I think she was the first really pretty girl Jimmy had ever met who was small enough to let him feel completely at ease. She was five-two and he was five-four, and I could have put one of 'em in each hand. They passed right by me, where I was stringing some tubing for a compressor line, and they didn't even know I was there.

ABOUT five minutes later, Leon Horner came out of his office, all in a hurry like he usually was. He looked at Harriet's empty chair, and waited impatiently for a minute, and then he said to Sarah Bellam, at the switchboard: "Where's Miss Sanders?"

Sarah looked startled, and the words seemed kind of to pop out of her mouth before she could think. She said, "Why, Mr. Horner, Harriet just went to lunch with that man who came out of your office."

"Oh," Leon said. "She did?" It seemed to stump him for a minute. Then he went out to his car.

I worried about that some, after he'd gone. When Jimmy and Harriet came back I was still stringing that tubing, and I stopped 'em.

"Harriet," I said, "Leon was looking for you when he went out to lunch. Did he find you?"

Her face went kind of blank. She put one hand over her mouth, and her eyes got wide, and she said, "Oh, my pet cow! I just remembered—"

"What's the matter?" Jimmy said.

"I was supposed to have lunch with Leon, and I forgot it!" she said, looking troubled. "Jimmy Stetson, I hate you!"

"That's nice," Jimmy grinned at her. "Tonight when we go to the Aragon, you can hate me some more."

After Harriet had gone on, I said to him, "Look here, kid. You just got a good job, and don't get yourself out of it by stealing Leon's girl."

"Leon's girl?" he said.

"Leon's girl," I said.

"How come," he asked, "she doesn't know she's Leon's girl?"

"She knows it," I said.

"Aw," he grinned, "nuts to Leon!" You couldn't have worried him that day if you'd blown off the wings of his plane and left him at ten thousand feet without any 'chute.

"Okay," I said. "I've only seen this same thing happen a couple of times already, but you do as you like."

HE CAME out the next morning, and we had the new crock on the line for him, and it was a honey. He buckled on his 'chute, and he kind of grinned as he climbed into the cockpit. Then I stood there and watched him take off and put that little crock through its paces, and I was sure proud.

I was worried, though, later. For, you know, I'd really seen Leon Horner chuck two guys out on their ear for dating up Harriet. And Jimmy was taking her to lunch three or four times a week, now, the two of them always riding off in the new coupé Harriet had. He sure gave her a rush. I couldn't tell him a thing.

But Leon must have been too busy

(Continued on page 54)

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

The Story Thus Far:

LEARNING that Tommy Pierce, to whom she is engaged, is merely an amusing weakling, Caroline Fanning, a senior at Morrison University, breaks the engagement. She is not surprised when, a short time later, Tommy gives his fraternity pin to her roommate, Helen Herrick. But she is shocked by what ensues.

Paula Traggas, wife of Professor Maurice Traggas, has been having an affair with Eugene Fifield, a faculty member. But she has dropped Fifield in favor of a new secret suitor: Tommy Pierce! Advised by David Bingham, a professor with whom she is presently in love and who loves her, Caroline endeavors to warn Helen; but Helen ignores her guarded remarks concerning Tommy, attributing them to jealousy.

Realizing that the situation is fraught with peril for a number of persons, Caroline, Bingham, and two seniors, Emery Smith and Steve Abbott, discuss it again and again. They feel certain that it will develop tragically. And it does.

Eugene Fifield's body, a revolver beside it, is found at Maurice Traggas' summer camp! Unquestionably, *according to the authorities*, the man had committed suicide. Within a short while, however, gossip causes that verdict to be reversed, Maurice Traggas is arrested and held for questioning.

But Caroline and Bingham feel sure that Traggas is not guilty. Doing a bit of sleuthing on their own, they learn that, on the afternoon of Fifield's death, Paula and her ex-lover had been together for several hours. Together they call on Paula. While Bingham (who is in possession of some startling evidence he has not revealed to Caroline) interrogates her, Emery Smith, Steve Abbott and Tommy arrive.

Bingham then amazes Caroline by describing the murder, giving all the salient details as he has pieced them together, *and naming Tommy, not Paula, as the murderer!*

Before he ceases talking, Caroline rises and calmly announces that, on the afternoon of the murder, she was with Tommy—at a hotel in a near-by town. Then: "Come on, my dear," she says—and walks out with Tommy!

Conclusion

THEY turned the corner and a hedge came between them and the bungalow, then a row of trees, then a house. Caroline walked in a flat amazement—to have no feeling of any kind, to know that your world was a rubble heap behind you without pain in that knowledge, to walk beside Tommy Pierce and see everything neatly fitted together, seeing Tommy and all he had been and all he was and what had to be done, and still to see it not as something you were a part of but only as a problem in arithmetic, a sum you worked on paper with a pencil. A and B. If A owns three acres, if B has a barrel which holds forty gallons, if C starts an hour later than D with a speed forty per cent greater. That was it precisely. D had to start now.

Caroline said, "I don't know how long that will hold them. Not very long. You've got to start right now." She opened her handbag. Three dollars, a half-dollar and a dime. Three-sixty. To deliver a fugitive. "But you've got money, haven't you?" she said. Emery's money. There would be some left over. Emery had always intended it to save Tommy from retribution.

"There's no place I can go," Tommy said.

"I've done all I can for you, Tommy. Everyone has. All that can ever be done for you. Go north, Tommy. Thumb rides when you can, today. Take buses when you have to. Don't take a train. Keep going north, north—do you understand? Keep going all night. After tonight don't ride on anything. You're making for the woods, Tommy. Do you understand? And after the woods, Canada. When you get there, keep on going. You want to find some little village—maybe a lumbering town. Then you want to find a job, Tommy, and get farther into the woods. You'll be all right, everything will be all right. Just be—splendid."

Beyond that her imagination could not reach. She could carry Tommy to Canada and get him a job. Woolen pants, a heavy shirt, mackinaw. Not shaved—he would have a beard. Axe on his shoulder. In the spruce forests. And there she stopped. The future, what would happen to him, what he would do, was just blank. Not her responsibility; she had no obligation as to it. So she couldn't see.

"Caroline," Tommy said, "I can explain everything."

She looked at him now—brilliant eyes, beautiful young face dazed and terrified, Tommy reduced to just some automatic things that were happening in him, and not in him even but in the crazed and tortured part of him. She thought, still with no feeling, that all this had been latent in him when he came to college. Disaster as much a part of him as a weak heart would have been. Even when he had played marbles in his family's yard. Oh! Tommy had been a little boy, playing with other little boys. She began to feel, at last.

"I know you can, Tommy," she said gently, "but there isn't time. You've got to get away, Tommy, and let the evil people be as evil as they like. Right now. See, turn up here, cross the Ag School grounds, and go north."

"Is there," Tommy said, "no such thing as justice?"

That almost broke her. Tommy still being grand on the lighted stage of his own phantasms. "I'm afraid there is," she said. "Be—oh, be very crafty, Tommy. You know—the shrewd, cunning, skillful man whom injustice has outlawed. Outthink them. It's you against society—that's very splendid. Goodby, Tommy."

SHE had authority. He began to run. He crossed the drive and turned up the lane that led toward the Ag School. Running. The last she would see of Tommy Pierce was a young man running through broken light and shade, a murderer in flight.

She turned the other way and the drive led down to the north end of Shagbark Pond where the creek ran into it from the lake. There were willows here, shade and grass to the water's edge. She left the road and went down, stretching out beside the slow water. She realized, now, that it was very hot. Why, of course! This was still Saturday, and while everything had been crumbling, while that room in Paula's house had seen everything come to an end, the prairies had gone on sweltering under the heat wave. Why not? Weather didn't stop just because people were in pain.

And it was still Morrison University. Across the creek she could see more willows and the roofs of the Engineering School. The college was still there—thousands of young people who had their own intact lives and did the customary things and studied and had good times. She had seen two tortured lives brought into judgment—and on Monday final examinations would begin and everything would glide peacefully toward Commencement Day, as if Tommy and Paula and Gene Fifield and all the rest of them didn't matter at all. As if passion and death had no bearing on anything.

Good heavens, she thought, I'm still a college girl! I'm excused from all my examinations except American History. Someone is reading a thesis I wrote for Gene Fifield. My name is on a lot of lists. I'm to be Bachelor of Arts, magna cum laude. I'll be given a diploma with a wax seal on it. I'm a credit to Morrison University. That was so ridiculous that it seemed insane. Then she remembered that she wasn't a credit to Morrison. She was a disciplinary case for the Dean of Women. Her name might be struck off a lot of lists.

CHIMES played four phrases from the campanile, then five o'clock. Dave had promised it would all be over by four, and it hadn't been. But it was over at five—all of it. Especially Dave.

He wouldn't believe her, she thought steadily, for very long. But he would never forgive her that shock, that knockout blow in mid-career. Or maybe he would. That was up to him. It didn't matter—how could it? If violence and death didn't matter much, how could love matter?

She dipped her hands in the cool creek, scrubbed them with her handkerchief, stood up and started home. Her dress stuck to her—muggy afternoon and no breeze and no promise of rain. Rain had fallen on Paula and Tommy, fleeing together, and had made their escape good. For a little while.

What would happen now? She tried to think what might have occurred in Paula's living-room after she had left it, but she couldn't imagine. Anything might have, anything at all. And there was Maurice still, and George Peters of the law school working at the tangle, and all that. And Paula to be closed in on still more relentlessly. You couldn't feel anything but pity for Paula—you ought to but you couldn't. And pretty soon, by some means which Caroline could not guess, the police after Tommy. Tommy running through sun and shadow and pretty soon, no matter how, a policeman sitting at a microphone. Wanted, for murder, Thomas Pierce, height five feet eleven, and oh, the most beautiful hair and such fine features and crazed eyes.

It always had been beyond them all, a whirlpool that had sucked them in, Caroline and Dave, Helen, Steve, even Emery. So now it would spin on to whatever ending had been prepared. But Caroline was out of it. . . . What was left of her.

PRISCILLA FARLEY was in a porch swing under the blue shadow. Well, from the horrible to the grotesquely trivial. Caroline would be a credit to Morrison. She halted in the doorway and said quietly, "I've decided to come to your meeting on Monday, Priscilla. I'll be ever so penitent." You bet! Having taken everything that counted in her hands and broken it off short, she had time and willingness for ideal womanhood.

But Priscilla looked at her with hostile eyes. "How sweet of you! There isn't going to be any meeting."

"No meeting? Why not?"

"You got away with it, didn't you? It's nice to have powerful friends." Priscilla scowled, picked up her book, and turned her shoulder.

That didn't make sense, but if it meant sense, so much the better. If the Gammas had decided to act like grown-ups

It was the end of college. That's why they were all sitting here together, why they weren't willing to drift away in couples

and drop their silly plans, then she would get that wax seal with great dignity. She went upstairs. This was the college girl's room, the shrine of ideal womanhood, and she wasn't getting out of it after all. Oh, sure, she could kick a jagged hole in her love affair; Paula could tempt a poor vocational Don Juan out to her summer camp; Tommy could shoot him there; Maurice could go to jail, Dave could develop from an industrial chemist to a kind of avenging fury—but the Gammas were sweet girls who had the darlingest house and were loyal and ladylike and loving. So what? So she could take her degree and be a credit to Morrison. And right now she could take a shower and change her clothes.

SHE did just that. Freshly dressed in white silk, her hair neat, as cool as might be on such a day, she stretched out in the window seat. Even pity for the fleeing Tommy had left her now; the only feeling she had was a bitter disgust, a numb contempt that made fools of everyone on earth and made all their lives trivial. It was going to be important, she mused, to be very serious about college and examinations and Commencement. She must act as if it counted. If you acted hard enough, maybe it would begin to count. She lighted a cigarette. That was forbidden: the Gammas were supposed to smoke only downstairs or outside. But see! Observe how sophisticated the college girl is. See how the match doesn't shake in her hand. See how calmly she inhales and how she enjoys it. The fool had better enjoy it.

Some kind of dispute was going on downstairs. Priscilla was shrill. And the man's voice! Caroline stood up. She had been wrong; she had been as wrong as it was possible to be. It did matter.

He was coming upstairs and Priscilla after him, wailing. "You can't come up here!" Priscilla was saying, and Dave roared, "Which room is it?" Caroline opened the door. "It's this one," she said. Priscilla screamed, "You can't come up here!" Dave said, "Go away!" and came in and shut the door and turned the key.

She had been wrong, and it would be swift, and everything inside of her broke up. First of all was a vast mirth—oh, no Tommy or Paula or Maurice, nothing but Dave preposterously in this place. Caroline said shakily, "No man has ever come up those stairs. You great boor! Don't you know about ideal womanhood?" But she contrived to be on the other side of Helen's desk, away from him.

PART of her chaos was a realization that strain and sleeplessness and havoc had carried Dave to his limit, too. He had reached the place where he could not stand any more. The lines of his gaunt face had hardened in keeping with his tense will. But there was something more and different in his face now.

She might have dealt with anger or abuse; she might even have found a way if he had assailed her with reproach, with an accusation of treachery or deceit, but his aggressive eyes made her pulses pound and some quality of laughter mingling with that aggression had her at a loss.

"That was spectacular," he said, and she might have had an answer for any words but just those. "Where," he added quietly, "is Tommy?"

"Did you think I brought him to my bedroom?" she asked disdainfully.

"I thought you would immediately send him kiting toward Lake Michigan or the north woods." Something else came into his face. He said, briefly, "Come on, Caroline, let's get out of here."

"Where?"

"Well," he said, "it seems improbable we can be married at the Gamma house."

That released a catch, and she was perfectly furious. Furious with Dave

(*Continued on page* 49)

Women and touts, say the race-track regulars, ought to be barred from the track. With one exception. No one wants to bar Mary Hirsch, daughter of Max Hirsch and a licensed trainer in her own right, who has earned a high place for herself in a world men consider their own

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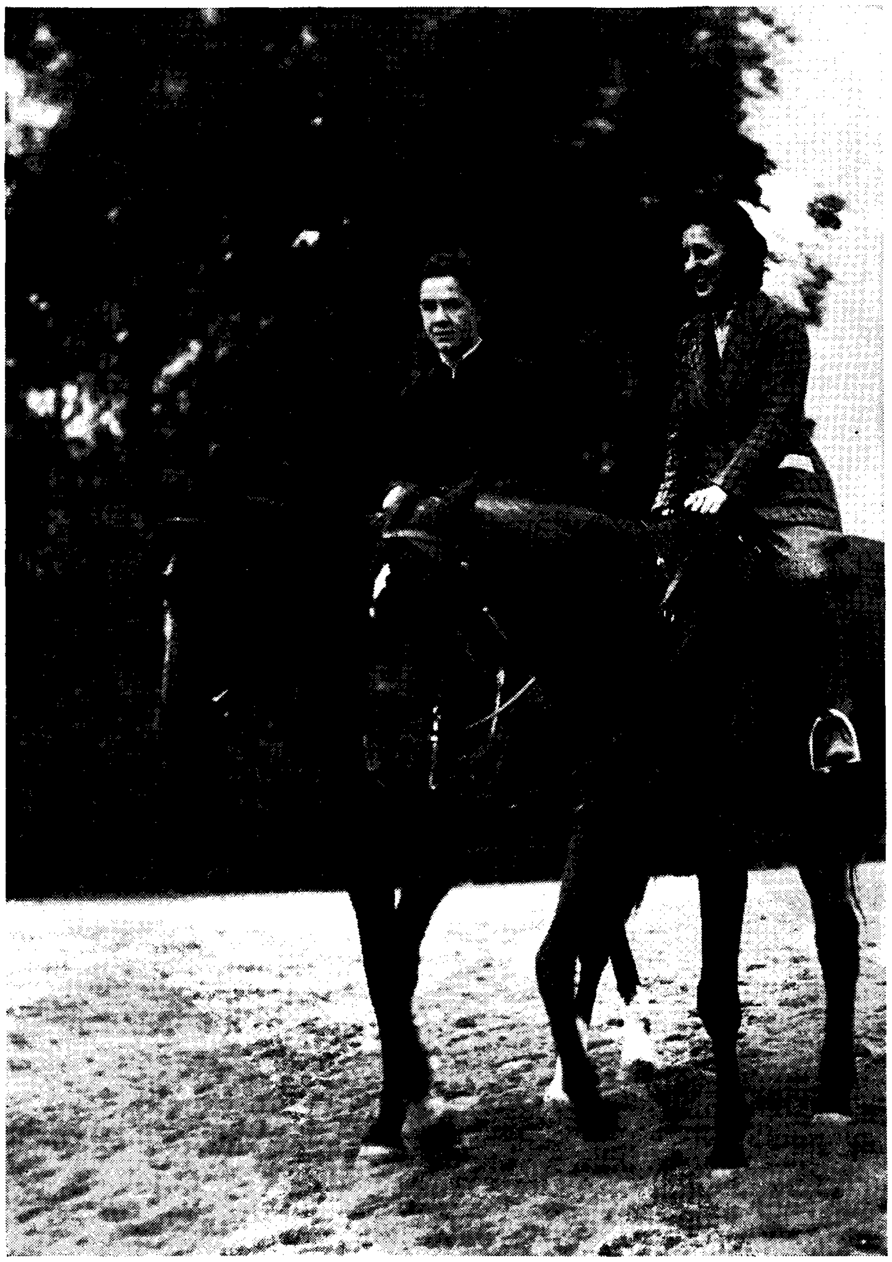
WIDE WORLD

Mary Hirsch and her father, Max



Jockey Buddy Hanford and Mary Hirsch en route to the track for a workout

IT WAS the last race of the day and I had nothing to show for the afternoon but a sunburn, a pocket full of uncashed mutuel tickets and a dawning suspicion that there was a great deal of truth in the old race-track adage that "All horse players die broke."

I had bet that day on tips I had received from elevator boys, baseball players, touts, waiters and anyone at all who'd whisper confidentially, "This one can't lose." It was time, I felt, to go to the experts. They couldn't do any worse than my other tipsters had done.

I walked into the press box—this was at Hialeah Park—and talked to Jimmy Loftus, one of the best writers and handicappers in the game.

"Captain Jerry looks very good in this heat," Jimmy said.

"I got a tip on Silence II," I told Loftus.

"Take that tip and put it with those uncashed tickets you have," he said calmly. "Captain Jerry is the best horse in this merry-go-round. As a matter of of fact I just saw Mary Hirsch making a bet on Captain Jerry."

Tom Thorp, whom a lot of us consider the last word in knowing and judging horseflesh, nodded, "When Mary Hirsch makes a bet you can be sure that horse is ready. She knows horses, that little girl."

"I've taken tips from every tout at this horse park today but I'm still not silly enough to take a tip from a girl," I told Thorp.

An Almost-Sure Thing

"Captain Jerry isn't a tip," Thorp said. "He's a good horse that figures to win this one. The only question is whether he's ready. If Mary has bet on him he's ready, so if you must bet you'd better grab yourself a piece of the nag."

I did and then I walked over to a box where Mary Hirsch was sitting and I told her I'd bet on Captain Jerry.

"You've got a good horse running for you," she said.

"I suppose he can't lose."

"Sure he can lose," Mary Hirsch said calmly. "Even Man O' War was beaten once, wasn't he? But Captain Jerry shouldn't lose."

The horses were at the post and Captain Jerry, on the rail, looked very calm and quite superior to the other horses, which were acting up a bit. Then they were off and there was our Captain Jerry in front of the pack. It was a mile heat and at the halfway mark the Captain was far in front and laughing over his shoulder. It was muddy but the heavy going wasn't bothering the Captain.

"Can he last?" I asked Mary Hirsch.

"Yes, he can last. The others will challenge him now—there they go after him—but he ought to have enough left."

I relaxed and felt very superior to the poor dopes who had bet on the other horses and began to wonder if maybe I wouldn't buy an emerald wrap or something equally gaudy with the eight dollars I was going to win. Then I heard Mary Hirsch say, "Well, I never," and I saw the red silks of Captain Jerry start to move back. It happened in the twinkling of an eye. One moment Captain Jerry was proudly leading the pack, the next he was back in the ruck. Then the race was over and five horses had finished in front of him.

"He just died in the stretch," Mary Hirsch said ruefully. "I don't understand it. The muddy track should have been to his liking."

"Maybe the Captain hates the sea," I said bitterly.

"If they ran the race over again we'd still have to bet on Captain Jerry," she said. "He's still the best horse in the field. Nine times out of ten he'd run the ears off of those horses. But that's horse racing. Even when your judgment is right you are apt to lose."

We sat there in the box talking of horses and trainers and owners, and jockeys and handicappers filed by and they all called, "Hello, Mary," with that free and easy camaraderie that exists at the track and it was easy to see that Mary Hirsch was one of them. That was peculiar too.

There are two classes of people cordially hated by the race-track regulars, touts and women. Touts give the track a bad name—and women yell too much when they win, lament too much when they lose and all in all make general nuisances of themselves. There are many dyed-in-the-wool track regulars who believe that touts and women should be barred from the track.

The story of how Mary Elizabeth Hirsch came to be the country's first regularly licensed woman trainer, and of how even before that she was accepted by the track folk as one of them, is a story without a parallel in the history of racing.

Today Mary Hirsch is a slim dark-haired girl of twenty-three with twinkling eyes and a charming smile. She is a licensed trainer of thoroughbreds but withal she is as feminine as the scent of mimosa and just about as fragile. If it be not ungallant let us quote what a hard-bitten old trainer said of Mary Elizabeth, "A sound filly, comes of good stock."

The Crown Princess of the Turf

She does come of sound stock—race-track royalty. In a manner of speaking Mary Elizabeth was born to the turf—was, in fact, a crown princess of the sport of kings. Wasn't her father, Max Hirsch, one of America's truly great trainers? Wasn't her brother Buddy a sound horseman and eventually a trainer in his own right? And, so help me, wasn't Mary Elizabeth born a stone's throw away from the old Sheepshead Bay track, cradle of horse racing in this country?

Now Mary Elizabeth could ride a horse before she could ride a bicycle and she could jump a horse over a stone wall before she could jump rope.

It was only natural that she spent a great deal of time with her father watching him train the horses that he handled for such owners as Morton L. Schwartz and his brother, Charles W. The stable boys and the assistant trainers were always stumbling over young Mary as they went about their tasks and if Mary was missed, why, like as not she'd be found sleeping in some colt's stall.

One morning Max Hirsch took his young daughter to Belmont and how the gods of destiny must have chuckled.

The track was alive with horses and the air was filled with those small sounds you hear at the track in the early morning. Max Hirsch called for an exercise boy but they were all out on the track. He had another horse which needed galloping.

"Let me gallop him," Mary Elizabeth pleaded.

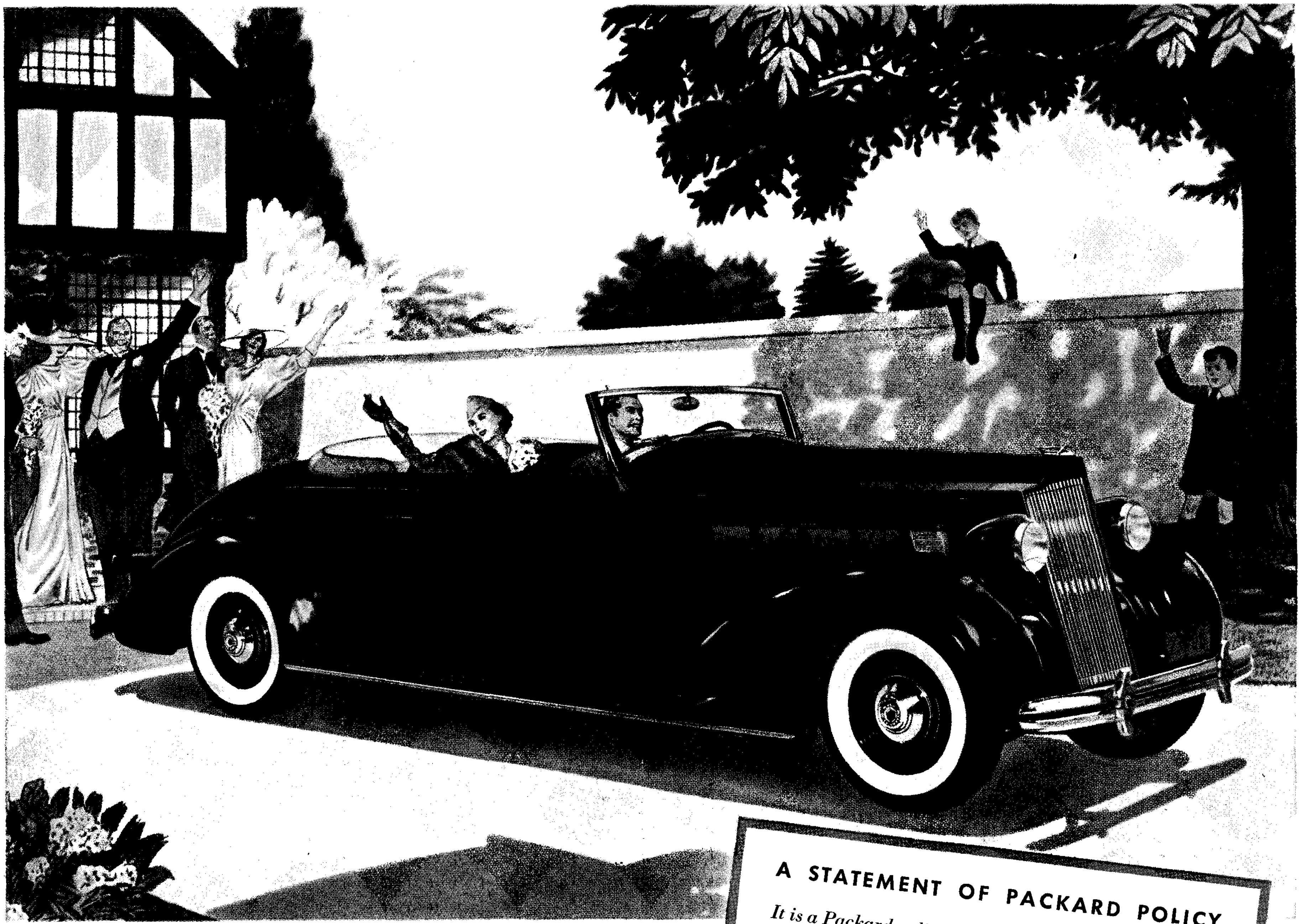
He looked at her in amazement. She was a wisp of a thing with her dark hair falling down her back in two braids.

"I can work him as well as any exercise boy," she said confidently.

Max Hirsch laughed, "Sure, take him around twice." And though he didn't

(*Continued on page 27*)

What happens after the honeymoon?



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His Public

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Henri Duvernois

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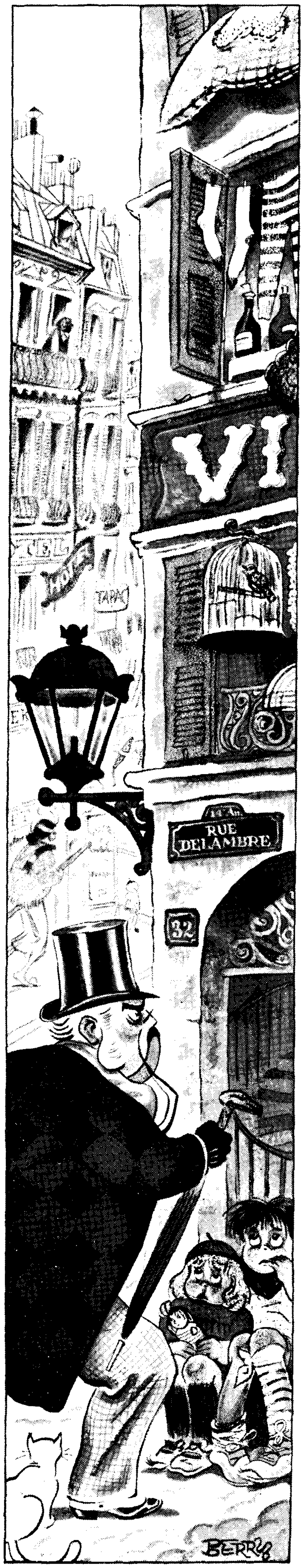


Purple with rage, he was growling threateningly, "We'll see!"

MONSIEUR BYGABYCHE was eating breakfast and glancing through the front pages of his morning paper with the hurried indifference of a man of means whose only real interest lies in the stock-market quotations. Suddenly he sat up with a start, his eyes riveted on the glaring letters of his own name.

So great was his surprise that he dropped the piece of toast he had already raised halfway to his lips. Why should his name be in the paper? He had no relatives; no one else could possibly have the same name; on the other hand, he was not conscious of having performed either one of those brilliant actions or one of those striking irregularities that make you an object of public interest. Well then? He went in search of his glasses, adjusted them with a hand that trembled a little and finally read this announcement:

"The opening of Bygabyche, a comedy in three acts by Sebastian Monestier, is scheduled to take place tonight. Extreme enthusiasm marks the advance reports about this play by a dramatist of true. . . ."

"Damnation!" shouted Monsieur Bygabyche. "*John!* My boots, my hat, my coat! I'm going out!"

HIS man hurried up, attentive and ingratiating. "Has monsieur seen that his name is in the paper?"

Bygabyche replied with a growl of rage. For generations his family had borne this name through lives of obscure but opulent middle-class respectability. Often he had consoled himself by thinking that although he could not take his money or his furniture or his collections to the grave, at least his name would go with him. For he was the last to own it. And now a wretched scribbler had stolen it! He felt more injured than if thieves had broken into his house and laid violent hands on his Sèvres porcelains and his silverware. It seemed to him that he had been stripped naked on the street and exposed to the public gaze.

"My carriage! At once!"

The carriage was a victoria, drawn by a fat horse. He was accustomed to ride around the park in it every afternoon. The coachman possessed long mustaches and a disposition as peaceful as the horse. An hour later all three came to a halt in front of the private residence of the producer of the play. The latter disclaimed all responsibility: He had had nothing to do with it; the fault was entirely the author's. And, jovially, he pushed Monsieur Bygabyche toward the door.

"If I were you, I shouldn't say anything about it. . . . The part's very flattering. Anyhow here's Monestier's address. You can settle the matter with him. That doesn't mean I'm not delighted to have met you. As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of increasing my working capital—some of my friends are urging me to do it—and I might be able to let you in on a very good thing. . . ."

He was in pajamas, his eyes puffy with sleep. From the adjoining room a woman's voice rose in protest: "Tell him to come back to bed, sir. He hasn't even shaved!"

Bygabyche hunted up his coachman and gave him an address that made him jump. It was practically in the slums! The horse started out at confident trot, believing that they were finally off for their daily drive, but he was compelled to travel along endless boulevards and to awaken with his heavy hoofbeats echoes in crowded alleys where Monsieur Bygabyche with his high silk hat, his black gloves and white side whiskers looked like the old patrician out of some cheap novel going to visit an illegitimate child in a miserable tenement district. The horse snorted. The coachman, aroused from his customary calm, muttered, "Botheration!" which was his strongest oath. His master, purple with rage, was growling threateningly, "We'll see! We'll see!"

It was a sad-looking house, on a sad-looking corner.

"Monsieur Monestier? On the sixth floor, the door to your left."

Half dead with fatigue, Bygabyche was searching in vain for a bell when he heard a mother's voice intoning these verses:

"The fair river Loire from its mountainous source,
Follows a curving, northwesterly course."

The voice changed. "Do you hear what I'm saying?" There was the abrupt sound of a slap; a child shouted, to a tune of its own invention, "Yes. I hear you; but I don't fear you!" Bygabyche had come to a home of poets. He knocked A woman in a shirtwaist opened the door and confronted him with an ample bosom and an anxious smile, the barrier raised by the poor against possible creditors.

"What may I do for you, sir?"

"I wish to see Monsieur Monestier at once upon an urgent personal matter. Be so kind as to give him my card. He will understand!"

"I'll go and see."

Bygabyche entered a dreary room where a grandfather's clock was ticking with the melancholy deliberation of all waiting-room clocks. Off to one side he heard a commotion, then a stifled exclamation: "Good Lord!" Meanwhile the steady sing-song of the young Monestier: "Yes, I hear you; but I don't fear you. Yes, I hear you—" A silence. And Monestier appeared. He was a tall, thin man, gray at the temples and timid of manner.

"Sir," cried Bygabyche, "I need not inform you of the reason for my visit."

"Indeed, sir, your card has already indicated it. Please believe that I am sincerely sorry and that coincidence alone—"

"Tell that to someone else, sir! I bear a name that no one is likely to invent."

"Nevertheless—"

"I am not a man of this modern age, sir; I belong to a family that has always shrunk with horror from publicity. Now I am the only one left to defend the honor of that name. Change it, sir, or I shall go to law. That's my last word!"

"You'll lose your suit," the author replied. "The law on that point is quite clear. But sit down and let's see if we can't come to a friendly understanding."

When Monsieur Bygabyche left he took with him an orchestra ticket for that night's performance, the promise that the second *y* should be changed to an *i* and a severe headache brought on by the explanations of the author who had insisted on describing his play to this unexpected audience and making clear its particular merits.

THE opening was a triumphant success. The heroic character of Bygabiche aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. His audacity, his virtue, his misfortunes and his invincible gayety made them laugh, weep and applaud. In the orchestra one honest heart swelled with a special, personal pride. After the final curtain Monsieur Bygabyche hunted up Monestier and wrung his hand.

Next morning he sent out for all the papers. Avidly, he searched for his name; he tore up one paper that had no announcement of the opening, and he cut out all the reviews and saved them. He almost regretted that he had had the second *y* changed to an *i*. And he kept going back to see the play, which was having a marvelous success. His intimate friends noticed that he was looking unusually well and seemed filled with a kind of inward satisfaction that made him young. One day in a large department store where he had made several purchases, he gave his name and prepared to spell it, as usual, but the clerk stopped him with a deferential gesture:

"There's no need for that, sir. The name is very well known."

Thus, at the age of fifty-eight, after an undistinguished life, he began to taste the sweets of fame. He almost fainted with joy when he saw in the window of a confectioner's a selection of candies named Bygabiche and when he found his name given to a new-style collar. He had all the advantages of notoriety with none of its inconveniences. He was much better known than Monestier, for the public remembers the title of a play rather than the name of its author.

Months passed. The play finally left the boards. Monestier wrote other comedies, which were not successes. And gradually, insensibly, Monsieur Bygabyche returned to his original obscurity. Once more he had to spell his name to the clerks in the stores. There was nothing now to distinguish him. And at length this became so intolerable that he went to see a producer.

"Why don't you revive Bygabiche?" he proposed.

"Hm! Pretty well played out. There would have to be a consideration."

"How much?"

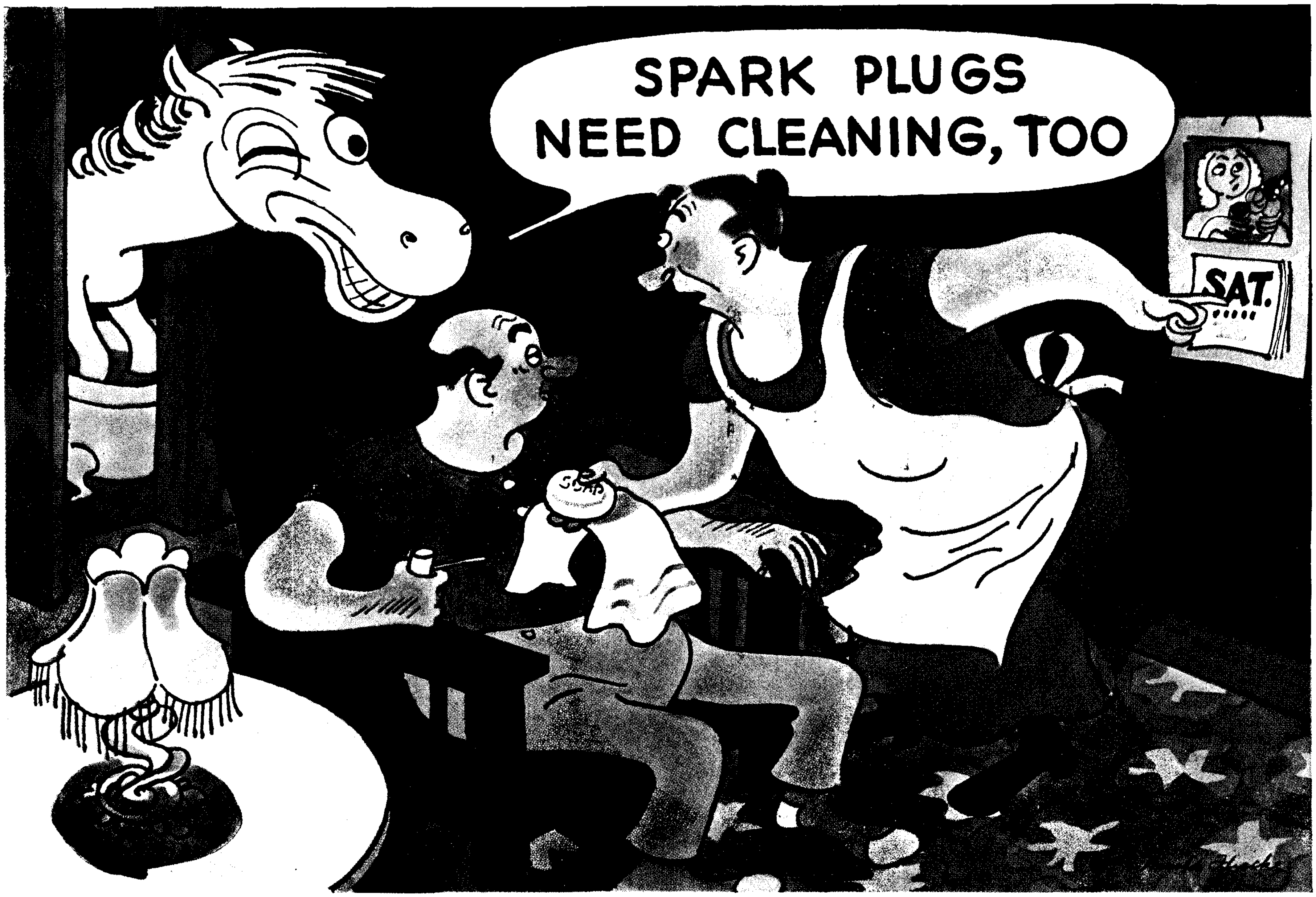
"Twelve thousand francs."

"I will give it to you on condition that you never try to penetrate my incognito. I am a patron of the theater, that's all."

"And the name of the young lady you wish me to engage?"

But Monsieur Bygabyche undeceived him. A true patron of the theater with no motive but art! He paid the money and insisted on taking with him a signed agreement. At the door he turned and said negligently:

"By the way, when you see Monestier suggest to him—without telling him that anyone mentioned it—that hereafter he write Bygabyche with two *y*'s. It's more original that way!"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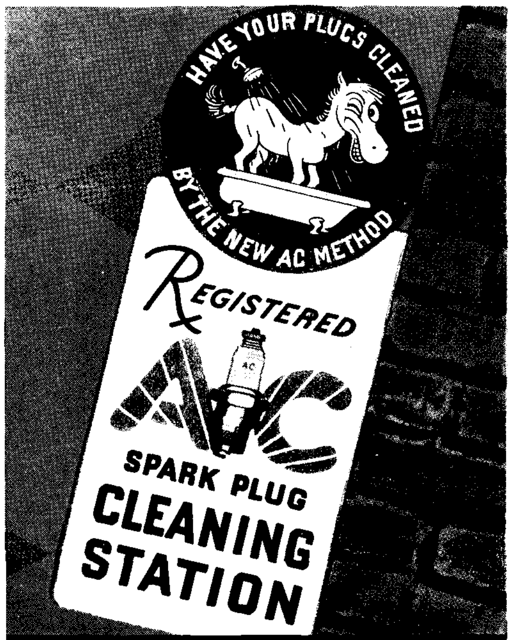

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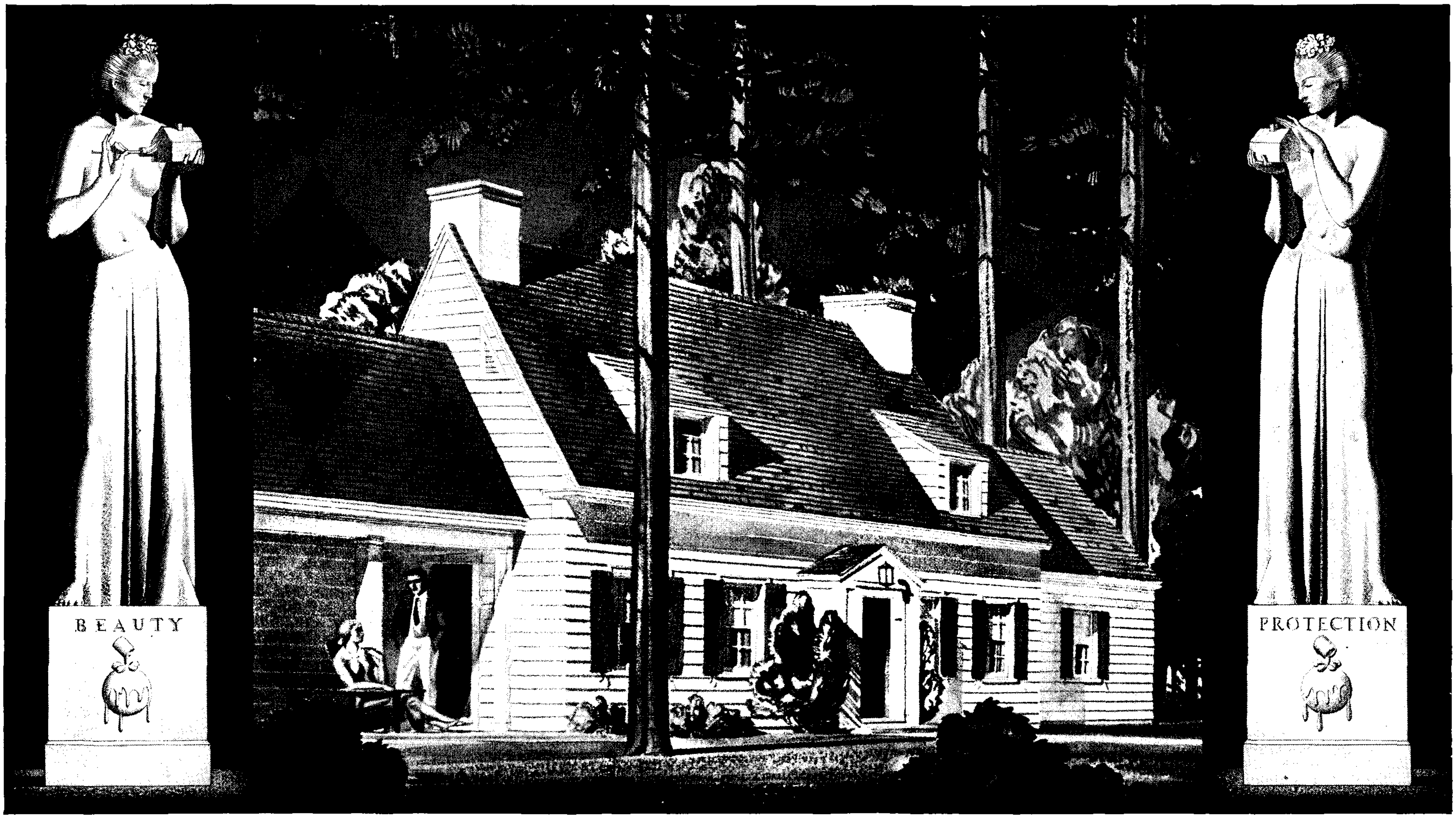

Painting by Rockwell Kent of his home at Ausable Forks, New York.

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BY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

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The Girl who Knows Horses

Continued from page 22

know it at the moment he was starting his daughter on her destiny. She was hoisted up and they led the horse from the stables to the track and she was off. She bent over the neck of the horse, crooning to him as she'd heard Negro boys croon to horses.

"She can ride," a wide-eyed trainer said to Hirsch.

"Too well," Max growled. "Who's been teaching her to ride like that?"

As if the daughter of Max Hirsch had to be taught anything about horses. She galloped round and round and her dark hair was flying in the wind and she was feeling a strange exultation and something whispered to her, "This is for you, kid. This is where you belong. You're race-track royalty, kid . . ."

So the girl grew older and her father worried a bit. He didn't want her hanging around stables all her life. He sent her to exclusive schools and when she sent home brilliant grades he was tickled pink.

"They'll cure her of wanting to fool around with horses," he'd growl, but he didn't know that she worked for those high grades only to please him, for Mary Elizabeth had (and still has) a great worship for her father, and who can blame her? Certainly no one who knows Max Hirsch and who knows that his name at the track is a synonym for honesty and integrity.

Whenever she came back from school she got right into shabby togs and hit for the stables. Those Negro boys would grin from ear to ear and the grapevine would carry the news from barn to barn, "Miss Mary's back." And the first thing that Max Hirsch knew, his daughter had insinuated herself into a job as his assistant. He never knew just how it happened. One day he had to hurry to Maryland and he had a string of horses in New York at the same time.

Someone asked him, "But what about your horses in New York? Who'll handle them while you're away?"

"Oh, Mary will take care of them. She knows as much about them as I do. Great hand with horses," he answered easily and then the thought struck him that he'd been depending on Mary Elizabeth a great deal of late. Well, he'd see about that when he got back from Maryland, he told himself grimly. Enough of this nonsense.

Without Precedent

Then he was amazed to hear that Mary Elizabeth had calmly sent in an application for a trainer's license. She had applied to the Jockey Club of New York. The pompous tradition-bound heads of the Jockey Club were aghast at such audacity. A woman trainer? Perish the thought. They hemmed and they hawed and they puffed out heavy-jowled cheeks and ordered themselves Scotch and soda and pigeonholed her application.

This only made young Mary—and she was twenty now—more determined. Especially as her brother was being very superior. Mary Elizabeth went west. Well, she went halfway West—to Detroit and Chicago and she applied for licenses there. The tracks in the Midwest are run by progressive men possessed, praise be, of humor. They chuckled at the thought of this youngster's impudence in trying to invade what had been until then strictly a man's world.

"But why not?" they laughed. "Nothing is too good for the track world to give to anyone bearing the name of Hirsch. Sure, we'll give the kid a license and we'll root for her too."

So it was that in August, 1934, the name of Mary Hirsch appeared on the list of trainers licensed to operate at Arlington Park outside of Chicago. That fall she received her license to operate in Detroit.

It was the first time that any woman had been given a regular training license and it threw a bombshell into track circles. Then when the excitement had died down it was discovered that there wasn't a dissenting voice. But she still didn't have her license in New York.

One of the best fighters in the world is Herbert Bayard Swope, one time executive editor of the New York World and present Chairman of the New York State Racing Commission. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

The Girl Won Out

"Are we less progressive in New York than they are in the Midwest?" he stormed. "You say that the track is no place for a young girl. Do you know the trainers who boss the stables? Do you know Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Bob Smith, Hirsch Jacobs, Max Hirsch and the rest of them? Do you know a finer body of men? Now listen . . ."

Swope won. Swope doesn't lose very often even at poker. And Mary Elizabeth was given her license to operate in New York. Today she can operate wherever horses run. During the past two years she has made a fine record and today she has the respect of every man in the track world.

That's the Mary Hirsch, still slim and dark, with whom I sat and talked of horses and racing. That's the Mary Hirsch who can discuss horses on equal terms with any veteran trainer of the track. That is, with any except one of them. She still feels a little in awe of him. I mean Max Hirsch.

"My father is the best horse trainer in the world," she said to me with a challenging look in her eye. I hastily agreed. "Of course we disagree on some things, some methods of training, but that's to be expected."

Of course it is. No daughter of Max Hirsch could ever be a "yes man."

She's a real trainer, this daughter of Max, and she can be as firm with jockeys who ride careless races as any. But she won't verbally castigate a jock who follows orders and loses a race.

For instance: One of her horses lost a close one at Hialeah last winter. The horse lay back during most of the race and then made a hard driving finish which just missed. In the press box they thought that Jockey Hanford had started his drive too late and Jimmy Loftus wrote a story to that effect. Mary Elizabeth saw it and the next day stormed into the press box.

"You were wrong on that story, Jimmy," she told the writer. "Hanford rode as I told him to ride. We couldn't press that horse too much—we had to let him lay back and let the others make the pace. We know that horse better than you people in the press box do. Hanford gave the horse a perfect ride. As a matter of fact we were lucky to get that horse home second. And furthermore . . ."

"I give up, Mary," Loftus said weakly. "You win . . ."

"Well, as long as you admit it," she said, "that's all right."

That's Mary Hirsch, daughter of Max and trainer of horses. Respected by all, loved by the little stable boys who work for her, sincerely liked by the jockeys who ride her horses—Mary Hirsch has made a real place for herself in a man's world.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ADDS AN ODD PIPE TO HIS COLLECTION
I PICKED UP THAT ANTIQUE PIPE IN ITALY FOR YOU. IT'S THE FIRST PIPE MADE OF STEEL I EVER SAW
MANY THANKS, RALPH. I HAVE A FEW MORE METAL PIPES IN MY COLLECTION
THIS METAL PIPE COMES FROM BURMA. THE ASIATICS USE SO MUCH METAL WORK, IT'S NOT SURPRISING TO FIND PIPES MADE OF VARIOUS ORES ------
TAKE THIS CHINESE WATER-PIPE, FOR EXAMPLE — A LOVELY THING OF SILVER INLAID WITH ENAMEL
—AND HERE'S A RATHER TRICKY JAPANESE PIPE, ALSO OF SILVER, BUT TRIMMED WITH IVORY AND JADE —
I'LL BET THAT COPPER PIPE FROM SUMATRA WOULD GIVE A MIGHTY HOT SMOKE
OPINIONS DIFFER ABOUT PIPES, BUT IT'S SMOKIN' PRINCE ALBERT REGULARLY THAT MAKES A PIPE ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT JOYS AND COMFORTS!

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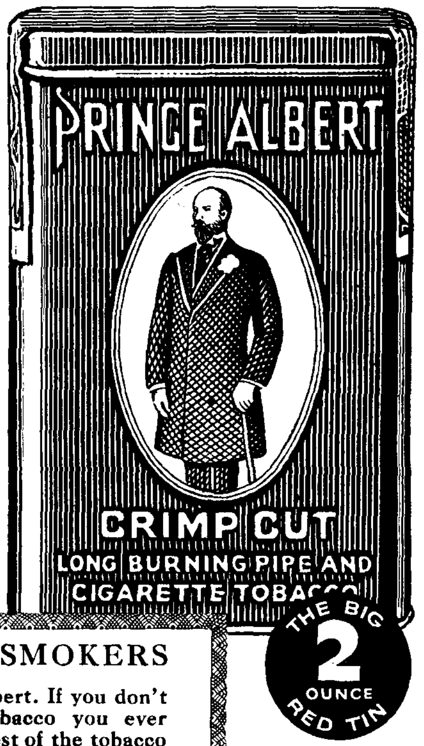

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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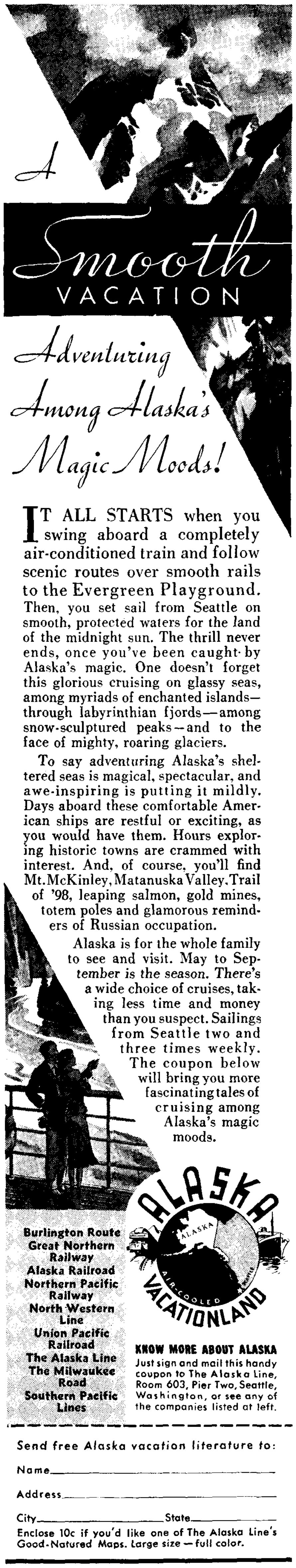

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To say adventuring Alaska's sheltered seas is magical, spectacular, and awe-inspiring is putting it mildly. Days aboard these comfortable American ships are restful or exciting, as you would have them. Hours exploring historic towns are crammed with interest. And, of course, you'll find Mt. McKinley, Matanuska Valley, Trail of '98, leaping salmon, gold mines, totem poles and glamorous reminders of Russian occupation.

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Storm Warnings in Idaho

Continued from page 11

presented by any of our grotesquely wealthy states. It may never be said of Mr. Ross that he shirked it or that it gave him pause. Nor did he wring his large, bony hands and, like so many of his fellow governors, issue bids for sympathy. It is a common practice with governors to weasel a bit after election. While imploring the electorate for its support they sound like giant-killers; having been elected, their determined roars mysteriously peter off to mouse-squeaks. Mr. Ross' speeches are neither roars nor squeaks—just a farrago of syrupy discords delivered ad lib. The idea is to get elected and then start running again. Whatever Mr. Ross' formula is, it works nicely. He is the first native son of Idaho to be elected governor. He is the first—Democrat, Republican, native son or immigrant—to be elected three times. Idaho likes him, and with reason: if he aspired to the United States Senate against any other than Mr. Borah we would be willing to predict right now, months before the election, that he'd win. As it is . . .

He has been Working

During his three terms he has reduced the assessed valuation of property twenty-three per cent and tax levies thereon accordingly. He has reduced the state's bonded indebtedness from $5,282,500 to $3,068,500. When he took office in 1930 Idaho owed a million and a half dollars in tax-anticipation notes. He has liquidated all of that, paying it off with considerable flourish and the state's General Fund is now operating on a cash basis with no debts to eat into its vitals. When he first became governor the state was wondering how it was going to get rid of $1,500,000 in Highway Bonds. Charles Ben Ross had solved that riddle by paying off all but $300,000 and he is leaving that much hanging around just to remind the people of past indiscretions. The sum of the state's fixed and floating debt was $6,232,500. Mr. Ross has cut that in half—and this during the depression years.

This record, plus his Indian philosophy (he began actively to concentrate on Mr. Borah's job last fall) is what Mr. Ross must depend upon to send him to the United States Senate. Perhaps he may drop in to have a reading now and then—we don't know. But even if he does he will not be setting a precedent. If you know Washington at all you may remember that before the government began to redeem the Capitol end of Pennsylvania Avenue from its ancient frowsiness, a number of fortunetellers, hand readers, conjurers, clairvoyants and figure-flingers held forth in pungent squalor a couple of blocks away from The Hill. Two or three still linger on. We dropped in on one of them one day—Señora something-or-other, a gypsy from Suspension, Alabama. She told us that among her steady customers were four senators and seventeen representatives. The balance of her clientele was almost exclusively employees of government departments, the Treasury contributing the largest quota.

"Ah ketch one Senate gen'mun mos' ev'y week, suh," said Señora The Eye. "He got the moon-flips right bad."

Pressed, Mr. Ross will grant that Idaho has never had a shred of reason to be ashamed of Mr. Borah. He will admit that it is a fine and stirring thing to be a world figure, to have one's rumblings heard in Downing Street, Potsdam, the Quay d'Orsai and the Kremlin. Mr. Ross is as international-minded as corn on the cob and considers foreign policies mere political lace to be tatted on dull summer afternoons—anyway, after Idaho has been attended to. What, he cries, has William Edgar Borah done for Idaho?

It is possible, if at the moment improbable, that the Republican party will come to the aid of Mr. Ross by nominating Mr. Borah for President. But unless the current management of the National Republican Committee loses all control of the convention and Mr. Borah is stampeded into the nomination by an increasing liberal element which would prefer to give Mr. Roosevelt sincere battle, the chances of the nominee being Mr. Borah are somewhat remote. Think it over. Try, if you are strong enough, to imagine the party of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover abandoning its sacred gold and rugged-individualism traditions and turning out for a silverite, a currency-inflationist, a prohibitionist, an enemy of holding companies, Wall Street and concentrated wealth. All of which is Mr. Borah. And a thoroughly unmanageable and unpredictable Mr. Borah, too, who a few months ago practically embraced the Townsend Plan—provided it is effected without a sales tax. Mr. Borah hates sales taxes.

When Doctor Townsend visited Boise last September the state of Idaho gave him such a reverberating welcome that even a deaf and blind politician would have gathered immediately that it would be suicidal to refrain from joining in the shouting. Mr. Ross did everything but kiss the doctor. And Mr. Borah sent the Townsendites home vowing that nothing short of leg irons and a solitary cell at Alcatraz could keep them from voting for him for President. Of their idol, Doctor Townsend, Mr. Borah had said: "He is the most humane, sympathetic and sincere man I have ever met. If his plan is accomplished it will not cost as much as a single year of the depression. If the plan is unconstitutional it can be made constitutional."

For weeks thereafter the Townsendites and, in particular, their young organizers and fee collectors, were whooping things up with the assurance that Mr. Borah had assumed the responsibility of removing from the Townsend Plan all features that might be construed as unconstitutional and substituting therefor "the same thing in non-contestable form." Of course Mr. Borah had done nothing of the sort. And the Townsendeers' adoration of him dropped a couple of hundred degrees overnight when, in New York in January, he abandoned them all, from the Mahatma Townsend down, saying he was for fifty or sixty dollars a month for the old folks.

"And beyond that," said he, "I am not prepared to go."

National Affairs

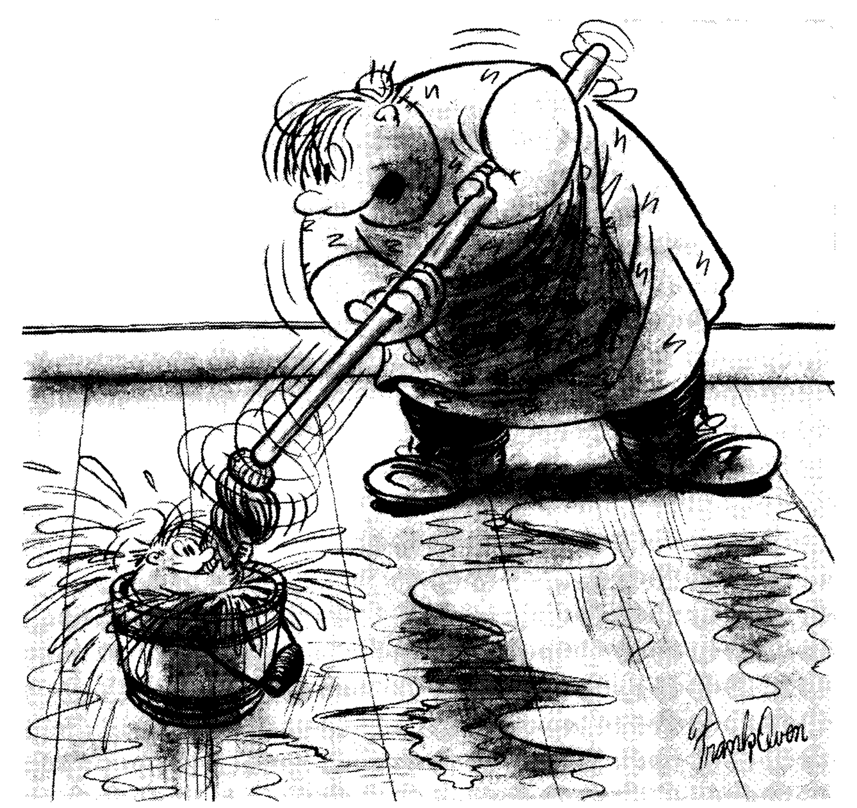
So the chances are that Mr. Borah will be permitted to prosecute his campaign for reëlection to the Senate without having to bother about the presidency too. It is likely, too, that he realizes this. Anyone expecting Mr. Borah and Mr. Hoover to unite in the interest of the Republican platform hasn't been listening. They will probably continue to claw the air with a view to eliminating each other as candidates—Mr. Borah being already far ahead of Mr. Hoover at this spirited pastime.

Therefore, let's get back to Idaho, where defeating Mr. Borah has for years been but an empty dream. Of course Mr. Borah is getting old—seventy-one—which is another reason advanced by the national Republican mahouts why he is unavailable. Licking Mr. Roosevelt is going to require candidate-energy that is not common in a septuagenarian. And the man who does defeat him will be called upon for a prodigal outlay of fairly youthful vigor. Several of Mr.

(Continued on page 30)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"You don't mind helping Mamma wring out the mop, but you want to change ends awhile!"

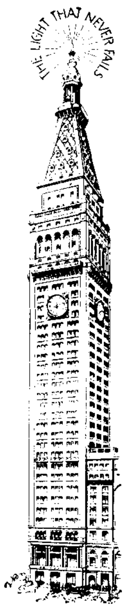
What about your Future?

YOUR future and that of your family is probably represented to you by a large question mark—as it is to most men and women. So many things to wonder about—so much to puzzle over. The question of funds, for instance.

If you are a family man, you may have found it difficult to put aside an amount that will safeguard your dependents—and you know that they must be provided for if anything happens to you.

And the day will come when you will want to say goodbye to work. What then? Money will be needed. Fortunately there is a way to take many questions of doubt out of the future—to make it safe financially.

Life Insurance has saved millions of men and women from day after day worry as to how to provide money which surely will be needed. Why not let a Metropolitan Field-Man talk it over with you? He may be able to help. Telephone your local Metropolitan office and ask him to call—or mail the coupon.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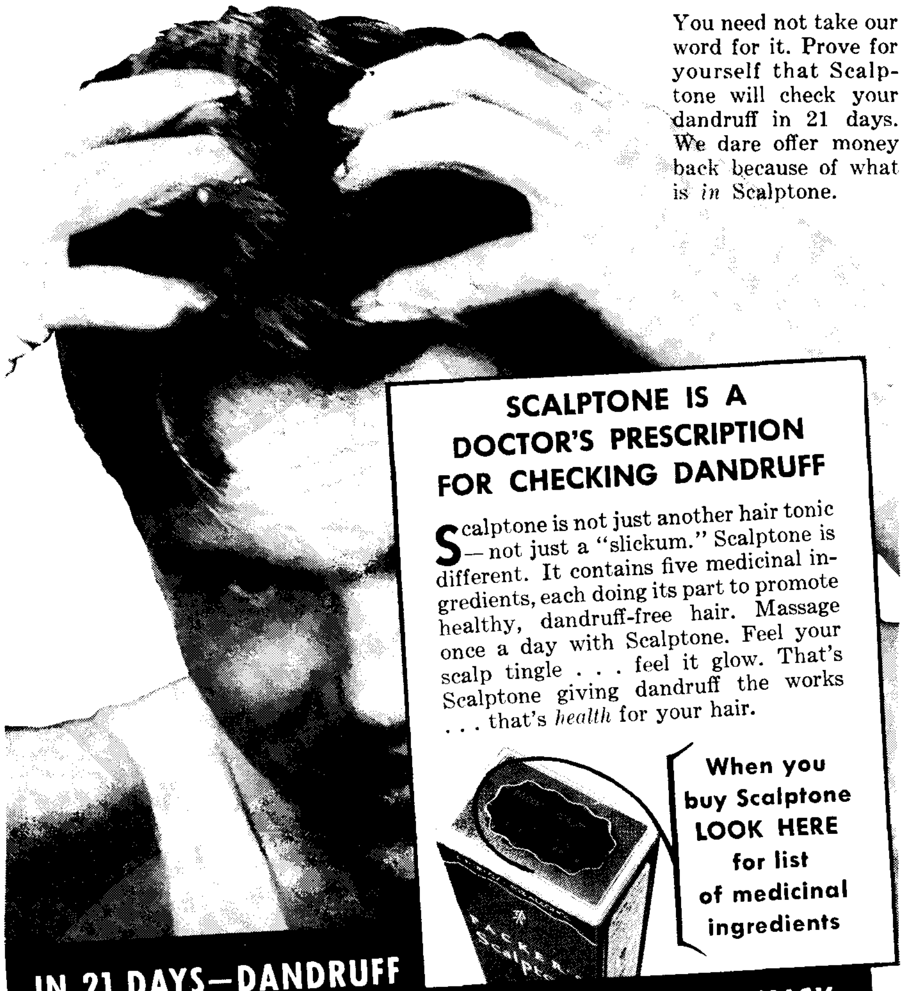
You need not take our word for it. Prove for yourself that Scalptone will check your dandruff in 21 days. We dare offer money back because of what is *in* Scalptone.



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Scalptone is not just another hair tonic—not just a "slickum." Scalptone is different. It contains five medicinal ingredients, each doing its part to promote healthy, dandruff-free hair. Massage once a day with Scalptone. Feel your scalp tingle . . . feel it glow. That's Scalptone giving dandruff the works . . . that's *health* for your hair.

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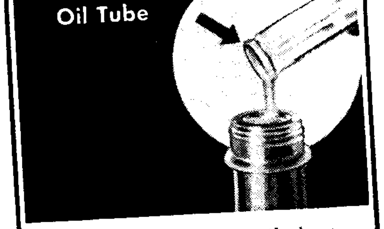
IN 21 DAYS—DANDRUFF GONE—HAIR NEAT BUT NOT GLOSSY-SLICK

Note Scalptone's patented Oil Tube



Only Scalptone gives you the benefits of this oil tube. Only Scalptone is adjustable—for dry hair, oily hair or in-between hair.

And your hair'll look as you want it to look: Neat, alive . . . but without a plastered-down, greasy look. For Scalptone is *adjustable*. There's a little tube of oil held in the neck of each bottle. Pour as much of this oil into Scalptone as you need to keep your hair the way you want it. You write your *own* prescription.

And remember: if, after using your first bottle of Scalptone you are not satisfied, we will return your money if you will tell us what you paid.

PACKER MFG. CO., 101 W. 31, New York

For shampoo: PACKER'S TAR SOAP

A clean scalp is a healthy scalp. There's health of the pines in Packer's creamy lather. Here is a man's soap if there ever was one. Recommended by doctors for 67 years in the care of hair and scalp.

PACKER'S Scalptone

NOW IN TWO SIZES: 50¢ AND 75¢

Storm Warnings in Idaho

Continued from page 28

Hoover's allies have informed us with imitative solemnity that the party needs no Hindenburg.

But Idaho isn't impressed. As far as she is concerned Mr. Borah may be ninety-one and, to quote one of his contemporaries in Boise, "as long as Bill holds together Idaho will hold with him." And we are going to be shockingly surprised if Mr. Ross—a mere stripling in his early fifties—can do what whole conventions of Idaho politicians frequently have failed to do. Even Mr. Borah's own party in Idaho has failed to retire him. Time upon time Republican bosses, forgathered behind bolted doors, have pledged themselves to the death to "shatter the Borah myth" and send to Washington in his stead a Regular who will "pay some attention to Idaho."

He Wouldn't Be Ditched

They told horrid stories of Mr. Borah's cold selfishness. He refused to have anything to do with such-and-such a village's postmaster—didn't care, in fact, who was postmaster. And he refused several times to call the White House names because nothing had been done about building a hundred-thousand-dollar bridge across a creek you couldn't drown a field mouse in. Like Mr. Ross now, they demanded to know who cared what happened in the Polish Corridor as long as there was no soldier and sailor monument at government expense at Cantaloupe Corners. While Mr. Borah was pestering President Harding into calling that disarmament conference, faithful Idaho Republicans were standing around with their hands in their pockets instead of serving their country in the United States Marshal's office—as if that would have dragged their hands out. And while Mr. Borah was standing up in the United States Senate working himself into a lather about the World Court, a couple of irregular mavericks wriggled into federal court jobs at home. Bill Borah might be a big man with cosmic capacities, but what Idaho wanted in Washington was a guy who didn't forget he had neighbors back home. And so on.

But every time these outraged patriots completed their plans to ditch Mr. Borah something happened. And it invariably was Mr. Borah. He ignored them. He walked out on party caucuses. He sent the convention nasty notes. He all but demanded that they refrain from voting for him. He called them names and refused to answer their letters. Somebody told us how many times the doom of Mr. Borah as a member of the United States Senate has been sealed, but we've forgotten. Lots and lots of times. But always when it came right down to naming a tractable patriot to assume the robes of the Jovian Mr. Borah, they fumbled, stumbled, blocked out one another and wound up by individually disavowing any part in the plot. And the reason would be brutally clear: the electorate wanted Mr. Borah and would accept no substitutes. The disgruntled professionals always found out in the nick of time that if they didn't endorse Mr. Borah the voters probably would elect him anyway. Furthermore, as Charles Ben Ross knows well enough, if the Republicans of Idaho had any qualms about returning Mr. Borah to the Senate, the Democrats didn't. That is, even if the conservative Republicans, frightened into endorsing the clearly unsinkable Mr. Borah, resorted to a bit of double-crossing at the polls, there were always enough Borah Democrats to ruin their valorous cunning.

Nevertheless, Mr. Borah, about to seek his sixth term in the Senate, must realize that Charles Ben Ross is a very uncomfortable opponent. He has absolutely none of the qualities of the pushover. He has a great many of Mr Borah's success habits and while he is of decidedly lesser stature neither was Mr. Borah an Olympian when he first went to Washington.

Governor Ross' sales tax will be a large if not the principal issue. At the moment there seems to be no other. After the sales tax has been thoroughly mauled, Mr. Borah frowning it down and Mr. Ross assuring the farmers that the opposition is a dastardly plot of the city slickers, the campaign will dissolve into a contest of scintillating personalities. On the hustings Mr. Borah will be outspeeded and out-shouted but he will have a formidable weight advantage. In his own good time and with mandarin dignity he will appear in carefully chosen places at what his friends will call psychological times and utter selected profundities. By no means the least of Mr. Borah's advantages over his opponents has been an almost superstitious fear of what might happen if he were defeated. In his behalf, his agents will pull the tremolo stop all the way out and remind audiences, seen and unseen, that this may be the last time they will have a chance to vote for The Mighty Man of Idaho. Six years more in the Senate and (they will say) the Earthquaker from Boise will be seventy-seven and probably ready to quit. Will Idaho suffer the twilight of a titan to be darkened by ingratitude? May not so noble a knight retire with full honors?

Even we, who may not vote in Idaho, were asked these heart-contracting questions. And all we could say was that the people occasionally turn very practical about such matters. There was the venerable and almost traditional Senator Smoot in Utah, for example. Mr. Smoot was not only as near sanctity in his home state as Mr. Borah is in Idaho but also is a Mormon disciple. When his friends made this appeal in his behalf, the Utah electorate deluged the salt flats with their tears but voted for the other fellow anyway.

Suspicious Behavior

But no such nonsense will issue from the noble lips of Mr. Borah himself. Already he is courting the Townsend vote and buying little children rides on the merry-go-round. They told us that it was a good deal like Jupiter electioneering with a pocketful of lollypops, but that the day after Charles Ben Ross crowned a lovely young lady queen of the Canyon County Fair, Mr. Borah appeared with a hatful of nickels and kept the carrousel filled with kiddies all afternoon. So you see Mr. Borah can occasionally forget the Constitution.

And yet Mr. Borah's following is personal more than political. His speeches fetch sneers to the sharp-faced demagogue. Let anyone else go hither and yon rumbling the same omniscient generalities and he'd be lucky to get a job in the town library. Charles Ben Ross, for example. When addressing the voters Mr. Ross gives his all, letting them have it raw and spreading it thick. He's a farmer and probably proficient at raising potatoes, votes and a peculiarly merry brand of hell. Listen to him. He is addressing the citizenry of Homedale, Idaho. A juvenile band has just serenaded him. Tall, strong, wide-shouldered, lithe and clarion-voiced, he opens his arms to the young musicians.

(*Continued on page* 32)

"Without the Supercharger we'd have to QUIT FLYING!"

When a compact, economical engine produces as much power as a bulky, costly engine almost a third again as large—then it would seem that the bulky engine had about come to the end of its usefulness.

It happened in aviation. It is NOW happening in motor cars.

The airline official who said, "Without the Supercharger we would have to quit flying", was voicing the doom of the "gas eater"—in automobiles as well as in aircraft.

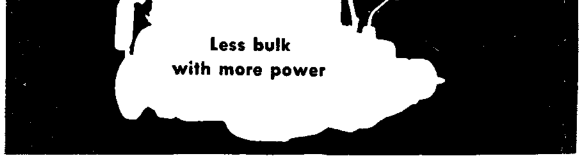
Graham's introduction of the Supercharger to the popular priced automobile field has started the inevitable trend. It is the industry's biggest development of the last 10 years. Wasteful engine weight can no longer hope to survive.

With the amazing new economy of the Graham 1936 Supercharger comes a spectacular new brand of performance. Too spectacular to describe. So smooth, so safe, so utterly different from all your present ideas of performance that it will literally take your breath. Five minutes in a Graham Supercharger will take you five years into the future of automotive engineering. Try it!

BULLETIN

Graham Supercharger wins sweepstakes in Gilmore-Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run competing with 29 other cars under AAA Sanction No. 3246. Average 26.66 miles per gallon with 5 passengers—an astonishing new record.

THE STYLE AWARD GOES TO GRAHAM

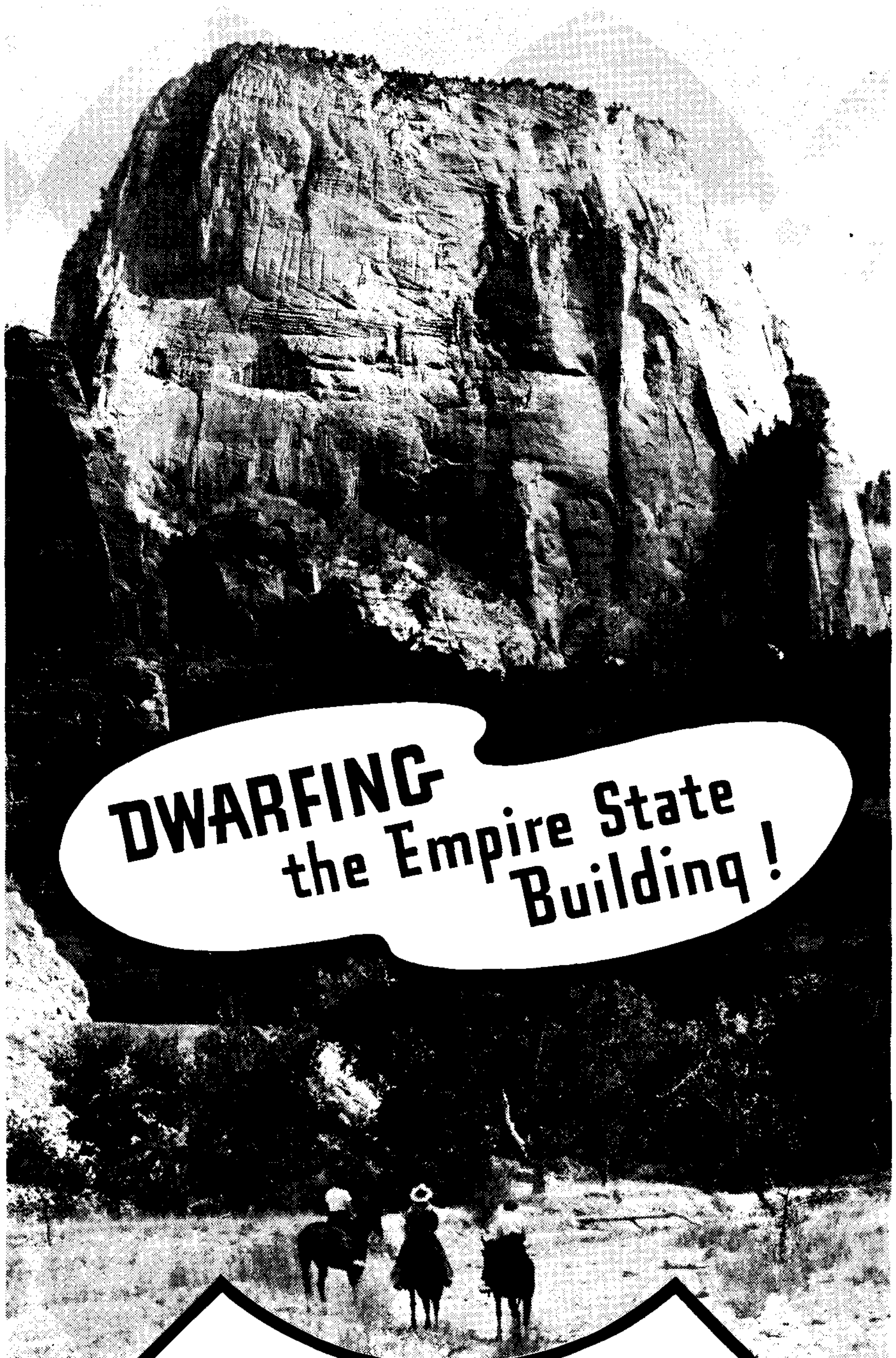


Visualize two motors such as those indicated at the left. One weighs 300 pounds more than the other, *yet each delivers the same horsepower.* The lighter, more compact engine is Supercharged—equal in power to the big, bulky engine—and vastly more economical.

Graham

PRICES BEGIN AT
$635 AT FACTORY

3 GREAT NEW GRAHAMS · The Supercharger · The Cavalier · The Crusader



• • • the Great White Throne towers majestically above the colorful canyon walls in Zion National Park. By comparison, it is twice the height of the world's tallest building and many times its volume.

Visit Zion this summer, in combination with Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National Parks on an unforgettable 6-day motor tour via Union Pacific.

Spend your vacation in these Southern Utah Wonderlands, or visit them on a more extended trip including other famous vacation regions in the Union Pacific West, among which are the Colorado Rockies, Western Dude Ranch country, Yellowstone-Grand Teton National Parks, Boulder Dam, California-Hawaii, Pacific Northwest-Alaska.

Union Pacific offers bargain fares and new travel comforts and economies including 3 wholesome dining car meals a day for only 90 cents on its famous fleet of air-conditioned trains to all the West. Mail the coupon below for full information.

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UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 333, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about ______

Name ______

Street ______

City ______ State ______

☐ Also tell me about economical, all-expense tours

Storm Warnings in Idaho

Continued from page 30

"I want this little group here to come on down to Boise and play on the steps of the State House and show those city folks that we country jakes can play just as well and make just as good citizens as those city guys. . . . I have worn out two or three flivvers and feel I am just as good a governor for having ridden in them as though I had ridden in a royal limousine. . . . I am a farmer. I just came from the farm. Why, the other day some of those city guys came to see me and I wasn't in Boise. One came from Spokane, one from Pocatello and one from Craigmont. They came down in fine autos one day when I was out on the ranch. And what do you suppose I was doing? They caught me riding on a load of manure. . . ."

Shoes of the Mighty

If the pandemonium that customarily ensues at this point were to greet any of Mr. Borah's masterly periods, the senator might be somewhat alarmed thinking perhaps he had busted his suspenders or that Shirley Temple had arrived. And yet they'll assure you in Boise that Mr. Borah has not forgotten all the homely tricks.

We were having our shoes shined. The young man who did our polishing told us that had we arrived an hour earlier we should have been sitting beside the senator himself. In a single morning, he said, he had burnished the boots of all three of Idaho's big shots—Senators Borah and Pope and Governor Ross. One of them (he wouldn't say which) had patronized a place down the street for a time. And all due to the stupidity of a new employee.

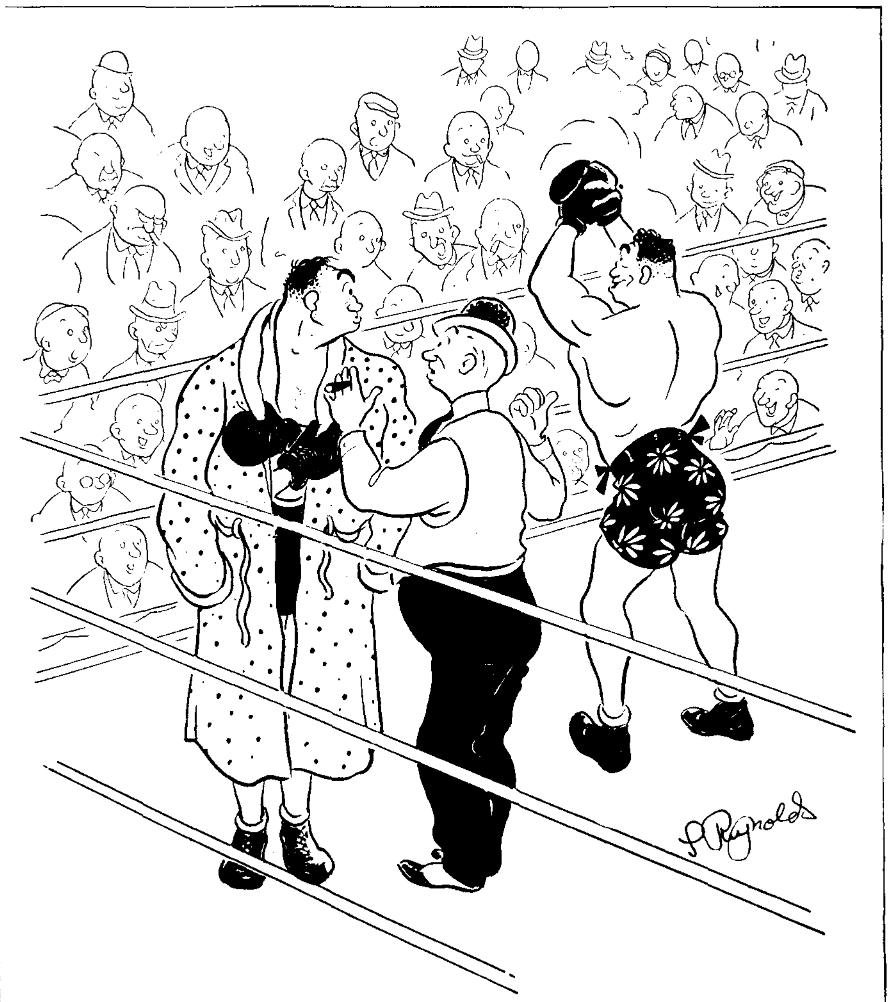
This statesman had sent in two pairs of boots, one to be shined and the other to be half-soled but *not* shined. Any of the experienced employees would have known that the boots sent in for half-soling were the pair their owner wore when he went up the valley to talk potatoes. And you might as well go up wearing a monocle and a gardenia as with your boots glistening. But this new boy had given them a polish you could see your future in and the owner had to wear them that afternoon, having a spellbinding date with some folks who had no reason to believe that the world was anything but mud. And he had to walk two miles through a swamp to kill that shine. Naturally he was a little sore.

"But wouldn't you think," we said, "that a big shot like that would have more than two pairs of boots?"

"Maybe so," said our young man, "but in these days maybe it wouldn't do to be *too open about it.* Specially with Ben Ross and Senator Borah already campaigning for the senator's job. And, mind you, I ain't saying whose boots they were either. A guy with a job can't be too careful these days."

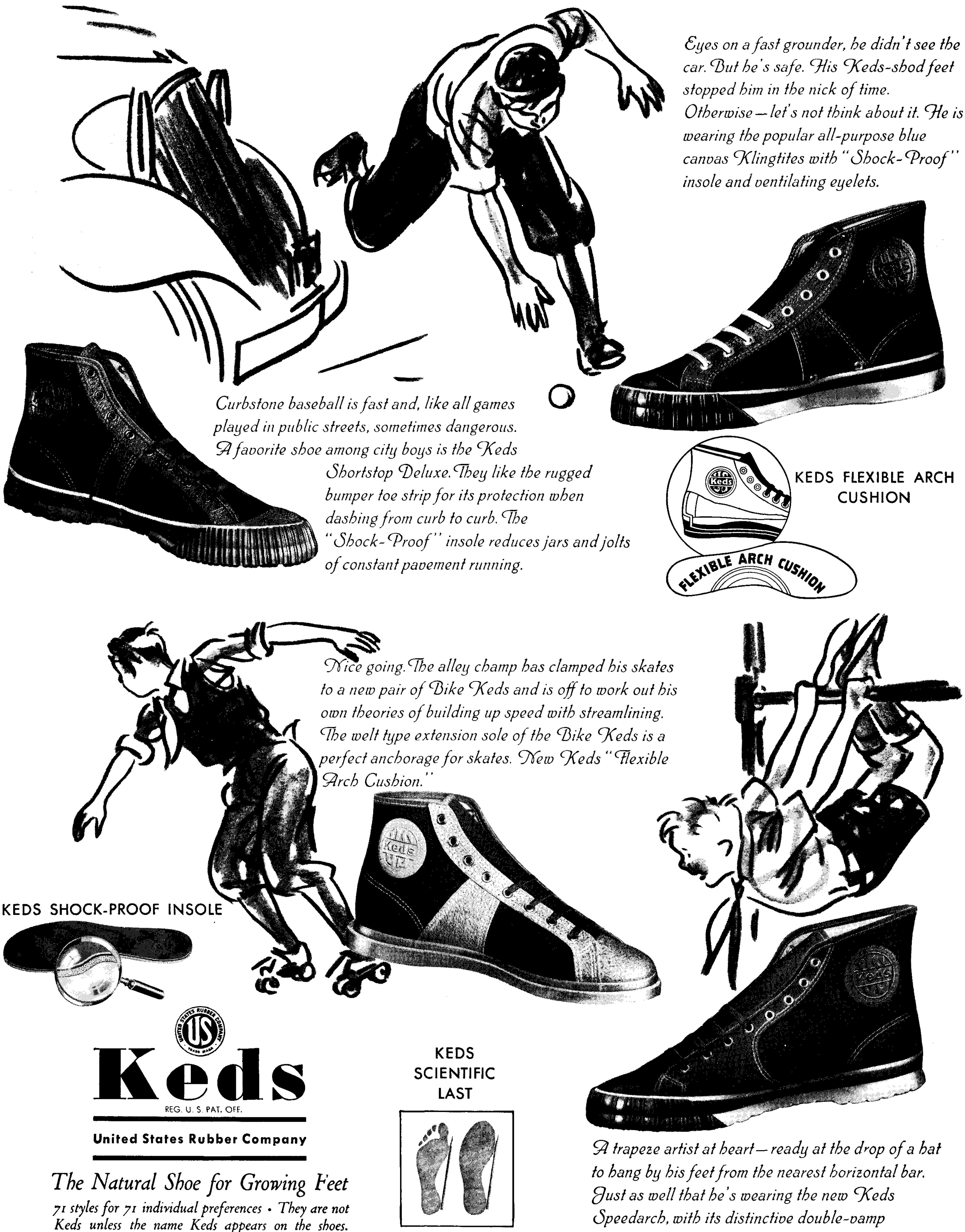
And not that it matters either. The point is that Mr. Borah, who is about all that thousands of Americans know about Idaho, has a stirring battle in his lap. The Honorable Charles Ben Ross is concentrating as never before and even the unshakable friends of Mr. Borah will tell you that this is not the best of news for the governor's opposition. And as the months pass he will increase the pressure. He will go into brief but deeply contemplative silences every hour. We inquired into these moments of what we thought abstraction and found that they weren't abstraction at all.

As the campaign grows in intensity, Charles Ben Ross prays—as many as twenty times a day.



"Pay no attention t' them fancy pants. He's try'na make ya overconfident!"

L. REYNOLDS



Eyes on a fast grounder, he didn't see the car. But he's safe. His Keds-shod feet stopped him in the nick of time. Otherwise—let's not think about it. He is wearing the popular all-purpose blue canvas Klingtites with "Shock-Proof" insole and ventilating eyelets.

Curbstone baseball is fast and, like all games played in public streets, sometimes dangerous. A favorite shoe among city boys is the Keds Shortstop Deluxe. They like the rugged bumper toe strip for its protection when dashing from curb to curb. The "Shock-Proof" insole reduces jars and jolts of constant pavement running.

KEDS FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION

Nice going. The alley champ has clamped his skates to a new pair of Bike Keds and is off to work out his own theories of building up speed with streamlining. The welt type extension sole of the Bike Keds is a perfect anchorage for skates. New Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion."

KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

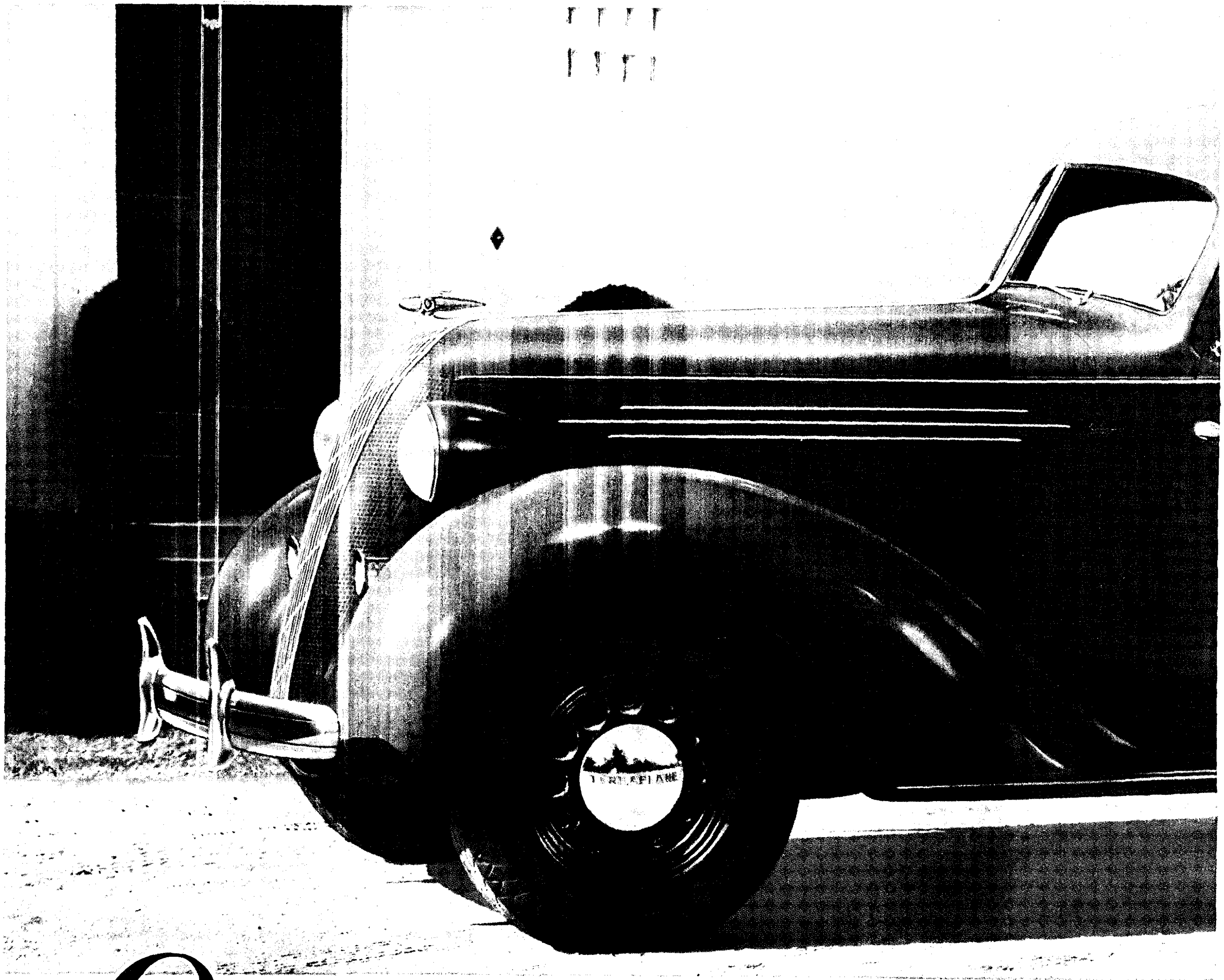
The Natural Shoe for Growing Feet

71 styles for 71 individual preferences • They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes.

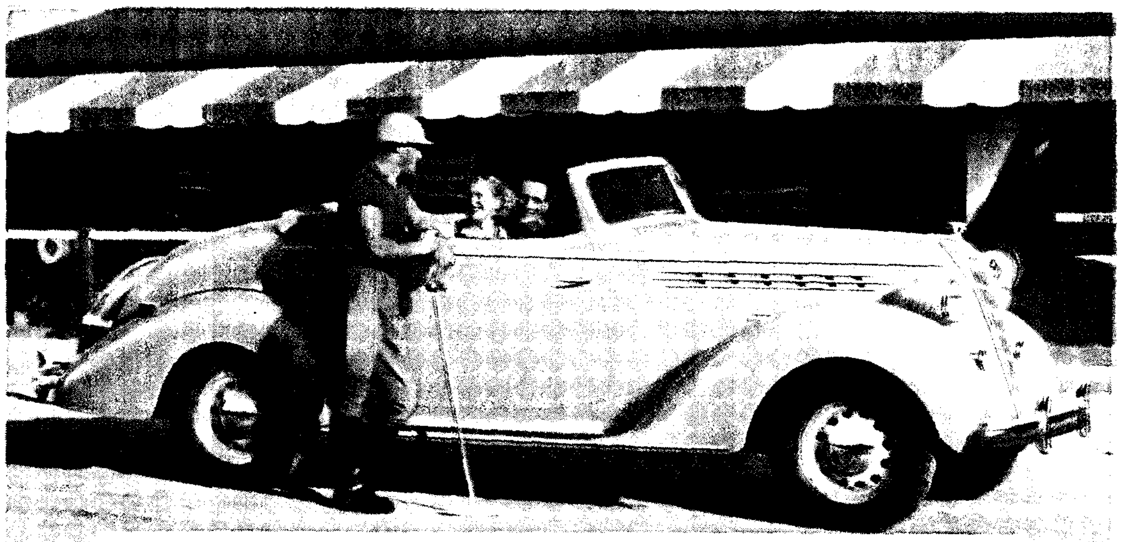
KEDS
SCIENTIFIC
LAST

A trapeze artist at heart—ready at the drop of a hat to hang by his feet from the nearest horizontal bar. Just as well that he's wearing the new Keds Speedarch, with its distinctive double-vamp construction, and the Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion."

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC. • FOOTWEAR DIVISION • 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



"Other low priced cars so



"You've got the smartest convertible on the road"

Here, in the low Terraplane price range, is the latest and finest in convertible coupe design. Combining the advantages of an open sport car with the weather-tight comfort of a coupe. It's the 1936 result of Hudson's years in making a specialty of convertible models . . . giving Hudson its leadership in producing more convertibles in proportion to total production than any other car manufacturer.

BUYER after buyer tells us the same thing: There are just *two* main choices in the low price field this year.

Either Terraplane—or cars *without* the important features that Terraplane gives! Let a few quick comparisons show you what this means.

Biggest Low Priced Car

You can choose Terraplane's 115-inch wheelbase — 195 inches of over-all length — 145 cubic feet of *useful* inside room with no "hump" in the rear floor. And that choice gives you 2 to 6 inches *more* wheelbase than *any* of the others—5 to 12½ inches *more length* over-all—*wider* rear seats and *more* leg room, head room, shoulder room.

When it comes to rear opening baggage compartment at no extra cost, *there isn't any choice!* For *only* Terraplane has it in the low price field! More room than average trunk models — with space for tire to lie flat *inside* — on all five and six-passenger Terraplane closed models.

BUILT BY H

"I never realized Terraplane was a low priced car."—"It isn't, except in price!"

d me a TERRAPLANE"

Your first choice in bodies is the body really *all* of steel, with solid seamless steel roof. That's what Terraplane gives you. The other choice—bodies only partly steel or with "soft tops" – in other leading low priced cars.

"First choice" style is yours in a Terraplane. Practical, too, with *clear driving vision* in the extra-deep "V-type" windshield.

Most Powerful of All

Power? You can choose Terraplane, with 88 or 100 horsepower — from a motor whose smoothness at *any* speed is unmatched in the whole low price field. *Or*— 3 to 18 *less* horsepower in any other low priced car! Without he smoothness that gives Terraplane its records of long life — 125,000, 150,000 miles and more. Already, the first Terraplane of the 1936 production has gone over 80,000 miles in a gruelling -month endurance run.

Brakes—the same story. Duo-Automatic Hydraulics on Terraplane—patent applied for. The latest, finest hydraulics of course. Combined with a complete reserve braking system that takes hold *automatically,* when needed, *from the same brake pedal.* And *only* Terraplane, among all low priced cars, has them! Plus a *separate* braking system from the easiest-acting parking brake lever on any car.

The farther you look, the more *extra value* you find in Terraplane. One example is the Electric Hand—optional on Terraplane at small extra cost. Both hands stay on the wheel while you shift with a flick of the finger. Floor clear of all gear and brake levers. The Electric Hand is not available on any other low priced car.

First in Everything That Counts

Radial Safety Control (patent applied for) is another Terraplane feature other cars can't give. Widely hailed as the greatest 1936 advancement in front end design, it makes riding smoother, steering surer and stopping safer.

Name your feature—then compare. *Economy?* Terraplane has just shown 23.95 miles per gallon, *officially certified,* over 352 mountain miles in the Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run. Carrying three passengers with baggage . . . and no coasting!

Make *Your* Value Comparison

It's the one low priced car that gives you premium features — without asking a premium in price. Compare *values* in the model you want—see how Terraplane is right down with the *lowest* in cost. Then, as thousands have done, see how *other* low priced cars prove Terraplane is *first* in everything that counts.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ontario

$595 and up for De Luxe models, f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra. 88 or 100 H.P.—115-inch wheelbase.

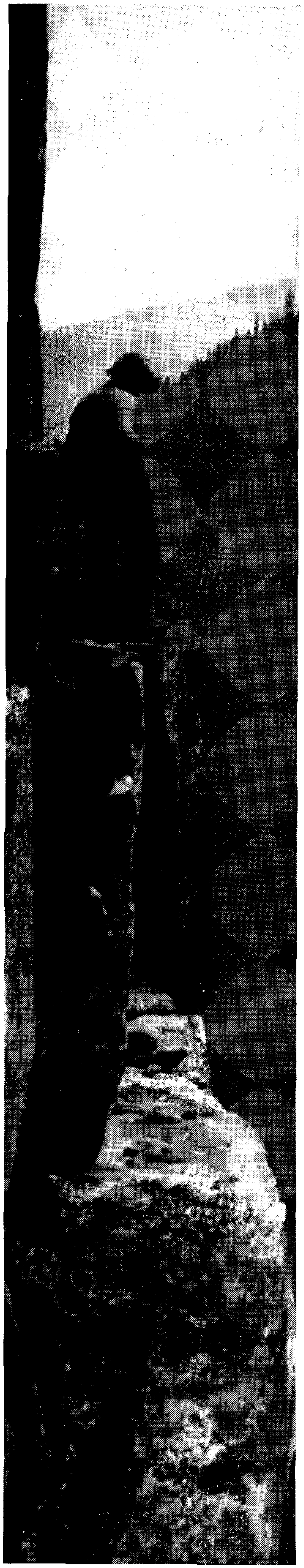
SAVE . . . with the new HUDSON-C. I. T. 6% Time Payment Plan . . . low monthly payments

—TERRAPLANE, $595 AND UP; HUDSON SIX, $710 AND UP; HUDSON SUPER STRAIGHT EIGHT, $760 AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT

Up You Go

Why do people climb mountains? Mr. Muller, an expert and enthusiastic climber, can't explain it. But he can take you along and show you what it's like. That's just what he does here—he takes you inch by inch up the rock walls of the Alps and the Rockies. We guarantee you'll get back. But don't forget your ropes

By Edwin Muller



LEONARD PHOTO

Straight up from here! Cathedral Spire in the Sierras is America's most difficult climb

THE car had labored up to where the road skirts the top of the headwall. There it quit, with a series of violent eruptions from the radiator.

While it cooled off the driver got out to have a look around. He wasn't used to mountains; anyone could have told that from the amplitude of his waistline and the comfortable architecture of his chins. He felt lonely, almost a little scared. There was something threatening about this wilderness of jagged rocks. And the clouds weren't up in the sky where they belonged—there was one drifting along the side of the mountain not half a mile up the road.

To keep warm he started off across the rocks, jumping awkwardly from boulder to boulder. After a few minutes he pulled up short. The ground ahead of him disappeared. It curved over like the crest of a breaking wave—the next thing his eye rested on was a pine forest so far below that it looked like a bed of moss.

He crept out gingerly on a big, projecting rock, lay flat and, gripping tight with both hands, peered over the edge. It wasn't easy to make himself look down. He couldn't help feeling that the rock was about to topple over with him—go plunging down all those hundreds of feet to the floor of the ravine.

Then, as he looked again, he caught his breath. Something was moving below. There were people down there, two of them, clinging like flies halfway up the great wall. He forgot about the car back in the road, forgot everything in the fascination of watching.

They were coming up slowly, moving one at a time. First the one ahead would tackle a steep pitch, moving steadily over the near-perpendicular cliff, maintaining a delicate balance with his hands against the rock. Then he would pause on a jutting shelf and, while the other followed, the leader seemed to be making gestures over empty space. The man above couldn't understand that until they came nearer. Then he saw that they were roped together, that the leader was coiling the rope as the other followed him up. If the watcher had known about rock climbing he would have noticed how adroitly the rope was used, how the man who was not moving kept it belayed around projecting splinters of rock.

The climax came near the top. The two climbers stood on a three-foot ledge thirty feet below the spectator's platform. Below them was a long, straight drop through empty space. Above, between them and the top, was a single slab tilted back a few feet from the perpendicular. It was too smooth to give a hold even to a finger tip. But it was split all the way up its length by a crack three or four inches wide.

The leader studied it carefully. Then he thrust into it his right arm and his right foot until each was jammed tight. He started to climb. The arm and leg in the crack were hitched up and up, gaining a few inches each time while the left foot and arm scraped on the rock outside for friction holds. The watcher could hear him grunting for breath.

At last his head was level with the top and in a moment he was sprawled on the flat surface.

When he had his breath he turned back to the edge and, as he held the rope taut, the other came up in his turn. They greeted the fat man with affable grins. Not over eighteen or nineteen, either of them, the latter decided. In spite of the chilly wind he was wiping drops of perspiration from his forehead and his feet were clammy.

"Say," he broke out. "Haven't you boys got more sense than to do a thing like that?"

They looked rather hurt.

"Why it's a regular route," said the leader. "They all do it. Been in the books for four or five years."

The fat man stared at them. He was struggling inwardly with a whole set of new conceptions.

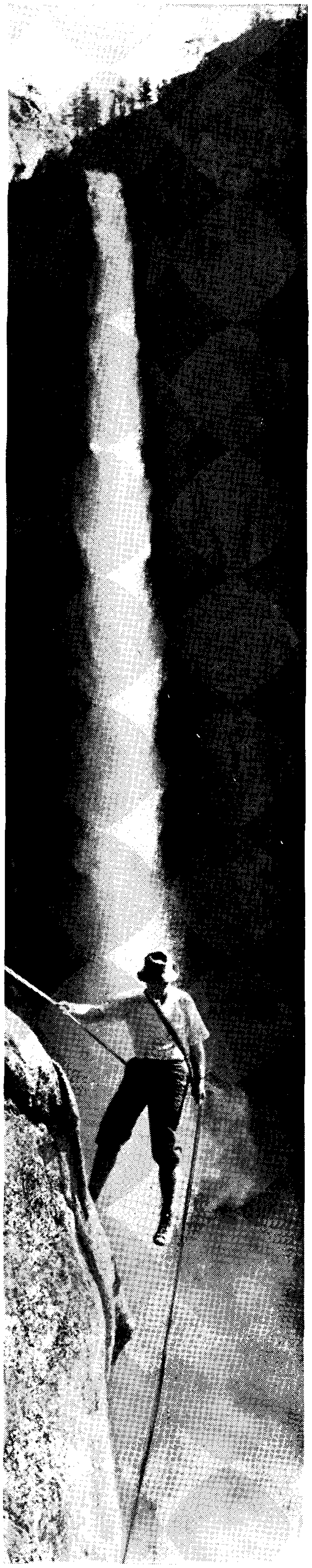
"Say," he said at last in an aggrieved tone. "Why do you fellows climb mountains anyway?"

They looked at him, then at each other. They opened their mouths, then closed them. At last the leader spoke:

"Look," he said. "There's only four or five hours of daylight left. If we start to tell you why people climb mountains we'll all get caught here in the dark."

Any mountain climber will tell you with absolute conviction that his sport is the finest in the world. Once you've learned it—and it takes a lot of learning—anything else, from badminton to tiger shooting, is just something to fill in between climbing seasons.

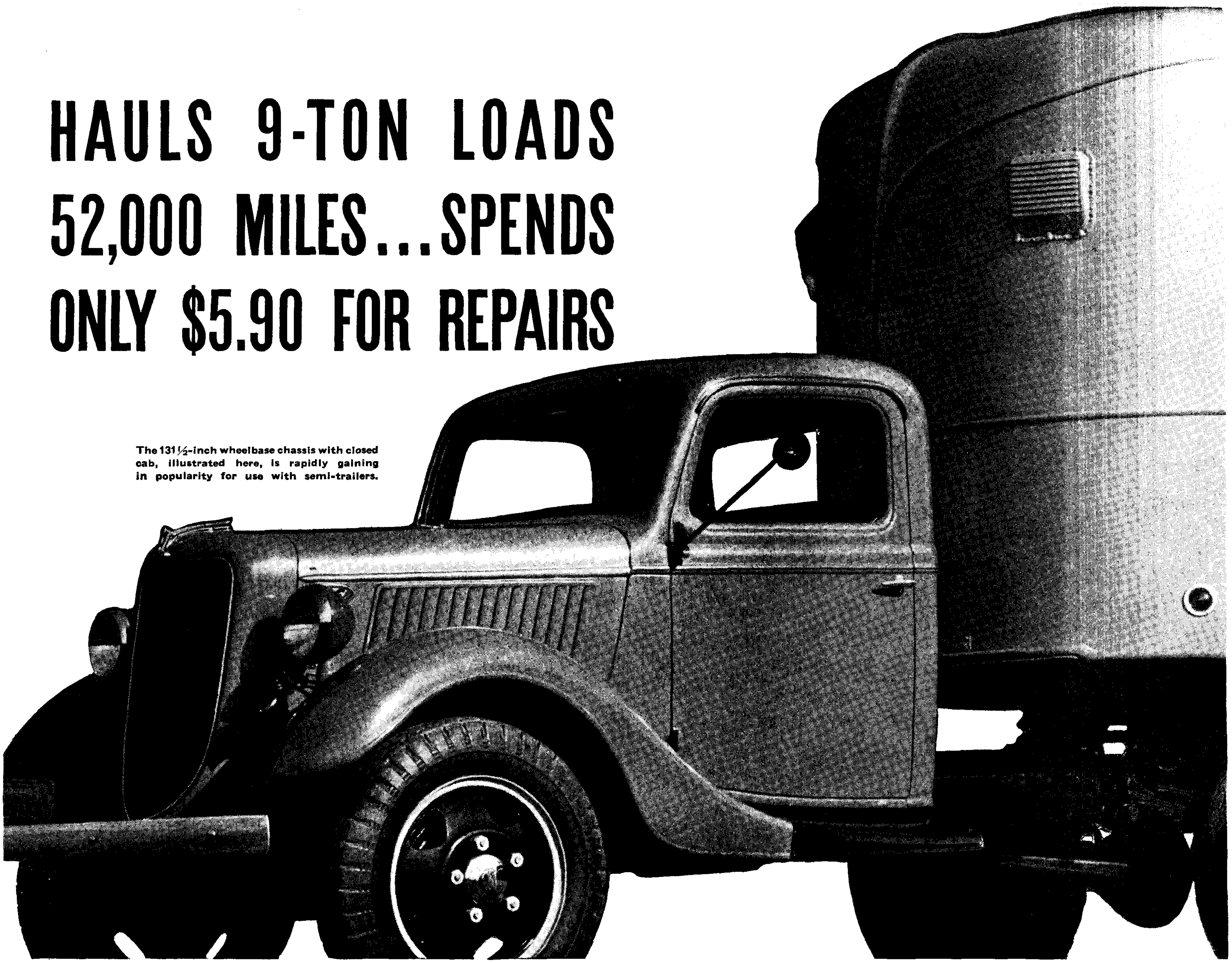
They've felt that way about it in Europe for a long time. The Alps are swarming with the knights of the ice-axe and rope. It used to be thought that the Matterhorn, that grim giant, would never be climbed as long as the earth endured. Now, if you make a late start—3 A.M. is late—the ridge above the hut looks like a Christmas tree with the lanterns of other parties. Across the valley on Monte Rosa I've had to wait for half an hour on an airy knife edge, ten thousand feet above Europe, while the



ADAMS PHOTO

"Roping down" over a shoulder of rock—one of the thrills of mountain climbing in Yosemite

HAULS 9-TON LOADS 52,000 MILES...SPENDS ONLY $5.90 FOR REPAIRS



The 131½-inch wheelbase chassis with closed cab, illustrated here, is rapidly gaining in popularity for use with semi-trailers.

THE ONLY TRUCK THAT GIVES YOU A V-8 ENGINE . . . PLUS THESE ADDITIONAL QUALITY FEATURES

Full-floating rear axle with straddle-mounted pinion . . . full torque-tube and radius-rod drive . . . quick-action safety brakes . . . big, 11-inch heavy-duty clutch . . . truck-type four-speed transmission . . . deep, rugged frame with full-channel-depth cross-members . . . durable baked-enamel finish.

- Any new 112-inch wheelbase Ford V-8 Commercial Car can be purchased for $25 a month, with usual low down-payment. Any new 131½-inch or 157-inch wheelbase Ford V-8 Truck can be purchased with the usual low down-payment on the new UCC ½% per month Finance Plans.

FORD V-8 TRUCKS

AND COMMERCIAL CARS

THERE are as many kinds of trucking jobs as there are trucks. Some call for speed . . . some for power . . . some for endurance. But they all call for low cost. That's the common meeting-ground of truck owners in EVERY line of business. And that explains why the trend to Fords is not limited to any single group of truck operators.

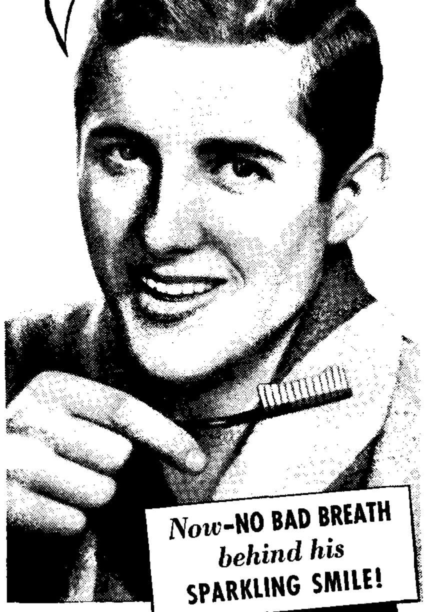
A. F. Rechtzigel of St. Paul, Minnesota, reports that his Ford V-8 Truck has gone 52,000 miles, hauling average loads of 9 tons. His total repair bill has been $5.90. His case is typical of the low repair costs reported by Ford owners.

But low repair costs are only a part of Ford V-8 Truck savings. V-8 Economy is OVER-ALL Economy. Similar savings are reported in fuel and oil, tires, taxes, insurance, license fees, wages, depreciation, interest charges, accident repairs, appearance up-keep and capital investment.

Your operation may not call for heavy loads or high mileage. But it does call for low cost. Call a Ford dealer and set a date for an "on-the-job" test. Find out what a Ford V-8 Truck will do under your own operating conditions.

Paul wins the ring and the Girl

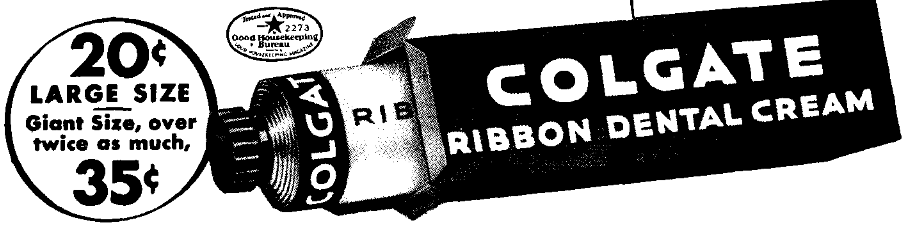
EXIT
ED, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE A MINUTE
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DITCHING YOUR BOY FRIEND?
PAUL'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!
NEXT DAY — Ed gives Paul a tip
MY DENTIST SAYS THAT'S STRAIGHT— COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH
Dentists say: "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH"
COLGATE
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR BREATH SWEETER
THANKS FOR THE TIP, ED
AT THE NEXT OUTING
YOU TWO GO ON! PAUL'S GOING TO CATCH A BRASS RING FOR ME
AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!
THANKS TO COLGATE'S
BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!


Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Make *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.


20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Up You Go

Continued from page 36

guides straightened out the traffic jam of climbers ahead.

We've nothing like that in the United States, I'm glad to say, but the sport is getting better established every year. And American climbers find a vast field ready and waiting for them at home.

Consider, as a sample, the Grand Teton, a mountain that resembles the Matterhorn in many ways.

You can see it best if you stop your car somewhere out on the flats of Jackson Hole, a plain carpeted with sage brush where, long ago, horse thieves and two-gun men found sanctuary from the Wyoming sheriffs. There the whole range of the Tetons is within view, like an army marching past a reviewing stand. A few miles away the treeless plain ends in deep groves of pine that climb up, gently at first, then more steeply. Suddenly the pines disappear and bare slopes of granite rise to a chaos of sharp pinnacles. These are real mountains but they are dwarfed by what lies beyond. A line of mighty peaks is silhouetted against the sky, rising from deep snow fields into lofty pyramids; glaciers and spiky crags glittering in the sun. And, highest of all, is the soaring, fragile tip of the Grand Teton, like the thin crest of a wave tossed up by a storm.

Until 1923 the peak had only been climbed once. That first ascent was a notable affair, since it happened in 1898 when American mountaineering was still in the dark ages.

The credit goes to a party of four led by W. A. Owen of Cheyenne, a man whose obsession about the mountain must have seemed strange to his contemporaries. He simply had to climb it. Year after year he came back to the lower slopes, studied every face and every ridge, made repeated tries. But on every side there was somewhere a precipice too steep for the technique of those days.

At last he found it, a route that didn't stick to one side but made an almost complete spiral of the peak. It is still the regular way to the top and one part of it has become famous. Not far from the summit it is necessary to traverse from side to side a part of the west face, a cold glassy wall like the side of a giant's cathedral, its slabs plunging down almost vertically to the floor of a canyon three thousand feet below.

Playing Coon

When Owen and his party came to this place they could find only one way and that they didn't like. Across the wall a groove was cut back into the solid rock, a foot high, eighteen inches wide and forty feet long.

The leader entered it and started wriggling through. He could push with one elbow but the other arm hung outside over the three-thousand-foot drop. Finally the groove opened out so that he could stand. Today they call that passage the Cooning Place. Perhaps you've seen a coon crawl along a limb. It doesn't seem to be fun for him either.

In recent years, as the technique of American climbers has improved, the Teton has lost most of its terrors. A great English mountaineer, Mummery, once said that every Alpine peak was destined to pass through three stages—"an inaccessible peak,"—"the most difficult climb in the Alps,"—"an easy day for a lady." So it has happened with the Teton. The experts today are rather scornful of Owen's route—it's too easy. They don't bother to crawl through the Cooning Place, they use the ledge as a handhold and cross the perpendicular face on footholds that Owen would have considered suicide.

Here's the sort of thing that's done on the Teton nowadays.

In the last ten years all of the sides and ridges that had been dismissed by Owen as impossible have been climbed. The last to hold out was the great north face. This is a precipice that rises three thousand feet from glacier to summit. It isn't quite perpendicular but so near to it that if a climber fell off the upper portion he'd take only one or two bounces to fetch the glacier.

Such a place, even today, isn't climbed without a fight. This one was a battle of the century. In this corner the north face; in that corner Mr. F. M. Fryxell and Mr. R. L. M. Underhill.

Fryxell lives in Illinois in a section where there are no hills that couldn't be climbed on a velocipede, but he's a first-rate mountaineer and a specialist in the Teton Range. He undoubtedly knows more about climbing there than any man alive. He wanted to climb the north face but it couldn't be done without another expert on the rope, and his chance didn't come until he joined forces with Underhill.

Going Up

Very early on a morning in July the two of them started up the glacier. Their troubles began even before they were off the ice. At one point they had to descend to the bottom of a large crevasse and cut steps up the opposite wall. Another diversion was when a solid boulder came whistling down the great wall and crashed on a spot where they had been standing just before.

They were on the face after more than four hours of hard going and then the real work of the day began. After following broken ledges they went straight up steep rock where the holds were loose and crumbling. On such places every hold must be tested and the man below must be ready always for a slip above.

At last, below an almost sheer wall, they came to the foot of a big crack, like a chimney with one side missing. Underhill led the way up it. There were no holds to speak of but he progressed by jamming his feet against one side, his back against the other, and hitching his way up. Fryxell followed.

After sixty feet they came to an abrupt halt. The chimney continued on above but it was completely blocked by a huge stone that hung out over their heads. Apparently the fight was over, with the north face the winner.

They considered the situation.

If they could move out to the side and somehow get up fifteen feet of smooth, vertical wall they would be around the stone and back in the chimney. Five feet out on the wall they saw a little shelf. Don't think of a broad, comfortable shelf like a pantry shelf. This one was more like a bathroom shelf. It just held the two of them and was so narrow that they had to stand with their feet sideways to the wall, one in front of the other. Above them the rock seemed forbiddingly smooth, below was a long sheer drop and a bounce to the glacier two thousand feet below.

From this stance Fryxell proceeded to mount on his partner's shoulders, then on his head. But when he got there he found a complete lack of holds and, after a struggle, he had to perform the delicate operation of dropping back to one shelf.

Further consultation.

They decided that this was a place for mechanical help. They had brought with them pitons, small iron spikes with rings through which the rope can be threaded. They hammered one of these into a tiny crevice just above the shelf and tied themselves to it. Then Underhill mounted on Fryxell's shoulders. This wasn't cozy for Fryxell, since Underhill was fifty pounds heavier and was wearing climbing nails of a very sharp and penetrating pattern.

Reaching as high as he could, Underhill tried to drive in another piton but this one only went part way in and was obviously not to be depended on. His next objective was to pull up by a handhold and then get his right foot up to a ledge three inches long and rather less than an inch wide which was at the level of his eyes. The only way to get his foot so high was to indulge in a series of violent kicks, hoping that on one of them his boot nails would catch on the ledge. Try it sometime.

Twice Underhill had to climb down to Fryxell and regain strength for another series of kicks. When he mounted for the third time he knew it was the last try for which he would have the strength. In both their minds was the unspoken doubt whether they could go back down the way they had come.

From Fryxell's shoulders Underhill kicked up with all his force at the tiny ledge. Missed—missed again.

Then his boot nails caught it.

But, as he drew himself up, his left foot groped in vain for another hold to maintain his balance. From below came Fryxell's tense whisper:

"Step on the piton."

He did and it held. There was still the problem of swinging to another foothold to reach the top of the big stone but, with the picture in his mind of the wobbly piton under one foot and the long drop below him, he solved it instantly. The next moment he was sprawled flat on top of the big stone, gasping for breath.

After a few minutes Fryxell came up with the help of the rope. Above there were more difficulties but none to compare with that of the big stone and the ballet dancer's kick. They were on the summit a little after three P.M.—ten hours' climbing.

The north face of the Grand Teton will never be a popular tourist's excursion.

For the mountaineer who wants more than just to tread in another man's footsteps our mountains in the United States are a better hunting ground than those of Europe. The Alps are climbed out. The last great summit was reached years ago. Now it is a question of inventing harder routes up peaks that have already been climbed, and even the supply of new routes begins to be exhausted.

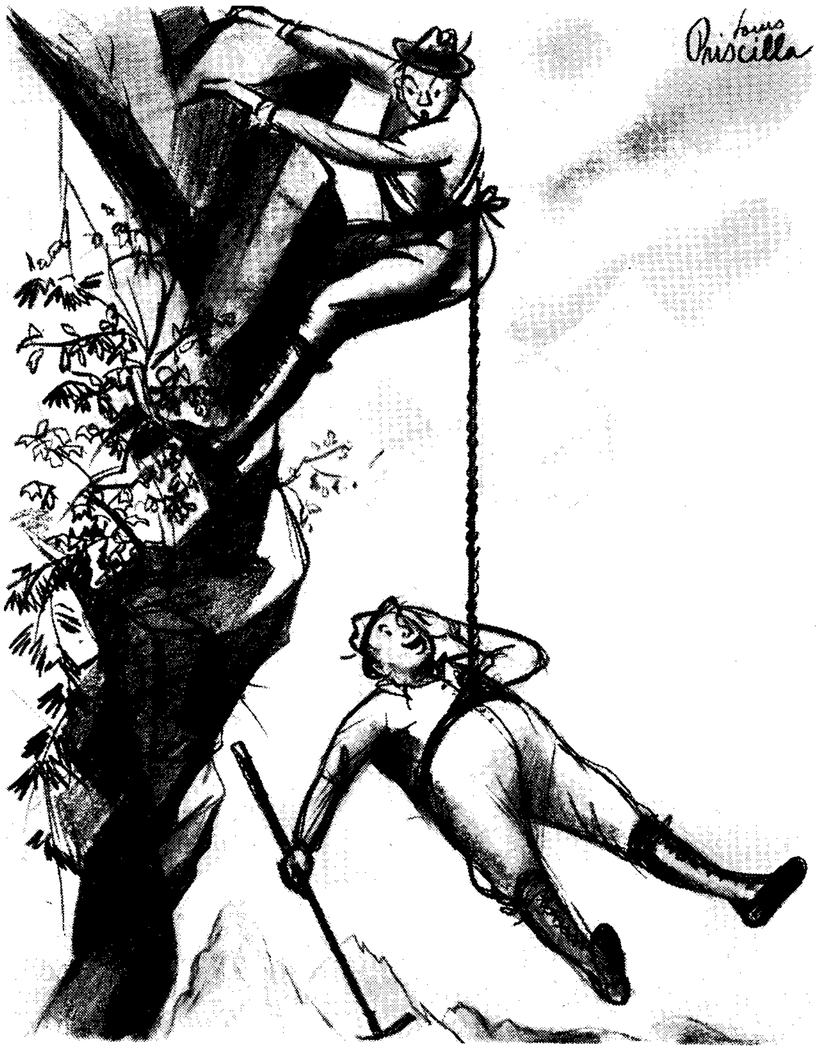
It will be a long time before that is true here. In the Sierra Nevada alone there are more than four hundred unclimbed peaks. Some of them, local authorities assert positively, never will be climbed, but as to that we are skeptical when we consider the climbing history of the Alps.

Mountains for All

From the Canadian to the Mexican border, between the Great Plains and the Pacific Ocean, is a vast playground for the climber. There are more than a hundred separate groups and ranges, some of them hundreds of miles in extent. If a mountaineer spent a long lifetime among them he would hardly scratch the surface of the climbs. From the mighty snow crater of Rainier to the writhing, twisted shapes of the Sangre de Cristo is more than a thousand miles and everywhere is a tumbled wilderness of peaks that reach above the snow line.

The early settlers of the West knew nothing of mountain craft but they were

(*Continued on page* 40)



"Gosh! If you could see how funny you look from here!"

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More than
you Pay for

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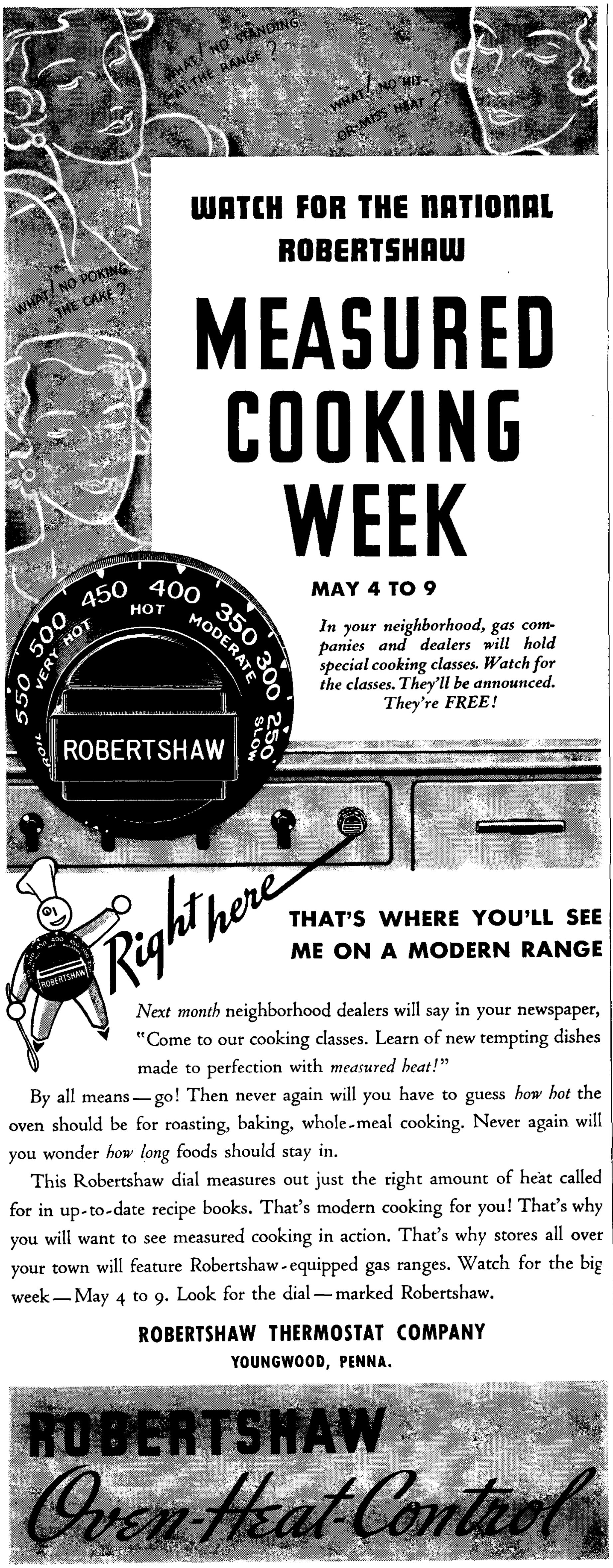
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(Continued from page 39)

the sort of men who were uncomfortable if they couldn't see a summit on which they hadn't stood. Long's Peak, one of the giants of Colorado, was a challenge from the first day it was seen, in 1820. There was a story that the Indians had climbed it to trap the eagles whose feathers they used in their headdresses. Every side looked too steep to climb. But, as on the Grand Teton, a way was found that spiraled the peak, avoiding the precipices.

The summit was reached in 1868. Immediately there grew up a group of guides who conducted to the top such tourists as were strong of head and rugged of constitution. One guide whose name has come down to us was Rocky Mountain Dan of Muggins Gulch. Another was the Reverend E. J. Lamb. This latter gentleman was a man of faith and spirit who loved the high hills. He insisted, however, that his object in guiding parties up Long's Peak was purely practical. His flock, it seems, were an unregenerate lot who wouldn't contribute enough for spiritual guidance to pay the parson's keep. And so:

"I compel them," he said, "to divide for material elevation."

Once the reverend gentleman went off alone to explore the peak, clad in a long overcoat. He reached the top, then started to investigate a new way down. As it turned out, it wasn't a happy impulse. The first part was too easy—he was tempted down and down until it was too late to climb back to the summit. Then he found that the only way ahead was down a gully glazed with ice, tilted up at forty-five degrees. It was 2,000 feet to the bottom, but being, as aforesaid, a man of faith, he started down.

Presently he slipped. But the Powers Above set a projecting rock in his path and, the overcoat catching on it, he escaped death. Then he took out his pocket knife and began to cut steps down the ice. He came safely to the bottom and, if you don't believe it. go and see the gully for yourself. It's known as Lamb's Slide and if you have any doubts of your faith being as strong as the reverend gentleman's you'd better take a guide and a rope.

Mr. Lamb would be dumfounded at the exploits of his successors. The younger generation of the Colorado Mountain Club and the San Juan Mountaineers are making climbs on the sheer rock walls of Colorado that compare favorably with the extraordinary performances of the modern Continental schools.

Take a Deep Breath

Part of their technique has been learned in the Alps and part has been evolved by experience with the special problems of their own mountains.

The essence of modern rock work is balance climbing. That is something that the older mountaineers didn't know about. The pioneers who conquered the Matterhorn and the fantastic Needles of Chamonix climbed steep rock largely by the use of their hands. Their progress was jerky, hauling themselves up from hold to hold by main force of biceps. Something like a monkey on the side of a cage.

The rock climber today is more like a dancer or a skater. He has learned that balance while in motion is the all-important thing. He climbs erect on his feet, well away from the slope, not plastered against it. His hands are used chiefly to maintain his balance by light touches on the rock. The mountainside may be nearly perpendicular and the footholds tiny but he moves up in continuous rhythm. On some pitches, if he lingered on one foothold as long as a second or two, he'd probably fall off. So he doesn't linger.

Another place where the rock specialists operate is in the Yosemite. If you've been in the Valley you remember the Cathedral Spires, the two slender pillars that leap up from the southern rim, opposite El Capitan. In early descriptions of the Yosemite, when the "absolutely inaccessible" peaks were enumerated, the Spires weren't mentioned. Evidently it was felt that they would never even be considered as climbing possibilities. Their walls are approximately as high and as steep as those of the Empire State Building. Except that in spots they are a little steeper—where they overhang.

Three members of the Sierra Club decided that the Spires could and should be climbed. Furthermore, they decided that it should be done safely. And it was.

The secret was in the lavish use of pitons. The great rock faces were seamed with tiny cracks, too small to get the end of a finger in. As the leader advanced he drove in the spikes and threaded the rope through them. The second man was always braced to keep from being jerked off his holds if the leader fell. The second man's job was delicate. He not only had to check a fall from above but check it gradually, letting the rope run for a moment, otherwise it would certainly break.

Walking on the Ceiling

Through this technique they climbed even the overhangs safely, and reached the top of the Higher Spire in nine hours of tense effort. Descending was a different matter. In three quarters of an hour they "roped down" as the Alpine term has it.

A rope is fixed and the climber slides down it, passing it around a thigh, over a shoulder and between his feet, so that, by regulating the friction, he can properly control the speed. An expert shoots down a hundred-foot stretch like a falling stone, then, as he nears the shelf on which he plans to alight, he slows himself gradually so that he lands like a feather.

Mountaineering, even the spectacular kind that the Spires afford, can be done safely. But only too often it isn't. In every climbing season in the Alps a hundred or more lives are lost. It isn't as bad as that here, but every summer there is an increasing number of accidents reported in the papers. Too many beginners try climbing before they know what it's all about.

A year ago two men from a tourist party started out to climb the Grand Teton. They had neither ice-axe nor rope, not even nails in their shoes. They chose the east ridge, a route that looks deceptively easy from below but is, in fact, only a little less difficult than the north face. When the park rangers heard of it a search party started after them. But it was too late. The two bodies were found at the foot of one of the great rock pinnacles that jut from the bleak upper reaches of the ridge.

No one has any business mountaineering until he has learned it thoroughly and painstakingly from somebody who knows how. Your life may depend on knowing whether a hold is sound rock or whether it will come away in your hand over a drop of a thousand feet.

For the climber who knows how or who wants to learn, the mountains of the United States are more accessible every year. The State and National Parks—there's a new one, by the way, that includes the whole of the Teton Range—make it very easy to get at the hills. There are trails, comfortable living quarters, guides for the novice—and not too many to share them.

But perhaps the best rewards of American mountaineering come to those who keep entirely away from paths that have been trodden.

Why do people climb mountains? It's hard to explain but easy to find out.

Across the Aisle

Continued from page 9

"Looks like you got a live one."

"I don't like your tone."

"Maybe I'd better leave."

"That would be all right with me."

"Oh, Jean. Let's quit it. I'm so glad to see you I hardly know my name."

She said nothing. She lowered her eyes. He thought he saw her lips quivering.

"I'm not so glad to see you," she said softly; "not now."

"How come? I'm still free, white and over twenty-one. I've got a pretty good job. I've got a lot of silly ideas knocked out of my head. We could have fun together."

"Can't be done."

"Why? You seem to be hunting fun, as the fellow says, picking up a boy friend right away. Why won't I do as well as that big lug across the aisle?"

"He's not a big lug, and I didn't pick him up. I won't have you thinking that."

"You didn't, eh? That's a good one. And he is a big lug, or I think so."

"You don't know him at all."

"Do you?"

Jean glanced at the Duke, who was busy with his telegram.

"I can trust you, Frank, I think. I'm going to marry Mr. Hawley."

"You what . . . ? Why, you just met! . . . I see. A plant."

"Yes. We're going to Tucson to get married. Please, please don't let him know I told you."

"Don't worry. Well, I guess that lets me out. I just thought . . ."

She looked up quickly.

"Don't think you can walk right back in whenever you like. That day's past."

"Obviously."

The porter took the telegram. The Duke came back to Jean's section and sat down. Frank got up.

"Club car for me. May see you before I turn in. Good night, if not."

He caught the porter at the steps.

"Get me a copy of that telegram."

The porter stammered and rolled his eyes when he saw Frank's badge.

"Yes, sah."

"Put it in my berth when you make it up. Put it under my pillow."

"Yes, sah."

LEAVING the club car about an hour later, Frank tapped on the door of a compartment in Car 11. Someone called: "Come in." Frank entered and shut the door behind him. The man in the conductor's uniform, who had his feet stretched out and his cap off, smiled up at him.

"Well?"

"Nothing to worry about, I guess," said Frank.

"No. First place, the Duke was always a sucker. He's spent half his life in stir. Second place, he's nuts about that girl."

Frank lowered his eyes, then he took out a cigarette and lit it.

"I guess you're right."

"The porter's got their berths made up. Going to turn in?"

"Yes."

"No shut-eye."

"I'll try to keep awake," said Frank with a short laugh.

"I'll be in the washroom as soon as things quiet down. Personally, I think we could all go to sleep. A guy is not going to jump a train in the middle of the desert. Anyway, he thinks everything is rosy."

"I guess he does. Well, good night."

"Good night," said the man in the conductor's uniform, then he glanced up sharply. "That's a nice doll the Duke's got. Movie actress, eh?"

"So I hear," said Frank, frowning.

He turned and went out. The Pullman cars were all dim now, nothing but green-curtained aisles. The cars swayed and creaked and, underneath, the wheels kept up their monotonous lickety-lick; alkali dust had begun to sift in. Frank's lips felt dry.

Car 17 was quiet. Frank got into his berth and took the telegram from under his pillow. It read: "Shipment will be delivered without difficulty as per agreement regards John."

It was addressed to Frank Jones, care Western Union, Tucson, Arizona.

"Well," Frank muttered, "so far, so good." Then he took out his automatic and examined it carefully. He felt a little shaky and kept wetting his lips. Never in his life had he shot at a man. He didn't like the idea at all. Sighing, he took off his coat, vest and shoes. Then he slipped his pajama pants on over his regular pants and put on a dressing-gown. Arranging his pillows, he began to read.

OUTSIDE, the desert rushed past, mile after mile; the alkali dust continued to sift in; it was very stuffy in the berth. Frank's head dropped forward, there was sudden blackness, then he started wide awake. "Good Lord," he muttered, "I mustn't do that." He glanced at his watch, then sat up abruptly. It was past midnight; he'd been asleep for over two hours.

"Nice work, nice work," he told himself. "You do this like you do everything. Just a 14-karat sap."

His mouth was dry. He decided to get up and get a drink, wondering if it could be possible that the Duke had ducked. If so, that was his finish as a copper. Frank switched off his lights, then unbuttoned the heavy green curtains and peered out. All quiet, except for faraway snoring. Suddenly the curtains across the aisle swayed slightly. Frank drew his curtains together, leaving a very small opening to look through.

The Duke got out of his berth slowly and glanced up and down the aisle. He was wearing a cream-colored dressing-gown which made him appear huge in the dim light. He looked for a long time at Frank's curtains, then he shrugged and got to his feet. Frank drew his automatic and waited. There was something about the Duke's movements he couldn't account for; then suddenly he thought: "What a chump I am. He's going over to see his girl friend!" Frank began to sweat; his hands were cold and clammy. This was swell, this was lovely!

The Duke moved slowly over to Jean's berth and Frank saw him either reaching in or unbuttoning the curtains, he couldn't make out which. Frank gritted his teeth and waited.

"Am I getting paid up or not?" he muttered.

The Duke bent down, then disappeared. Frank sat back and put up his gun. He let the curtains fall into place. He didn't need to worry about the Duke now for some time. Just as he was taking out his cigarettes and getting ready to go to the smoker, he heard a loud argument; a woman's voice shouted something: Jean!

Frank jumped out into the aisle. The Duke was standing beside Jean's berth with his hands raised in a placating gesture. "All right, all right," he was saying.

He turned to Frank, who forced a grin.

(Continued on page 42)

THINK TWICE!

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Stop and think this over *before* you have a blow-out. Gambling on tires is one of the riskiest, most expensive chances a motorist can take, especially when thousands are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year.

It's a fact . . . today's speedy driving does generate terrific heat *inside* the tire. You can't see it—but unless this heat is resisted, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny, invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows. It may not happen right away but, sooner or later, and without warning—BANG! It's a blow-out! And you'll never forgive yourself if anything serious happens.

New Goodrich invention may save your life

Yes, someone had to build a safer tire that would stand up under modern driving conditions. So Goodrich engineers experimented, tested. Finally they hit on the greatest tire improvement in years—the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

This amazing, specially constructed ply resists heat. It prevents separation of the tread and fabric *inside* the tire. Treacherous heat blisters don't form. *And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out!*

Protection against "Tail-Spin" skids

Real blow-out protection isn't all you'll get when you ride on Goodrich Silvertowns. You'll also have the protection of the famous Silvertown "road-drying" tread with its three big center ribs that act like the *windshield wiper* on your car. At the first sign of a skid these three center ribs sweep away the water. This gives the big, double outer rows of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip and you're protected against dangerous "tail-spin" skids.

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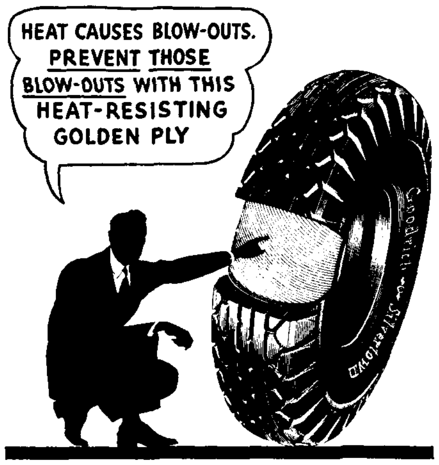
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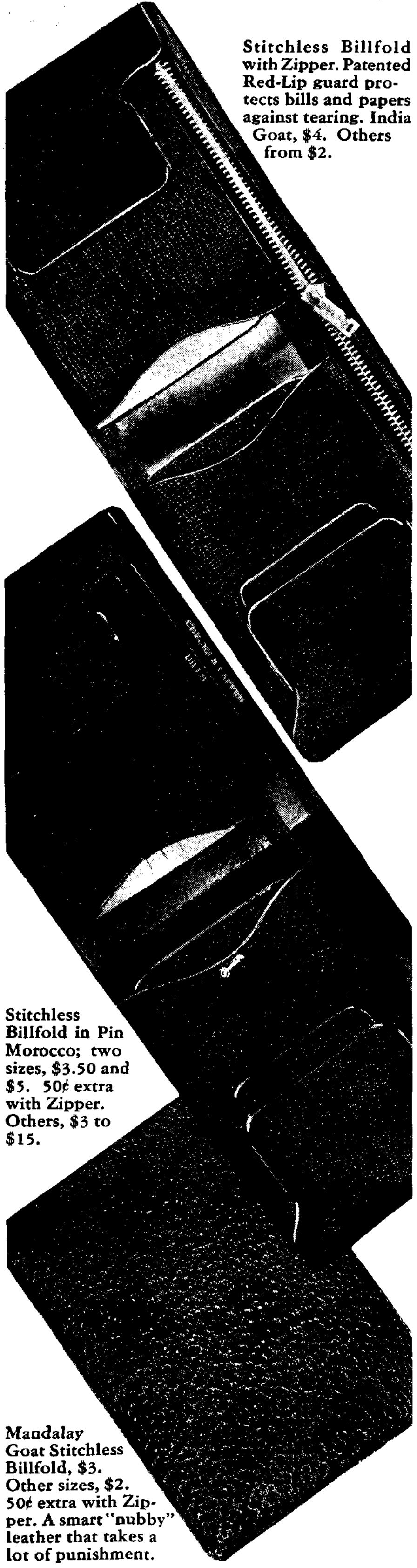

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Buxton
KEY-TAINERS . . .
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(Continued from page 41)

"Got my signals crossed, I guess," said the Duke, smiling grimly.

"Looks like it."

The light was on in Jean's berth. She was up on one elbow with the covers to her chin; her curly blond hair was all mussed; she looked very young, Frank thought, very pretty. Seeing Frank, she stammered, looked away.

"Well," said the Duke, "you never can tell unless you try."

"That's right," said Frank.

The man in the conductor's uniform came quickly down the aisle followed by the porter, whose feet seemed reluctant and whose eyes were rolling.

"What's the trouble here?"

The Duke shrugged.

"No trouble," said Frank.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Evers," said the man in the conductor's uniform. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Just a little misunderstanding."

The man looked from one to the other.

"I think I understand all right," he said, frowning. "This sort of thing won't do, not on my train. I'm surprised at you, Mr. Evers."

"Let's forget all about it."

"Well . . . I don't like it. But . . . Anyway, get back in your berths, both of you." He turned and disappeared down the aisle followed by the porter.

"Thanks, pal," said the Duke. "That's being a real pal. I thought maybe you were sore because you used to know this baby. Many thanks. Say, that conductor's tough, eh? What's he think he is, a house dick?"

"He is tough," said Frank. "I know him. I often make this run. Better watch your step."

"Oh, I'm tame."

"Good night."

"Good night, pal."

As the Duke was getting into his berth Jean called out:

"Frank."

His heart was beating wildly. "Oh, honey!" he thought.

"I think . . ."

"You better quit thinking and go to sleep." He turned away. The Duke was watching him; he'd have to be very careful. It was tough on Jean, but he couldn't help that. He winked elaborately at the Duke and shrugged. Jean's curtains dropped into place.

"It's none of my business," said Frank.

"Oh, well. Dames . . . !" said the Duke, philosophically.

AT SEVEN o'clock the next morning Frank, feeling very jaded and depressed after being awake nearly all night, was standing in the vestibule, looking out at the desert. The train was getting into Phoenix. He'd have to watch his step. This was a big town. A man might make a break here. But presently he saw the Duke coming down the aisle, carrying his toilet case.

"Morning, pal. How's it going?"

"Pretty good. Little groggy this morning. I don't sleep well on a train."

"I sleep like a top. Swell morning, eh? You bet."

The Duke disappeared into the smoker. Turning, Frank saw Jean at the other end of the car; she was coming toward him. He hesitated. She glanced up. Their eyes met. She looked away quickly. He raised his hat, then continued to stare out the window. She came and stood beside him.

"It wasn't my fault," she said.

"Think nothing of it. He was a little previous, that's all."

She hesitated.

"I wouldn't be in this fix if I had any money. I thought . . ."

"And you're right." Frank laughed, trying to be as annoying as possible so she would go away and leave him alone. If he wasn't careful, he'd spill everything. He had a job to do. He had to think about that first of all. Much as he hated it, Jean would have to bear it.

"I've got a good notion to get off the train right here," she said.

"Don't be foolish, Iowa. You've been in Hollywood long enough to know better. He seems like an all-right guy. Everybody makes mistakes; even me."

"Yes, even you."

She turned and went back to her section, where the porter was breaking down the berth.

When the train pulled out of Phoenix, Frank went up to the diner for his breakfast. He sat looking out at the burnt-up country and the distant purple mountains, but seeing nothing. This business just had to come off right; it had to!

When he got back to Car 17 the Duke was sitting with Jean, talking earnestly. Frank smiled sardonically and raised his hat.

"I've been apologizing," said the Duke. "All a misunderstanding."

Jean glanced up; her eyes were very unfriendly.

"Those little things will happen," said Frank. He wanted to push this big, smug, plausible phony in the face, but he kept smiling.

"Oh, yes," said Jean. "Those little things. . . ."

AFTER what seemed like hours to Frank, the train began to run through the outskirts of Tucson. The Duke got his luggage ready, then went up into the vestibule so the porter could brush him off. Frank got up and stood beside Jean's section.

"Don't suppose I'll see you any more," he said.

"I guess not," she said without looking up.

"Well, goodby, then."

"Goodby . . . Frank, I don't want you to think . . ."

"Don't say it. It's none of my business."

"It used to be."

The Duke came back.

"Well, pal," he said, "if I don't see you again, why, good luck."

"Thanks. I'm getting out here, too."

"Yeah? Well, maybe we'll see each other around."

"Maybe."

The porter called: "Tucson! Tucson!"

Jean got up, glanced at Frank for a moment, then the Duke took her by the arm and they went up the aisle and into the vestibule. Frank followed. The train slowed down with a hiss of air-brakes, and then came to a jolting stop. Outside, the sun was blazing and the walls of the adobe station were dazzling in the glare. The man in the conductor's uniform came out of the men's smoker.

"All set?"

"All set."

"Take care of the girl, will you, Evers? It's the only thing I don't like about this."

"I'll do my best."

Frank was trembling so that he was afraid somebody might notice his agitation. He saw the Duke and Jean getting checks for their luggage from a redcap, then they began to cross the cement plaza before the station. He hurried down, got his check without looking at it, and followed them. There were a good many people scattered about the station and the plaza. Frank unlimbered his gun in his side pocket. "Luck," he begged, "be with me."

He was only ten or twelve yards behind them when the Duke and Jean entered the station. The Duke did not hesitate. Without a backward glance, he escorted Jean through the station and out the other side. Frank saw two coppers close in unobtrusively behind him. Then with his heart leaping he saw two men getting out of a limousine which had just driven up to the curb outside the station. One man was fat and dark, with a double chin and a perpetual frown: Fats Morgan. The other was small and sickly-looking with a pale hawklike face: Ernie Schiff. The fun was about to begin!

"Jean!" he cried, "come here a minute. I want to see you."

The Duke turned, frowning and holding on to Jean's arm.

"Jean!" cried Frank, "please . . ."

Fats Morgan began to look about him suspiciously.

"I smell coppers," he cried.

Ernie Schiff leaped for the wheel of the limousine just as the submachine guns of the federal men cut loose from behind the station. Jean tried to pull away from the Duke, who, in a panic, held on to her, trying to keep her in front of him. Ernie got the car started, then fell forward over the wheel; the car leaped ahead, then slewed around and bumped gently into a light pole. Fats Morgan made a dive for it and got behind it, his gun blazing.

The Duke fired point-blank at Frank, but missed.

"The girl! The girl!" cried Frank, as bullets whined around them. The Duke fired again and Frank felt a slight tearing pain in his right arm, then he left his feet in a flying tackle and Jean, the Duke and himself went down in a heap. The Duke's head hit the pavement hard; he lay still, muttering.

Across the street, Fats Morgan was slowly sliding to the sidewalk, desperately trying to support his right arm for another shot.

The man in the conductor's uniform ran over and put a gun to the Duke's head.

"He's all right," said Frank quickly. "Don't worry about him."

The Duke opened his eyes. Frank, pulling Jean to her feet, kicked the gun out of the Duke's hand. The Duke ducked wildly, seeing the gun held on him.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot! You got me!"

"Well, behave yourself then," said the man in the conductor's uniform grimly. "I'd just as soon see three of you buried as two . . ."

"Fats and Ernie . . ."

"Yeah."

The Duke got to his hands and knees. He began to cry.

"My fault," he said. "My fault. . . ."

Frank put his arm around Jean and led her through the horror-stricken crowd which had gathered.

"One of them molls," said a man.

"Guess again," said Frank.

THE Chief smiled at Jean and Frank paternally.

"Now, Frank," he said, "you can't say I'm not a friend of yours. If it hadn't been for that tough assignment you were squawking about . . ."

"I know. You did it all yourself," said Frank. "Let me ask you a question. Did you ever hear bullets sing?"

"Well, I . . ."

"Only in a shooting gallery. Oh, well." Frank turned to Jean. "Shall I tell him?"

"Why not?" asked Jean, smiling.

"Well, my fran, in the first place I'm going to get married. In the second place, I've got a new job."

"You what?"

"I've got a new job. All that publicity helped. I got a job coaching. College football, my boy."

"Quitter, eh?"

"Don't give me that. Some day when I get tired of life and want to commit suicide, I'll come back and get my badge."

"That's what I call gratitude," said the Chief.

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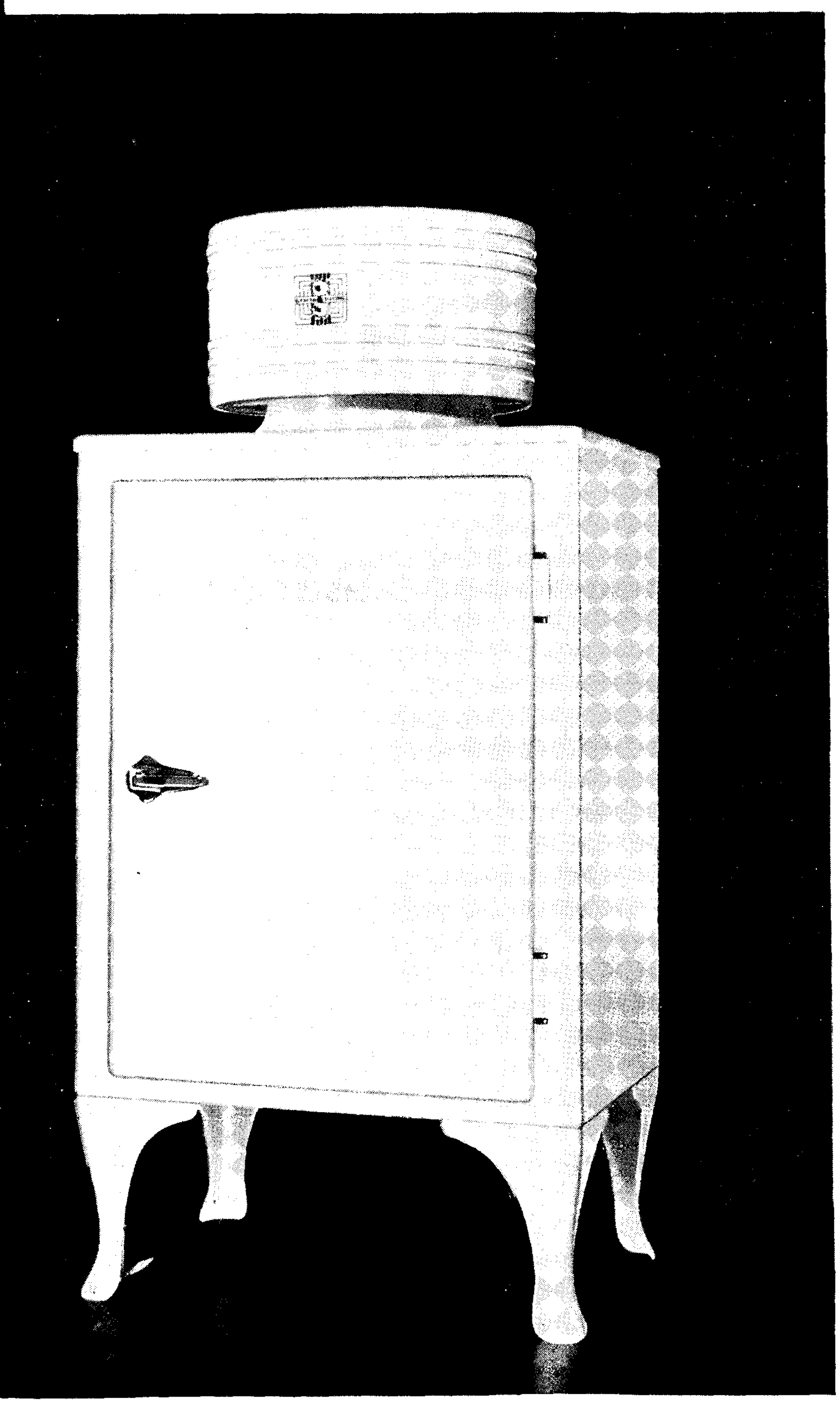

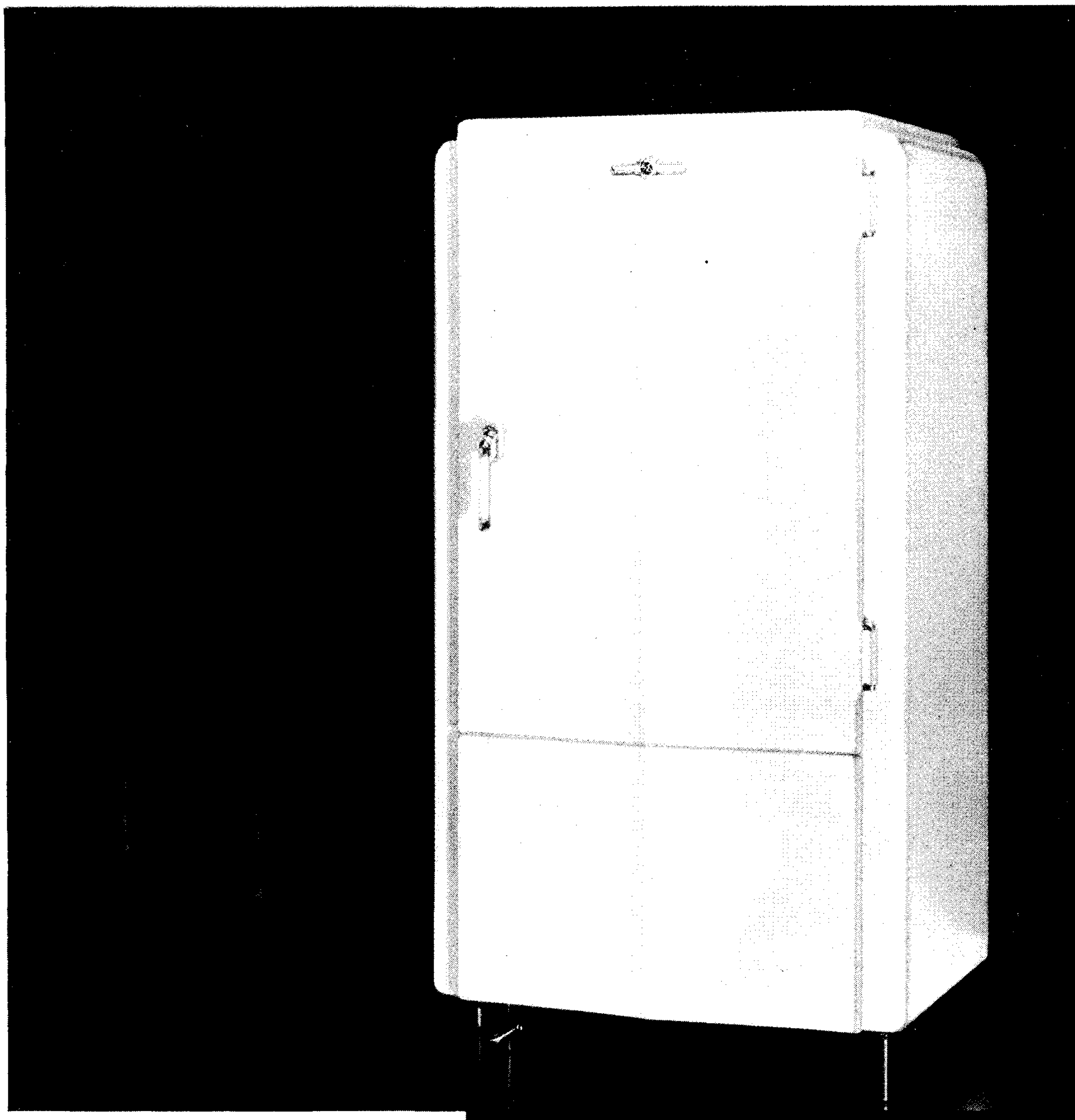

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATORS

One Can of Luck

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The astonishing adventure of Zach Bender, fighter, who was forced to do battle when he didn't feel fit. We regret to say that the story has no moral whatsoever to point

AT TEN in the morning, Zach Bender received a message from Jack Boyle to come down and see him at the Colosseum. A message from Boyle generally meant a chore of fighting with pay, so Zach went on down to the Colosseum, arriving at noon. He was sent up to Jack's private suite and found the promoter having lunch with a boxing manager.

"Hello, Zach," said Boyle.

"Hello, Mr. Boyle."

Nobody asked him to sit down, so he stood by the door, hat in hand, waiting.

"This is Jim Curley," Boyle continued. "He's got a fighter and we been talking about you and him for six rounds. You get a hundred."

"All right," said Zach without waiting for even the fraction of an instant.

"You're not fighting in Los Angeles," Boyle informed him. "San Diego. Tomorrow night. We had another guy, but he's out now. San Diego auditorium and you go on about nine. Okay?"

"Okay," Zach answered. "I'll be there."

"It's the Seattle Slasher," announced Manager Curley. "Ever hear of him?"

"No," said Zach.

"Real name's Jens Jensen, a Swede."

"Okay," said Zach. It made no difference to him whether he fought a Swede, an Eskimo or a cinnamon bear. He got a hundred, that's all he knew. He hadn't seen a hundred in a long time. New tires for the trailer and a blue dress for Anna—and some food.

PROMOTER BOYLE and Manager Curley had about finished their lunch—beer, sandwiches, pickles, cheese and jam. The business deal being over, Zach lingered a moment at the door.

"Could you lemme have ten now?" he inquired mildly.

Boyle glanced at him doubtfully. He had been hiring Zach for years and years and once he had paid him fair dough, in fact good dough.

"Broke?" asked the smiling Manager Curley.

"Yeah," said Zach. "I got a family."

"Okay," said Boyle and he produced a wallet, hauled forth a bill, handed it to Zach, who thanked him and started to leave.

"You might as well take this along," put in Manager Curley. "We're done eating."

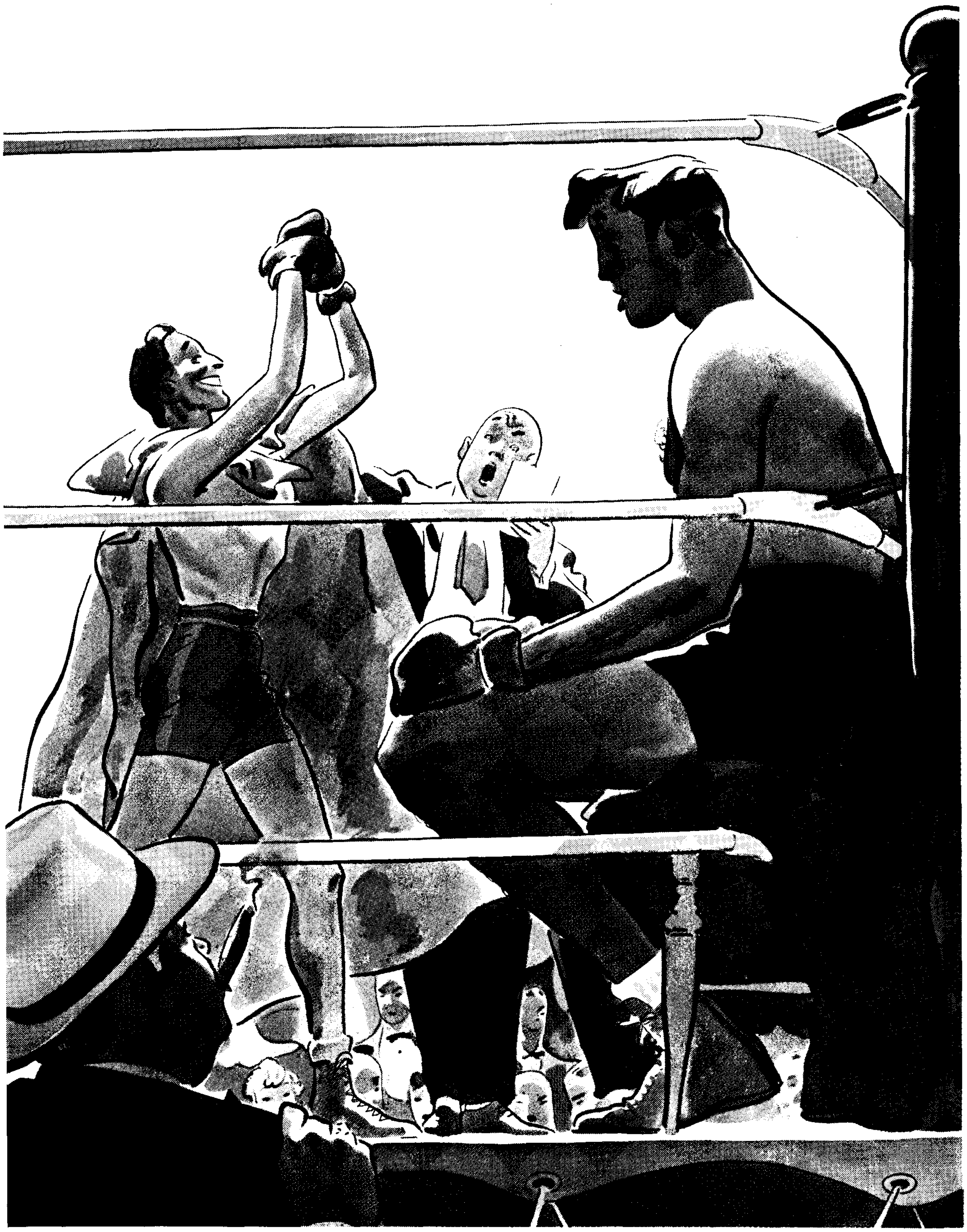
He picked up a can of sardines from the table and Zach hesitated, wondering if it was good form to take food from a strange manager.

"Might come in handy," said Manager Curley in an amiable tone, so Zach took the can without further thought, stuffed it into his coat pocket, where it bulged.

"Thanks," he said and went out, a little sore at himself for not refusing it. That sort of made him a charity mug. The hell with it. On the way back to the auto camp he started to throw it out of the car window, but didn't. He drove a bum roadster. When he was anywhere away from the camp, Anna and the kids were stuck in the trailer and stayed stuck till the old man got back with the roadster. They shoved a couple of bricks under the connecting bar so the oil stove would sit even.

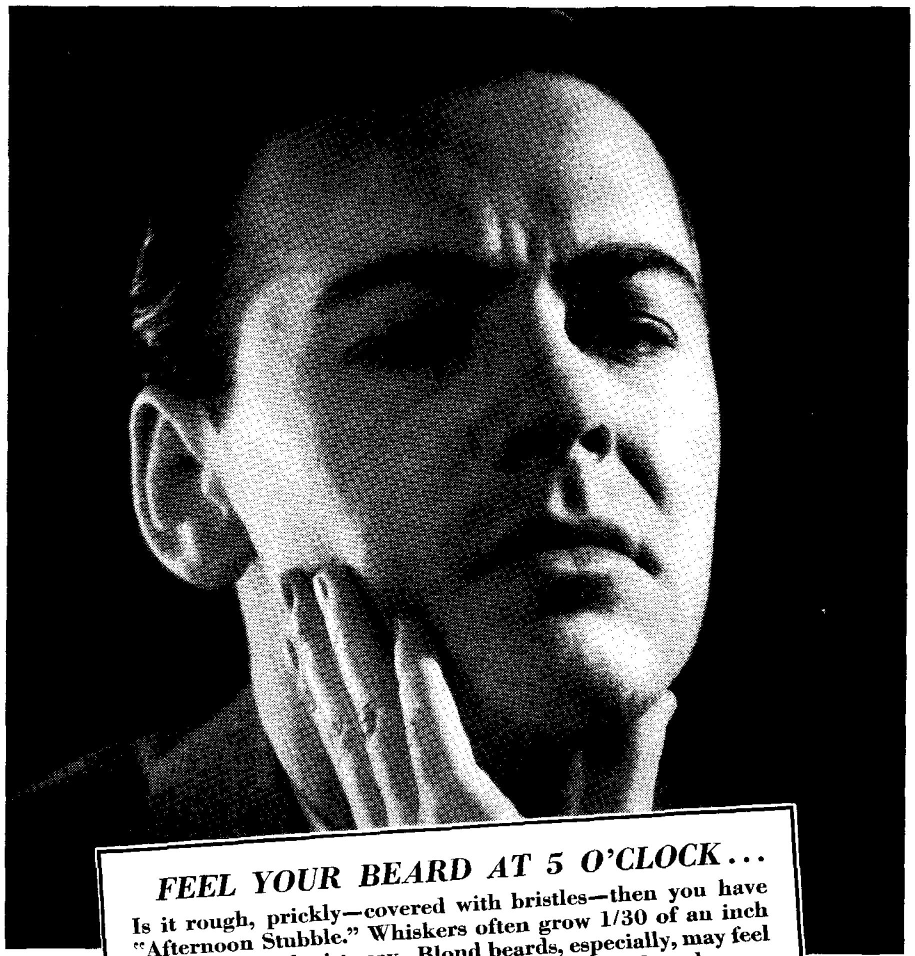
The Bender family had no rent to pay, for they lived in a large, ambulant tin can, shaped a little like a bathtub, and rusty. Their back yard and front yard were a free auto camp, full of broken boxes, bottles, old tires and discarded fenders. There were Zach and his wife Anna and the two kids, Millie and Billy, and the four of them slept in the four-cot trailer, ate off soap boxes and were permanently as poor as lizards on a rock.

The reason for their extreme poverty—Zach was in the boxing line and wasn't any good. Everybody said he was terrible, including managers, promoters, public and the other fighters. Once he was pretty fair. Besides, he wasn't so young any more—not old, but still not boiling with the fierce energies and ambitions of gallant youth. He was a good-natured, grinning man, loved his wife and kids, wished he could make a little dough and buy them some decent food and some



The Slasher turned out to be a husky mug, cocky with youth

Your Whiskers Grow out of "HOLES"



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THIS PHOTO-MICROGRAPH of an enlarged portion of the face shows how each hair grows out of a tiny hole or valley in the skin.

Unless your razor reaches into these holes and cuts each hair at the skin-line, you can't avoid "Afternoon Stubble"

In a mirror your face may seem like a flat surface—but actually it is made up of tiny holes or valleys out of which your whiskers grow.

The problem of a close shave is to cut off your whiskers at the skin-line without cutting your face.

The old straight-edge razor was able to do this because it had no guard.

When ordinary guards were put on razors to make them safe, they lessened the danger of cutting the skin—but they also made it impossible for you to get the close shave of a straight-edge razor.

Through the advance of the photo-micrograph, it is now possible to see how the blade of the new Enders Razor reaches into each hole—yet is guarded to prevent cutting the skin.

There are two distinct principles—patented—which make this possible.

1. **The entirely new angle of the top and bottom guard which flattens out the holes and allows the blade to cut off the hair at the skin-line.**
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Shave with an Enders. It feels like a feather in your hand—weighs 1 ounce. That means quicker shaving, too.

The handle of the Enders is square-edged... easy to grip. It is *always* in the right position.

The teeth in the guard have a wide-open passage for hairs and soap or cream to pass through—a clogless feature you will welcome if you use a brushless cream.

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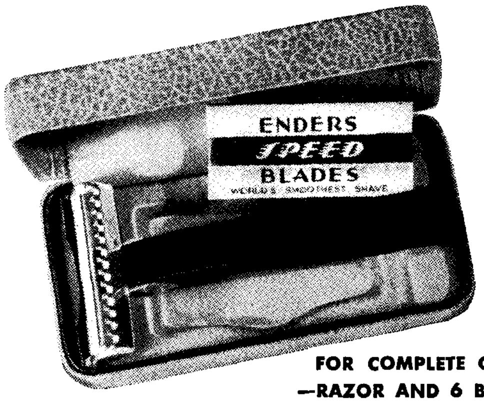
Each blade is inspected and tested individually for sharpness



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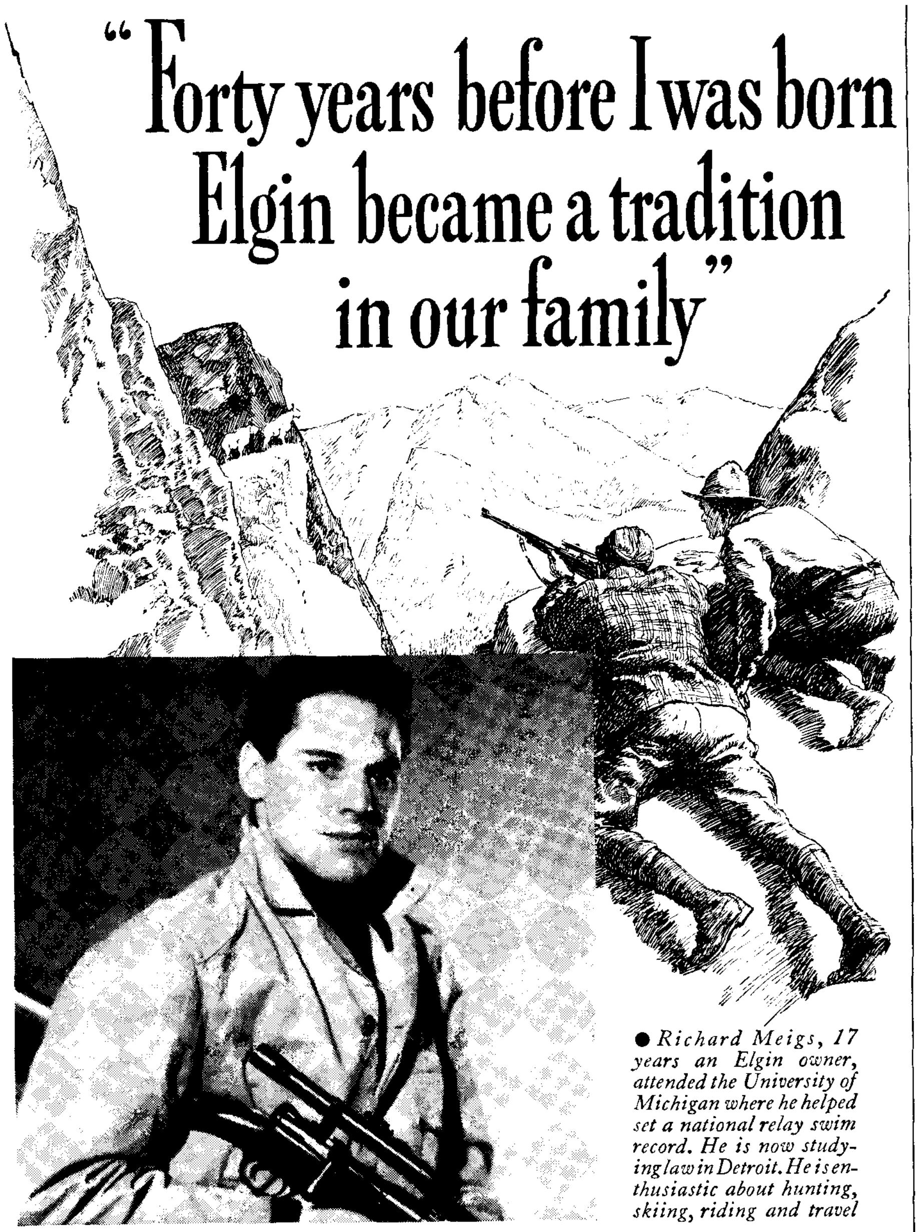

● *Richard Meigs, 17 years an Elgin owner, attended the University of Michigan where he helped set a national relay swim record. He is now studying law in Detroit. He is enthusiastic about hunting, skiing, riding and travel*

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One Can of Luck

Continued from page 46

tires. His tires, four on the roadster, two on the trailer, were almost always worn out. He hadn't made a dime in months, because the boxing moguls didn't want any of his wares. The auto camp was just outside Los Angeles in a dreary, burned-off community.

Zach arrived home with his ten bucks and the sardines and told Anna about the job.

"Who's he?" she asked, meaning the opponent.

"I dunno. Seattle Slasher, guy named Jensen, a Swede. Fight's in San Diego tomorrow night at nine. I wonder if I go alone in the car and leave you here, or do we all go?"

"Might as well all go together," said Anna. "How much does he weigh?"

"I dunno," said Zach. "Suppose he's about my weight. What's the difference?"

"I don't want to see you get beat up," said Anna, who had been seeing him get beat up until her heart ached. Years of it. When she married him, Zach was pretty good, but now he was just a guy to get pounded around for eight or ten rounds by some husky oncomer.

"Where'd you get the sardines?" Anna asked him.

"The guy gave them to me."

"What guy?"

"The manager—Jensen's manager."

"You shouldn't have took 'em," said Anna. "We're not paupers."

When they arrived in San Diego, Zach hunted a free auto camp and hauled up beneath a tree. In the late afternoon, the family sat around a packing box eating, and Zach spoke of the sardines.

"Open 'em up," he told Anna.

"What for? We got corned beef."

"I like sardines," said Zach. "Anyhow, they didn't cost nothing."

"Open 'em yourself," said Anna, who was still indignant about it, so Zach opened them up. The family ate heartily. There was still some left of the money, and that night Zach would have ninety bucks more and they could live on that indefinitely. Zach unhooked the roadster and started for San Diego about six in the afternoon.

"Good luck," said Anna. "Don't let him hurt you."

AT EIGHT o'clock, he was standing around the dressing-room in his trunks. There was a raft of fighters mulling about, but nobody paid any attention to Zach, who walked around, four-fifths naked, wishing he could see some guy who would help him tape his hands. That wasn't his only problem.

He was having stomach trouble, darn it. He always had stomach trouble after he ate sardines and he ought to have known it. He shouldn't have et 'em. He walked uncomfortably around the dressing-room. He asked a passing fighter: "You got any bicarb of soda?"

"No," snarled the boxer. "Don't need it."

It always hit Zach the same way—eat sardines and have gas pains, damn it. He found a guy to tape up his hands and tie on the gloves, and at nine o'clock he walked out and down the long aisle to meet the Seattle Slasher. In all the roaring thousands, nobody knew him. On the other hand, the crowd didn't know the Slasher, either, so they were both cheered impartially and ferociously. The Slasher, Jens Jensen, turned out to be a husky mug, a mere kid, barrel-chested, hairy and cocky with youth. Zach sat in his corner, staring at the kid. Looked like he might hit. Looked strong. So the bell rang for round one and Zach slouched out to see what was coming.

A sharp pain started up on his right side, just above the belt line. That was familiar, all right. He knew that blasted pain. He always got the same pain in the same spot when he had gas. In the first round, Zach found the Swede could hit, but wasn't so hot as a boxer. At the end of the round, the Slasher hit Zach on his gas pocket, stepped back, astounded at the grimace of distress that shot into Zach's face. The round ended with the Slasher still wondering why a sock below the ribs could be so resultful.

In the second round, Mr. Jensen immediately socked Zach in the same spot and was delighted to see him cringe and back up. "This bird is vulnerable here," reflected the Slasher in his own tongue. "I will therefore shoot for the side." The second round was a bad one for Zach. Most of the time, his face was screwed up in pain and he was getting mad. He never got mad in the ring. For years he had been taking a socking, plugging along, trying cheerfully to keep from being knocked out. Now he suddenly hated this guy. He also hated Curley, manager.

He stepped inside a left hook and swung for Mr. Jensen's jaw, hitting viciously and in a fury. The blow caught Jensen and knocked him half around.

"That's called the Sardine Slap," Zach snarled at the youthful enemy, "right out of the can."

HE WAS never so mad in his whole life and never so ferociously active and murderous in the ring. He swung without stopping for breath and when the young guy wanted to slow down Zach wouldn't slow down, but hit faster than ever. The crowd was yelling murder. Promoter Boyle, who was present solely to see if this Slasher was first-class fighting material, stared at Zach Bender in dumfounded amazement, and beside Boyle sat Manager Curley, who gave away sardines.

"I thought you said this bird was a pushover," he grunted into Boyle's ear.

"He was. He was. . . . Something happened to him."

In the fifth round, the still enraged Zach Bender plowed into the Swede—innocent bystander—hit him twice on the jaw, and knocked him deader than a sailor's love. They carried the Slasher gently to his corner and brought him to. Zach went gloomily down the aisle amid roaring plaudits, holding his right glove on his side. Boyle came into the dressing-room, watched him put his clothes on, complimented him on what seemed to be a startling comeback and handed him ninety bucks. Zach went on out to the auto camp and there was Anna, waiting up, looking anxious.

"Well?" she asked, looking at his face, which was cut.

"I knocked the guy out."

"You did!"

"Yeh. I socked him cold. Five rounds."

She winked back some tears, put her arms around her cavalier, kissed him on his bruised mouth and felt happy.

"Did you get the money?"

"Yeh, here's the ninety. And that ain't all. There's more."

"More what?"

"More dough. Boyle asked me to box in L. A. week after next and I get five hundred bucks, win, lose or draw."

"No."

"Yeh."

Anna was speechless for a moment.

"We better go to bed," said Zach, moving toward the tin trailer.

"That's right. It's late. I'm so glad."

"You got any bicarb of soda around?"

"I guess so. What's the matter?"

"I got a little belly trouble. Must have been them sardines."

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 21

for being both so confident and so obtuse, furious with the moment because it was going wrong, furious with herself because she wasn't acting in the least as she had expected to. "Have you got some idea of giving me back my good name?" she demanded.

A smile looked rather ghastly; his face was so tired. "You kick it around so flagrantly, it can't mean much to you. Maurice is still in jail. He can stay there an hour longer. Put on your hat."

This was a command and it made her angrier still. "Oh, have you got round to marrying me? There's room on your schedule and there's no time like the present. So you needn't be more than an hour late for your appointment at the jail."

"Your hair is coming down over your forehead," he said. She hastily shoved it back, but he had won an advantage with that irrelevance. Dave was leaning forward over the desk, they were glaring at each other, and suddenly he banged his fist down and the books jumped. "There has been enough nonsense. I'm not going to stand any more from you, Carol. "Maurice can grow old in jail for all of me. I don't know what steps we have to take to get married this afternoon. But we can start to find out—right now."

"And you think," she said fiercely, "that I'll come running when you say the word! You decide it's time to get married, and here I am weeping because you're so generous! Why—" Caroline said, carried away, "I'm not a sorority girl on an elopement! I wouldn't get married before Commencement. I wouldn't get married without my parents here. And my brother Pete!"

"Commencement — nineteen days!" Dave said with equal ferocity. "That's right! Be headstrong, be willful—pick out a time like this to be conventional and coy. Nineteen days! Why not nineteen years?"

"Nineteen days or—" She realized, abruptly, that her voice was strident, that she was mad clear through, as Dave was—and that they were saying the most incredible things. Strife went out of her and she saw it flicker out in his eyes. They were laughing—how long had it been since she had laughed? "You poor dupe," she said, "don't you remember I'm the Gamma wanton who went to Barnaby with Tommy Pierce?"

"That's right. It was through the snow, wasn't it, with a violin offstage?"

"So what does that make you, Dave, the faculty knight-errant?"

"Soiled as you are, Carol, I've been in love with you for months."

NOW she was miserable. Tremulously, "Dave, this isn't happening right. It isn't even the right place. Maybe it's funny to invade ideal womanhood and charge right into the sacred upstairs of a sorority house. But—it shouldn't be funny. We haven't said any of the right things; we haven't done any of the right things. We're going to miss them, Dave. Why haven't we been more—oh, more standard?"

"We haven't had time," Dave said gravely. He was awkward now, even shy. "But," he said, "you're partly wrong—anyway, we've got the right words."

"But we never say them!" Tears reached her eyes and she angrily shook her head. Of all times to cry! "Why don't we? Why haven't we taken time?"

Dave said hoarsely, "I can't seem to get round this desk." But he did.

When the world came slowly back again like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle fitting together, the poison was gone. It was gone, she knew, forever. She could look at the tragedy of those tangled lives and the slow progress of fate bringing on catastrophe, and feel infinitely grieved—but grief did not come near her. A wall of glass was in between; she could look through it to the ice outside, but she was on this side of it, and warm.

It was nearly dinner time and some of the Gammas were downstairs when she and Dave went down. They looked startled and Priscilla Farley wore the outrage of a flouted traffic cop. Caroline knew that she was smiling at the sisters, knew that her face was pink and ecstatic, and she held Dave's arm and leaned against him. They got into his car and she let her cheek lie against his shoulder.

"If I've made my point about Commencement," she said, "I suppose we can remember about poor Maurice."

"Nineteen days! You're a spendthrift of time, Carol."

THE Dave she had laughed with in senior spring had displaced the scientist marshalling his deadly facts. She was still rubbing her cheek against that flannel shoulder. "It will be less than ten minutes. It's hardly two hours since we were dancing at the Gamma Formal." So she could look through that insulating glass, steadily, with detached regret. "What happened at Paula's after I—eloped?"

She brought back grimness to his mouth. "She instantly began to invent her story. It will be a pretty breathtaking story by the time she tells it to Chief Tolman. Paula will pull out of this without a scratch."

"Not without a scratch!" But no man could understand what she had seen in Paula's doomed eyes.

"What did you do with Tommy?" he asked.

"I—got him started."

"Pretty soon, as my mind came to, I understood what you wanted. It's all right with me. Let Tolman find out as he can. I've done what I wanted to."

So Tommy, making northward to the shelter of the woods, could have a little more respite. More hours, perhaps a day, would pass before the radio outran him and forced him into the undergrowth. Dave had done what he wanted to! He had delivered his friend. . . .

It was really his moment of triumph when they went up the drab stairs of the courthouse. He had worked toward this, regardless of whom he had to destroy on the way, against confusion and ignorance and even his friend's defiance and even the deceptions of the woman he was in love with. Yes, pretty much a man.

She whispered, "And now the jail! Dave, our love affair does have the most curious stage settings."

Chief Tolman was in his office talking with—Caroline was surprised to see—Dean Hannan. But of course, the dean had gotten into this too, the university, everyone. They explained that George Peters was with Maurice somewhere else arranging the release. No charge would be made, the chief said, nothing more would ever be done about Maurice. He looked hungrily at Dave, said that he wanted to talk to him as soon as Mr. Peters said it was all right, and finally had the good grace to go out and leave them with the dean.

The two men shook hands and were boyish, but the dean looked fragile and very tired—this had been hard on Oliver Hannan too. Finally he said, in a whisper, "What about Pierce?"

Dave shrugged. "George Peters would

(Continued on page 50)

NEEDED:

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But he made one grave mistake. Lots of people make it. He said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where he was wrong!

The laxative he took—*picked at random*—happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that worked in a couple of hours. It upset him. Nauseated him. Sent pains shooting through his stomach. Left him weak . . . weary. Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken except on the advice of a physician.

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You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

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(Continued from page 49)

call it consciousness of guilt—he's gone. I don't know where."

The dean turned to her, his weathered face gentle. He took her hand and said to Dave, "You must bring your fiancée to my house tomorrow."

"Why, you old darling!" Caroline gasped.

Dave smiled. "The old darling's foible is omniscience. He isn't clairvoyant, Carol. He just looked at us."

She had called the dean of Arts and Sciences a darling! But the dean still had her hand and was smiling in the strangest way. "In the midst of this afternoon's turmoil, I had to stop to do still another job. Your roommate and Miss Stevens came to my office and told me about Miss Herrick's failure to elope. I telephoned your chapter president and told her to drop her plans for being righteous." Well, he was a darling! No one could be more gentle or more sweet. "You have been very foolish, Miss Fanning. A dean can't bring himself to praise you. But it was a gallant foolishness."

So that story was out too. Caroline shook her head. "No use, Dave; you can't redeem a scarlet woman. But nobody can say I didn't do my best."

BUT Mr. Peters and Maurice came in—a docile, self-contained Maurice who had reached bedrock—and again there was this off-hand curtness, this silly restraint of men deeply moved and ashamed to show it. Relief and triumph gleamed through that repression, and Maurice really had reached bedrock. He had come to terms with tragedy—if he could carry himself this way then life wasn't over for Maurice. Then the dean and Mr. Peters prepared to go away and discuss their plans, plans, Caroline sternly knew, to make sure that the university played its appropriate part in—whatever was to come. In the confrontation of Paula, in the pursuit of Tommy, in the miserable working out of disaster's aftermath. But plans that would not touch Maurice or Dave or Caroline. Why—it was finished! They were through—Maurice was delivered—she and Dave were going to be married. And somewhere while the sun sank Tommy was making northward.

The dean said obliquely, "It must be for the best. Do nothing, say nothing, tonight." Dave said, "Much the best." Again that strange look weighted with finality passed between them. The dean nodded and he and Mr. Peters went away. Maurice said, "They let the jailbird send for a razor and a shirt—I have a bag here." They found it and then a sergeant was apologetic and they went out and Maurice said, surprised, "It must have been a hot day!" and Caroline was quietly crying.

Everything was strange, suddenly, strange and marvelous.

Emery came up to them, planted himself as if to meet attack, found Caroline's eyes, and said, "One damned fool, Caroline. Do you still know me?"

She kissed him and he said, "I can even take that," and she linked her free arm in his. "Have dinner with us," she said. "Forget the rest."

They ate on an inn balcony above the river, while the light failed and the air cooled. It was possible, after all, to let Dave tell Maurice all that Mr. Peters and Dean Hannan either had not told him or had not yet learned. The glass that walled off horror remained firm. She listened as to an old tale out of folklore while Dave rehearsed all he could say certainly about the murder. It was possible, too, for Maurice to listen in much the same way. Set back on his heels, he didn't flinch away.

"Nothing will happen to her," Maurice said, as impersonal as Dave. "You will see. When it comes to talking, we will learn that she was forced out to the shack at the muzzle of a gun. When the fiend finally unmasked his plans, she flung herself between him and his victim, and almost lost her life. Every word she has said since meant a gun at her temple."

"It will be a fine story," Dave agreed. "Every detail will shine like gold. And nothing to contradict it but the word of the accused. If," Dave said, with a curious deliberateness, "if there is that."

"And he is crazy. He snapped. If I hadn't been crazy myself and blind besides . . ." He slouched down, a despondency that had nothing to do with himself coming on him. "No use regretting what we failed to do. It's over. But Caroline, why did you make him run away?"

Why? Why would you pull a drowning puppy from a pond? Why would you snatch a child from beneath the wheels of a truck?

"It was a mistake," Maurice said.

No, it was absolutely right. It was the immediate action of herself, her best self. The walls collapsing on that little child, that destructive victim of a worse destruction. Nothing could have stopped her! "I'd do it again, this minute," she said.

"It wasn't a mistake," Dave said. "Caroline's instinct was right. The rightest thing of all."

"No." Maurice began to argue energetically. "Now when they catch him they will try him. If he hadn't run away, there would have been no trial. We could have taken him in and had him sat on and adjudged insane and put away. Now it must all be done in court. Well," he said decisively, "I will swear he's insane. And I'll go right now and start the district attorney looking for a madman, not a criminal. Where—" he swung toward Caroline, "did you start him for?"

Men were incredible! It was inconceivably strange to see Maurice, whom Tommy had betrayed and all but killed, forgetting his injuries, becoming a scientist, dropping everything else for his professional duty. But it was stranger to see Dave, for no reason whatever, darken and grow stern. "You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll sit tight and let things work out their own way."

"You do not understand, Dave. The boy is insane. We must not persecute the insane. We are not going to touch Paula, who is saner than he ever was and who is responsible for every step of all this—by God, I will not let a pitiful mad boy be touched, either!"

"You will keep out of this." It was an order, a direct command. Dave had an astonishing flatness and urgency. "Everything is right, now. Leave it alone. Do you hear, Maurice?"

Wills met and tensity had come back, without warning or reason. Here were Dave and Maurice in a sharp and sudden clash that could not be justified. It was dissipated, surprisingly, by Emery.

He said to them all, "Nobody can trust his judgment tonight. Let's hold everything till tomorrow."

Dave watched them go away. He nodded, approving Emery. His eyes kindled, turning to Caroline. "Have we got anything to say to each other?"

Her breath caught. "I'd like to go see."

THE moon, several nights past the full, rose about nine o'clock and sometime later Tommy came out of the edge of the woods and turned back toward town. Shadows of trees walked ahead of him jagged, toothed, knife-edged. The woods had roared all evening and the countryside was roaring now. Light flowed like water on the ground, the sky itself had a fluctuating glow. And it had been unheroic to turn away, that had been weakness, one didn't do that, one didn't yield to the savage world's pressure, one turned dauntlessly against it.

She had been a part of the conspiracy,

that malignant girl who had told him to go away, a diabolical instrument they used to make him less than himself. They had used her to betray him. He would not be betrayed. One didn't run. One came back through flame and flood to the armed, screaming but impotent circle of the enemies. To the enemies themselves. One turned the destruction on them irrevocably, transforming in a single climax of the unconquerable hero everything that had been plotted. One moment that would alter everything forever and forever, confute them, vindicate the hero. A moment while the sky flamed and voices howled and the light grew, glory and glory, on the very spot, the university itself, and fire to walk through. . . . So he came back along the moonlit road with the shadows walking ahead of him, gesturing to himself, and the night grew on toward glory. Down Shagbark Creek and across the Ag School bridge and so to the campus where all the enemies waited together.

A HUNDRED yards away two people were coming up the beach in moonlight. Caroline's arms went behind Dave's head again and she kissed him and then moved to a more decorous distance. "If we will go to the conventional places," she said, "we have to accept the conventional interruptions."

"I'll never be elderly about the lake and the mountain again. An aspect of life at Morrison of the first importance."

She groped for his hand and found it. "Life at Morrison! You had a pretty harebrained notion once—leaving Morrison. You've voted that down, haven't you?"

"A man's wife might have something to say about it." How absurdly precious, the leap her blood made at the word. "That was a form of advance, Carol. How could I predict your attitude toward a professional salary?"

"That was the night you went off the deep end suspecting poor Maurice. Yes, and it was one more night when I walked beside you and sat beside you, all but yelling at you to grab me. I went around for months just one pitiful sustained wish to have you grab me. But no, you wouldn't. Why didn't you? If you had, we wouldn't have spent any time arguing about a professional salary."

"There have been thousands of times when I wanted to grab you and didn't. All of them have to be made up."

"They'll see us!" she said, against his cheek. Then, philosophically, "Well, if they will walk along the lake, what do they expect to see?"

So here in the moonlight, beside the cool and rippling lake, the two of them, and this was the end of senior spring, and the beginning . . . Voices hushed and intimate as that couple, close together, slowly walked up the beach—and a light, familiar laugh.

"It's Helen," Caroline said. "And Steve." She called, "Come and sit down for a while. But not a long while."

They sat down, and Helen leaned against Steve's knees, and Steve said, "No, don't tell us—let us guess." Helen said, "That's pretty rude, Steve, suppose they wanted to keep it a secret?" Steve said, "I mean, was it Bingham who did the murder all along?" and Helen said, "No, they traced the murderess by her borrowed stockings." And the pair of them sat there and giggled.

"It must be pretty funny," Caroline suggested.

"Well," Helen said, "it is. Not awfully funny, just pretty funny. According to the Gamma oath, I have to be noble womanhood. But Steve makes it pretty hard. I can confess to Dean Hannan and feel like Joan of Arc. But the only way I can confess to Steve is to throw him and rope him. 'No, woman, I'm not interested; I don't want to hear about your past, go and sin no more.' "

"Go sin all you want," Steve said, "only don't get a crying jag to make it public. You wanted to emote through a big scene. That isn't healthy."

"Nuts! You just wanted to beat the gun and be noble yourself. . . . Anyway, even if he's sorry my past is so darn' tame, he knows all about it. We've all been Gamma heroines, today. I heard about you too, Carol. Sister act. We ought to sing it."

They certainly weren't much upset by anything. And Tommy, making northward, skulking in deep shadows along moonlit roads, wasn't an ever-present tragedy to this pair. So much the better!

"I say it's a dull subject," Steve said. "Let's talk about college education. I gather the Binghams will be taking a house on Faculty Drive."

"They will not!" Caroline said swiftly. Anywhere but there!

"So long as the Binghams don't leave Morrison," Helen said, mirth giving way to solemnity so that she sounded tired and even mournful, "it won't matter. Make it any house in town, if I can go there and bawl sometimes."

"Oh," Caroline said, "you're coming back?"

"You're so proud of the degree you're getting, why shouldn't I? You can't have any idea how I yearn for a degree. A degree must be simply wonderful. And there's all the time in the world to get it. Everybody has lots of time. There's no hurry."

"Somebody," Steve said aloofly, "has to check up on Emery's newspaper. I won't be here to do it."

They had this backward: it was Steve who should be kicking about the time, like Dave. But it was clear that confession hadn't produced any counter-confession. They were uncommitted, unspoken, and not liking it any too well.

"There's an idea," Helen said. "Maybe I could go out for the Daily. Or maybe I could take Pris Farley's place in the hearts of the sisters. Or work in a settlement house. Or play field hockey and take showers. Just fill my hours with gorgeous things. I'll have hundreds of adventures to tell the Binghams in their new house."

"Well," Caroline said deliberately, "you don't seem very settled in your mind."

"I'm a shy thing."

"Shy," Steve said, "wasn't the word."

Helen was more mutinous. "It takes time to settle things, Carol. We're cautious. I'm a burnt child dreading the fire, and Steve—Steve's running over with the pride of the proletariat. Nobody is going to get him to rush into anything till he can meet the upper classes on their own terms, or better. Not that baby. How you talk, Caroline! Settle something? Oh, my dear, we mustn't be rash; we mustn't be premature; we mustn't be hasty!"

TENSION grew between the two of them, reclining in the moonlight, two dark blurs merged in one. Steve said, clearly, "Walk down the beach a way and we'll settle things in two minutes."

Helen's voice warmed and deepened. "Why wait? Settle things right now. Right here."

Caroline pressed Dave's hand. The little waves sounded louder for a long moment. "You're quite right about the proletarian pride," Steve said. "If things are settled, you'll still come back here for a year. While I . . ."

"That way," Helen said simply, "I could love coming back."

There was a slight movement and Helen had found his hand and carried it to her cheek. Caroline felt a slow, sweet pity for her—to wait a year, not to be getting married in nineteen days, and her own hand was alive in Dave's. It was the end of college! That's why they

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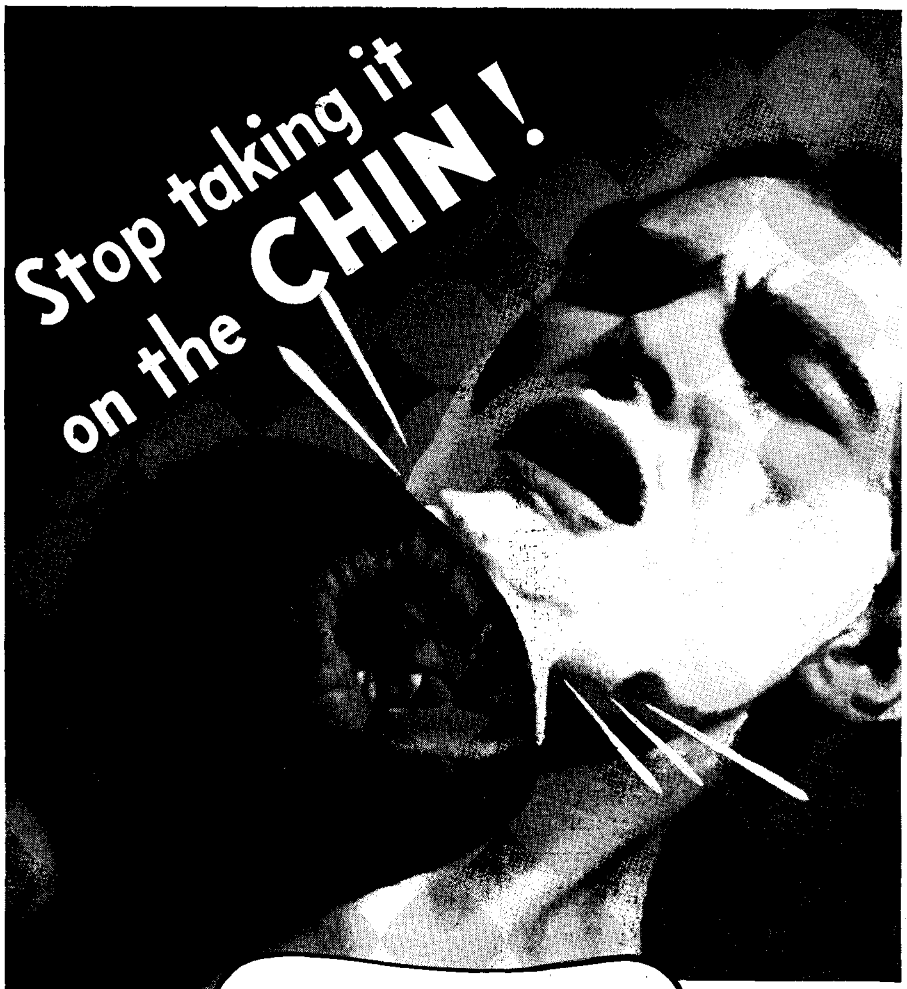
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In time any radio set performs less well. Dirt creeps in, connections corrode, parts deteriorate, tubes weaken. The result? Noise, hum, scratchy reception, erratic operation, loss of volume and distance, poor tone. Your radio service man can fix it easily, quickly, make your set play like new, restore radio's thrill, and for a few pennies a day bring you perfect reception of programs that cost millions to produce! Call your service man TODAY!

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(Continued from page 51)

were all sitting here together, why they weren't willing to drift away in couples. They wanted the ending to be together.

They were silent in the moonlight, with the lake drowsy, held in that regretful mood. The unpredictable, incredible mad senior year was a flowing film in Caroline's mind, everything mingling, changing, shifting, and all coming to this! Till at last she was again thinking of Tommy hurrying blindly toward a wilderness whose very air would soon be vibrating with pursuit. He was infinitely pitiful, and infinitely far away too—remote from her, this stretch of moon and water in between, Dave at her side, and Helen and Steve in a silent, shared reverie that meant their own completion. She moved on from Tommy to Paula. That was the most horrible, but that too was safely beyond the moon and the water.

"Paula!" she said involuntarily. "Think what she'll have to live with till she dies!"

"No," Dave said, out of his shadow. "Don't waste pity on her, Carol. No one will ever put a finger on her, but she's guilty as hell. She crushed Maurice; she drove Pierce crazy, and she killed Fifield. Just a pretty, dissatisfied woman with a lust to destroy. It cost the lives of three men but it won't cost her so much as a headache. Yes, and who knows? This may only be her apprentice work in destruction."

That was wrong. For that moment when Dave himself had broken her was more terrible than damnation, and years of remorse would be still worse, and worst of all—those dark eyes would always be looking at a man sinking to the floor as the echo of a shot traveled back across the lake and it was done, done, done, and nothing could undo it. But as Caroline was moved to protest, Steve stirred on the sand and astonishingly said, "Mr. Bingham, you're a cagey guy. You aren't saying anything and you don't intend to. But I'm pretty cagey. I know what's in your mind and I think you should say it."

Dave waited quite a while before saying quietly, "Yes, you're pretty cagey. But too much has been said. Too much, Steve. And it's better to look back on it than forward to it."

"I don't think so." Steve was stubborn. "Lots of things would have been different if a lot of us hadn't tried to shut up and save people's feelings. No man ever did a better job than you've done, and still you're wrong. This is a pretty stanch pair of girls. You're not calling for any more proof of that, are you? Well, here—" Steve rose off his elbow and Helen, protesting, had to sit up straight. His face was in the moonlight but you couldn't see the expression on it, you could only tell from his voice that he was stirred but stern. "Caroline, whatever happens to Tommy in the end, how close will it come to you?"

"PRETTY close. And not at all. I can't bear to think of them catching him. I can't bear to think of—if they do. And still, it's over now; it's far away; it doesn't mean anything to me."

"Helen?"

"I don't care what happens to him. You don't think—oh, Steve!"

"You know I don't. But—he's nothing at all, is he?"

"Nothing at all. Wherever he is, whatever happens to him."

"When," Dave said, "did you get the idea, Steve?"

"About a minute after I realized that you were glad he'd bolted."

Steve paused. Dave's arm came round Carol's waist and held her tight—protectively. Steve said very quietly, "You see, nobody ever checked up on that second gun, the one that disappeared. The best guess is he didn't throw it into the lake. A good guess, anyway. Probably it's in Tommy's pocket. Probably it has been all along. They won't—" his voice slowed, "they won't be catching Tommy."

Carol could see Helen's face purely carved in moonlight. She kept looking at it. No, Steve was right; they wouldn't be catching Tommy—it was clear and simple—she should have thought of it herself. A deep sob racked her, and Dave's arm tightened. "It's the best way," he said. "Much the best. You don't want that crazed kid in a cell, Carol. You don't want him living forty years in a madhouse. He's cracked open, the catch has slipped. He's done for—and a murderer. It's much the best."

She sank into that strong arm. "Oh!" she said, "let's stay here—let's not go home—let's stay here with each other."

They stayed there for a long time, the four of them while the moon climbed and the water talked. It was the reality she could count on, people she loved, old friends, friends she had shared the worst with and the best. And Dave.

"THE right answer," Emery said, "has to be my father's place in Quebec. Why isn't that a summer for you and me? We could fish, hunt, swim, canoe, talk French—have us a good time. We'd be two other fellows by the time college opens."

That was his salvage: he had warmed to Maurice Traggas. They had dovetailed, this evening, had found their minds and moods and insufficiencies congenial. They had done Emery's routine job at the Daily, had drunk a couple of beers at Keller's Cellar, had talked fitfully. Emery liked this huge, awkward man whom disaster had not succeeded in unhorsing. It would be something to associate with him, to become his friend, to work hard to amuse him and build him up and help him back to self-respect and a career. That wasn't exactly the role Emery had selected for himself, but Carol had had other ideas, and it was the best one left.

"Maybe," Maurice said. "It's hard to think."

It was hard not to think, he meant. Hard to avoid coming back to their argument and their dread. Even going homeward toward the faculty club, with everything agreed on.

"The gun!" Maurice repeated for the twentieth time. "Dave should have thought of it!"

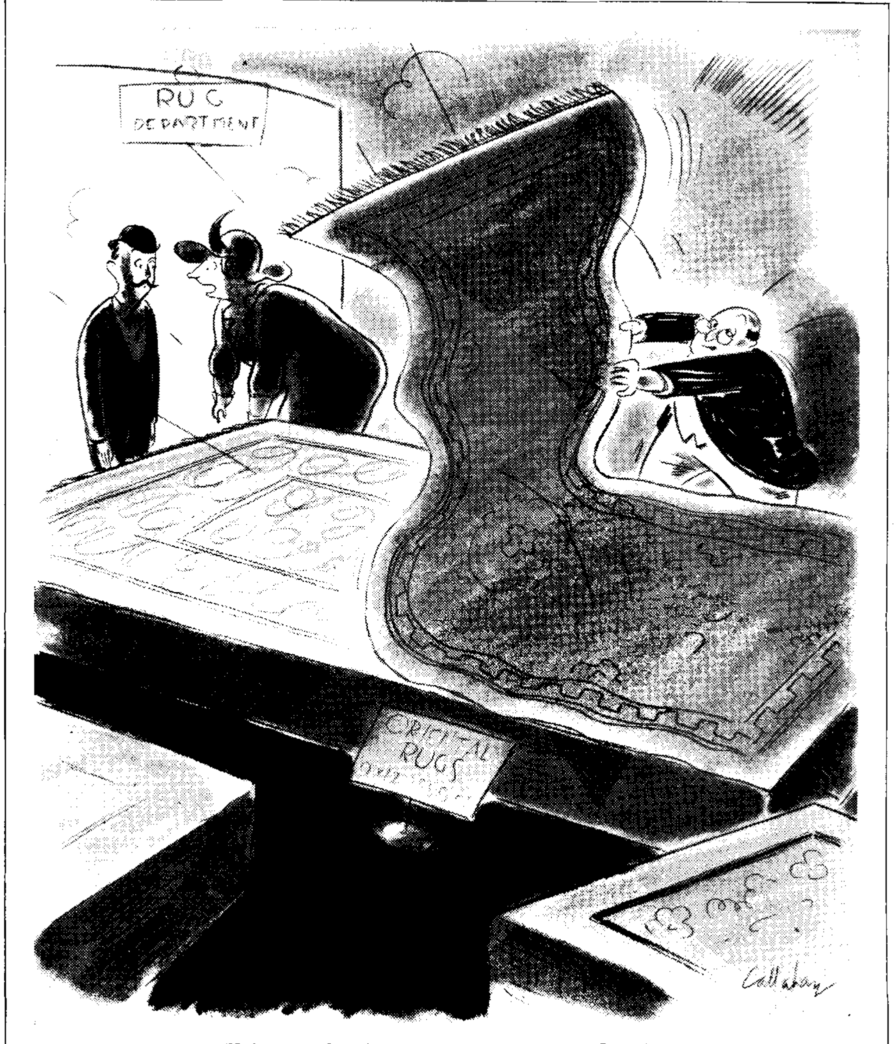
"Don't fool yourself," Emery said. "The guy that puts on the demonstration of applied scientific intelligence that Dave staged this afternoon thinks of everything. Why did he yell at you at dinner? I'm a bum guesser if he didn't have a pretty clear focus on that gun."

They were crossing just below University Hall. Someone came through the shrubbery fifty yards away, hurrying across the lawn at a tangent to them, walking with swift steps, in a desperate hurry. A really frantic hurry—making toward the slope that led up to U Hall. A figure of haste, grotesque in the moonlight, head down, arms wildly swinging, like something in a caricature. He reached the broad walk and came under an arc light.

"Pierce!" Maurice said. "Of course. He would come back."

Maurice broke into a run and at once Emery launched his unwieldy body off the ground and brought him down with a flying tackle. "No!" he panted. "No! Let him go! That's what Bingham wanted." He was dizzily thinking: sure, right to the steps of U Hall, right to the dramatic center of college, right where spectacle will be most splendid. He rolled and clung, Maurice was on top and struggling, but he held on and locked his arms and legs tight. But the chimes in the campanile struck the first note of the melody that preceded the full hour, and before the second note could sound, an unmistakable sharp explosion boomed from the steps. Emery let go. It was all right. They could go now and find him.

THE END



"We're not buying a rug, but let him flip them over again to cool me off. It's hot in here!"

VINCE CALLAHAN

He's the Doctor

Continued from page 17

Cruises now. He came over again next year, toured around at various Danish clubs in this country and finally met a man named Hawkheimer of the Balboa Film Company.

"Just the man," said Hawkheimer. "I'll give you a letter to my brother on the coast and you'll be at work before the week's out."

He had enough money to get to California and he found the second Hawkheimer a very pleasant man.

"Your notices are fine," he said. "Now I'll tell you what you do—you act in the first two pictures for nothing and at the end of that time we'll be able to place your salary just about where it should be."

Hersholt declined. He went out to Inceville instead, dressed in his finest. He took a car to Santa Monica, transferred to Fisher's Wharf and then found he had two miles to walk. He wore spats and a cutaway and a derby hat and a cane, as any self-respecting European actor would do. The road was dusty and hot, and Ince was not there when he arrived. He was met instead by E. H. Allen.

"Never mind the notices," said Allen, looking at him transfixed. "Are those your own clothes you got on?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a tuxedo and a full dress suit?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're hired. Fifteen a week."

His first picture was Bullets and Brown Eyes, in which he appeared with John Gilbert, who was making twelve dollars a week.

He was married and lived in a twelve-fifty a month house at Ocean Park. When he got his pay up to twenty-five dollars, Universal became interested and called him over.

At Universal he made eighty pictures the first year, mostly one-reelers. In those days the various companies at Universal played on one large platform outdoors, with bleacher seats for the visitors, who paid two bits for the privilege of hooting at the actors. There were no lights and they had bed sheets to diffuse the rays of the sun. The stands held about three hundred paid guests and were considered an excellent source of revenue by the company.

Realism in Death Valley

Hersholt later went with H. O. Davis at sixty dollars a week, which was big money, and still later to Triangle for seventy-five dollars, at a time when Maurice Costello, the highest paid of all actors, was getting three hundred dollars a week. When Triangle went broke, Hersholt went up to Portland to direct pictures for a company which felt it had a duty to bring the screen industry to Oregon. It soon went bust and Hersholt came back to Hollywood to direct Zane Grey Westerns for Ben Hampton. He was in a state of fear on this job because he had never ridden a horse and was scared to death of them.

"When we had one of those stampede scenes," says Hersholt, "I'd keep as far away as I could . . . to get perspective."

He played then with Mary Pickford in Tess of the Storm Country and was ready for his great movie experience, Eric Von Stroheim's Greed, held by many to be the best silent film ever made in America.

"I drew nine months, three weeks and five days' pay," says Hersholt, who ordinarily remembers facts but remembered them particularly in this case because the picture almost killed him. The last scenes were made in Death Valley and belong among the great sagas of motion pictures. Von Stroheim was a maniac on the subject of realism. They were on location 287 feet below sea level in August, the worst month of the year.

"It was 161 in the sun and the coolest night we had was 91," says Hersholt. "We were there six weeks. We all made our wills before going down because the studio didn't want Von Stroheim to do those scenes then and washed their hands of responsibility. We had no tents and slept on army cots with the cars around in a circle to keep the sand out. All we had to eat were canned goods and eggs and I soon gave up both. Von Stroheim wouldn't stop at anything. To give the effect of perspiration, he had me coated with oil and I was soon covered with very painful blisters. When we came out I had lost twenty-seven pounds and looked and felt like a character who had been fighting for life in the desert. When we got to Santa Barbara, I collapsed and was in bed for three weeks. It was a tremendous experience."

Babies, Dogs and Tears

Next to Greed, Hersholt considers Stella Dallas his best picture. It brought him a starring contract at Universal and he was there for four years in such pictures as the Old Soak and Alias the Deacon. He made $2,500 a week and didn't like it. Except for one ten-months period, he has been under contract steadily for more than twenty-two years and prefers character parts to stardom.

Hersholt is fifty years old, has kept a diary every day for thirty years, has what is considered the finest private library in Hollywood (his collection of first editions is widely known), still paints a little and spends a lot of time going over catalogs of rare books and deciding whether he can afford them. His collection of Hans Christian Andersen is the best in the country and he has a good Dickens group. He is celebrating his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary this year and watches with some care the career of his son, who writes for screen papers and has ambitions to be a playwright.

He had a fine time with Dr. Dafoe in Callender, swapping books in furious fashion. They were six days with the quintuplets and Dr. Dafoe was present every time they saw the babies. Cameramen were astonished at the quints. Usually when they work with a group of children, they all get crying. The Dionne wonders only cried a total of a minute and a half in the six days.

"When they're sitting in their high chairs," says Hersholt, "you can't tell them apart. They look like five duplicates of one pattern of a French doll—black hair, red cheeks. The strange thing is that Dr. Dafoe can't tell one from another by looking at them. He knows them only by their actions. I got the impression that the doctor liked Marie best of the children. That may be because she has had the hardest time of it, but I also got the idea that Dr. Dafoe thought Marie would sometime dominate the other four."

There was consternation on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot when the report came of another set of quints in Nicaragua, with Zanuck having some harsh things to say about the way nature was acting, but the gloom was dispelled by later bulletins saying that a recount had shown a slight error.

"Oh, I think it'll go all right," says Hersholt. "Babies—dogs—tears. Everything but the American flag and the Marines."

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2 Prizes will be awarded *only* for pictures made at night, either indoors or outdoors, by artificial light. Winners will be chosen solely on subject interest and appeal, not on technical excellence. The decision of the judges shall be final.

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Prize Contest Office
Eastman Kodak Company
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Little Guy

Continued from page 19

right then to pay much attention. We were snowed under with work. Besides the Navy jobs, we had an experimental low-wing proposition for the Army, and five little night mail crocks for a South American line.

It was those night mail jobs where Leon's stubbornness showed up most. A guy named Van Undtervelt had come up from Buenos Aires with a lot of ideas for the plane, and he had cash, so Leon had taken the contract. After Mr. Van Undtervelt went back to Buenos Aires, we began to find out things. His specifications had a lot of trick gadgets in 'em. Things like dump valves in all gas tanks, and five-minute electrical flares instead of the usual three-minute gravity type, and wing slots and wing flaps and some other things even worse.

Well, before we were well into the job, we knew there was going to be trouble. But Leon figured he was smart enough to invent all the things, and it was a kind of a matter of pride with him that he'd never backed down yet when he'd said he'd build something. So we did the best we could. Everybody must have forgotten the flares, working on the other things, until it came time to order the first ones. The matter came up at the weekly staff conference.

"Van Undtervelt insisted on these flares," Leon said, pacing the thick rug by his desk. "Has anybody here seen them used?"

Jimmy Stetson said, "There's plenty of screwy things on this crock already," he said. "The farther you get away from these flares, the better you'll get along. They'll kill somebody sooner or later, if you use them."

Leon stopped pacing. You've seen them in use?" he asked.

"Seen them in use!" Jimmy said. "I had two of 'em fail one night when my engine iced up in a snowstorm and I had to get down. I had to bail out on account of those flares. They're no good."

THE next day it rained. There was no flying on account of low ceilings, and Jimmy moped along behind me all over the plant.

"What did you and Leon decide about those flares?" I asked finally. "You going to have to fly tests for 'em?"

"Naw," he said. "The flare people are going to do it next week in Chicago, and we're all going up there. You know, those kind of flares have set two or three planes on fire. That guy Horner—" He broke off gloomily.

I waited a minute, and then he said, "Do you know what that big stuffed shirt did?"

"What?" I said.

"You know that new car Harriet has?" he snapped. "Well, Horner gave it to her—told her it was a present from the company. But it was really a present from him, although I can't make her believe it."

"Well," I said, "I guess he can afford it, and Harriet needs a car—and you seem to get plenty riding in it yourself, so where is the kick?"

He glowered at me. "No girl of mine can keep driving a car another man gave her."

"You told Harriet that?" I asked.

"I told her that," he said, his voice kind of queer.

And, you know, that was all I could get out of that little guy. He shut up like a clam when I tried to find out what had happened. After a while, just before lunch, he went home—and he didn't go near Harriet. Of course, then, I knew they'd had some kind of a fight over that car. The more I thought about it, the more I saw Leon Horner's smooth shrewdness at work. Jimmy wasn't a twenty-a-week clerk who could be eased out of the picture, the way the other two guys had been; Jimmy was probably the best test pilot east of the Mississippi, and Leon couldn't afford to lose him right now. And a man can't just walk up to another man and say, "You stay away from that girl," just because he's jealous.

I was busy and I really thought it would blow over. I was probably a little relieved, I think, to know how Leon was trying to work it. But the day after that I wasn't relieved, for I saw what the whole thing had done to Jimmy. He was not exactly temperamental, like I said but he was peculiar. He was emotional, and that's a bad thing in a test pilot, no matter how good he may be.

IT HAD quit raining, and the ceiling was up to eight or nine hundred feet and Jimmy had a Navy fighter up wringing it out before we delivered it. And all of a sudden I heard that little crate start to moan like the wail of the damned—and I looked up and couldn't see anything but gray clouds with a light mist falling out of them. My first thought was that Jimmy had pulled the wings off. The moan grew to a shriek, and I began to get scared.

Then I saw the crate come out of the clouds like a plummet, headed straight for the ground, and my tongue froze to the roof of my mouth. It seemed forever that Jimmy had that nose stuck toward the ground, before he pulled back on it. He wasn't three hundred feet when he started the pull-out. I tried to look away, but I couldn't. Jimmy came down over the field and he actually rolled his two wheels on the runway out of that dive! As he pulled up again, I felt sweat pop out all over my face, and I was as weak as a mouse.

Well, for an hour, Jimmy kept that Navy job moaning and screaming. I've seen some wild flying, but nothing like that. He started a loop from the ground, and at eight hundred feet, on his back, spun out of it. Of course, he had a parachute on—but a parachute wouldn't have helped much that day, he was so low. He did slow rolls at one hundred feet, and flew over the plant on his back so low it looked like his top wing would drag on the smokestack. When he got down, I was a wreck.

"You know," I said, when I got over to him, "I've seen some damned fools in my life, but nobody like you. If you're trying to commit suicide, use a gun. The wear and tear on the rest of us won't be so bad."

He climbed out of the cockpit, and his face had a kind of a sour, stony expression. "If it bothers you," he said, "why do you look?"

I didn't say anything more. What was the use, with a guy like that? But I was worried. And the next day and the day after that he gave me reason for plenty more worry, until I was about to go nuts. Jimmy could fly, but anybody can make a mistake, you know. And in this game, one mistake is too many. He wasn't giving himself any margin, and one mistake would put him under the ground.

The third day, it got to where I couldn't stand it. He was kind of daring himself to see how far he would go, I do think. He tried an outside loop from fifteen hundred feet. An outside loop is something no pilot can judge just exactly. Jimmy cleared the ground by fifty feet, but he could just as easy have run out of altitude. I went down to see Leon.

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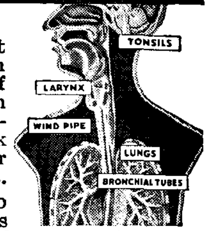

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"Mr. Horner," I said, "this Jimmy has got to have a halter, and I can't put one on him. Haven't you been seeing the wild stuff he's doing? Won't you tell him he's got to stop it?"

Leon said, "I've been hearing it. I might stop it, if it were not such a perfect way to test these Navy jobs. You asked me to hire Jimmy, Dad, and I hired him to do just what he is doing."

I saw I wasn't getting anywhere, but I said, "That's true enough, but you could tell him he has to get more altitude for his acrobatics. He's even violating Department of Commerce regulations—"

"I know that," Leon said. "Maybe you should talk to a DOC inspector. If I told him to go higher, he'd bow his neck and go lower immediately, just to show what he thinks of me—and I don't want to fire him or get him grounded. I'm not exactly his hero, you know, Dad. But don't worry about him—he's too good a pilot to hurt himself. He knows what he's doing."

That was sound reasoning enough, but I didn't feel reassured. I knew that Jimmy could keep at this kind of flying only so long, and then—wham! something would let go, and I would have lost the best friend I ever had. I had to do something about it. Yet what could I do? I couldn't quite see myself going to a DOC inspector and turning Jimmy in for low flying, and causing him to get his license jerked. That would have stopped it all right! I admit I felt like something that drastic, but that was a little beyond me. As I walked down the corridor, I heard him at it again.

Maybe you've heard one of these Navy fighters at work—coming down in a long power dive that sounds like ten thousand buzz saws all had a-hold of a pine knot together. When I hear it, I always get kind of the chills. I heard that sound coming now, far off, high up, coming down like a bullet. Something told me this wasn't any plain dive, and I got goose bumps all over me, running out to the door.

I nearly fell over Harriet Sanders, there. She was standing on the steps, holding her hands up over her eyes, trying to see. I picked out Jimmy's plane. He was doing an aileron spin, just as slow and graceful, headed straight for the ground. I couldn't tell whether the ship was out of control or not, but I could tell it was doing three or four hundred miles an hour, and I started tightening up, trying to help Jimmy jump out, or pull up, or do something.

WELL, we stood there, just Harriet and I, and she had hold of my arm and her little fingers were digging into it all unconscious of what she was doing. Jimmy dived down to maybe four hundred feet, and when it looked like he was lost sure enough, he stopped the spin and pulled out and climbed right straight back up three thousand feet out of the prettiest recovery I ever had seen. And at my side, Harriet was saying, "Oh, I hate him! I wish he wouldn't do things like that all the time!"

I don't know what got into me, but all of a sudden I could see things pretty clearly, and I got kind of mad, too. I said to her, "Whenever a guy like Jimmy goes screwy, you can blame a woman, somewhere."

She looked at me with a puzzled frown. She said, "I don't know what you mean—"

I said, "You think about that long enough, and maybe you'll see what I mean." And I walked on away.

That night a cold wave passed over, and a blizzard set in and howled for two days. The flare tests were set for the nineteenth, and the evening of the nineteenth it was still below zero with a gale blowing off Lake Michigan. I supposed they were going to call the test off. The snow had stopped, but it still didn't look like a night to go flying, to me. I'd been listening to the radio, and the air mail was all on the ground—and when those boys cancel, it's bad. But Jimmy telephoned about six o'clock that the flare people had managed to get over from Ohio that morning with their demonstration plane, bringing a flare engineer, and Leon was anxious to get the tests run so production wouldn't be held up on the mail jobs. It was like Leon, I thought, to go on with a test on a night like that one promised to be. Jimmy came by, and we drove to the Chicago municipal airport and met the others—Leon and Harriet and three foremen from the Hildermann plant.

I was sure surprised to find Harriet there. She gave Jimmy a quick look, and spoke casually, and that was all there was to it. After that, you wouldn't have known they'd ever met before in their lives.

IT WASN'T until we'd waited a few minutes, and nobody else showed up, that Leon telephoned the hotel where the flare people were staying. And then I was sure sick about having spent a night driving back and forth in the snow, all for nothing. There'd be no tests tonight after all, because the pilot and flare engineer had both frozen their faces, flying that afternoon, and were in the hospital.

"Well," I said to Jimmy, "let's get our snowplow started home. It's a long way."

"Wait," Leon said. He picked up the telephone, and after three or four calls he said, "We're going to fly the tests anyway. Dad, you and I'll ride with Jimmy and we'll use the flare people's plane."

Jimmy got kind of grim. He said, "It's ten below on the ground, and it'll be twenty below in the air. I haven't even a flying suit."

Leon said, "We'll borrow flying suits." He picked up the telephone once more.

"And three parachutes, too," Jimmy said.

Leon nodded. He got hold of a transport company and arranged to borrow some clothes. "And I want three parachutes, too," he said. . . . "You have no 'chutes? . . . They've disposed of their 'chutes since they've gone in the passenger business," he said to Jimmy. "We can get along without 'chutes. We won't be high enough to jump, anyhow."

"We don't fly without 'em," Jimmy said. "I saw these flares set a ship on fire once before."

After a while Leon located one 'chute which didn't do anyone any good, because nobody would wear it as long as the other two didn't have any.

"Look, Stetson," Leon argued. "The ceiling is only a thousand feet, and there's a thirty-mile wind on the ground, and you wouldn't want to jump in this wind and from that altitude. You'll have a square mile of landing field under you all the while. I thought you were the guy who would fly anything, any time!"

"Anything, any time—but I sit on a 'chute," Jimmy said, getting sore.

"All right," Leon said kind of sarcastically, "you sit on the 'chute we've located. Dad and I'll take our chances. If the ship catches on fire you go on and jump."

I thought Jimmy was going to jump up and down, he was burned up so bad. But he didn't, and we pulled on our clothes. I'll say this for Leon Horner—he was sincere, and he didn't take the easy side of a job. He could have stayed a lot warmer, sitting with Harriet in his car on the prairie where the flares were going to be dropped. But he couldn't have seen everything quite as well from there, so he was going along. And it was going to be punishment! I knew there weren't enough clothes in

(*Continued on page 56*)

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(Continued from page 55)

the world to keep a man warm in an open airplane at twenty below.

The plane was a double cockpit affair, the forward cockpit built to carry four people. Leon and I got in, loading in light meters and a mess of wire that kept getting tangled up in our thickly-gloved hands. The wind went right through me, and even after I was inside the cockpit the cold just stayed next to my skin where the wind had put it. I stood it the best I could, waiting while Leon got set, and Jimmy, way aft in his cockpit, got the cold engine started.

There was a dry, powdery snow on the ground, and it was blowing up in our faces, swirling around, sharp crystals of it that cut like a sand blast. I was frozen before Jimmy ever taxied down to the end of the runway, but when we took off I discovered I hadn't really been cold before.

I'd never been up at night, although I'd flown plenty with Jimmy in daylight. It was sure a strange sight. The gray blackness of the snow-covered ground was a background for a million lights. Off to the northeast, Chicago made a bright glow, through smoke and snow flurries, against the base of the clouds. We circled out toward the southwest, and then, suddenly I saw two lights down there winking at us and I knew that was the signal of the other foremen that they were ready.

Leon was working to get his light meters and gadgets hooked up. I couldn't see his face very well, for my goggles were fogging. But I heard him yell:

"Okay, Dad! Kick off the first one!"

I had the switch in my hands, and all I had to do was make the contact. The flares were mounted on the fuselage behind Jimmy's cockpit, horizontal, and when I made the contact, the powder was to shoot the flare can out of its tube like a projectile, after which another charge of powder in the can itself, by a time fuse, was to ignite the flare and at the same time expel the parachute. I closed the switch, feeling a little excited, but more than anything in a hurry, because I was cold.

THE detonation of the expelling charge made the ship tremble, and I could hear the faint "umbh!" of it above the tone of the engine. I craned my neck, trying to see the flare ignite as it fell, but I couldn't catch sight of it. Leon yelled, "Did you fire it?"

I yelled, "Yes! Didn't you feel it explode?"

Jimmy circled in the dark, waiting. I don't know why, but I knew even then that something was wrong. But Jimmy gave no evidence of anxiety when I looked back at him.

"Let another one go!" Leon shouted. "The first must have misfired."

I let another one go, and there was that faint tremor again, and after that —nothing. So, on Leon's orders, one at a time, I shot the other two, making four. And just then, all of a sudden, the tail of the plane seemed to explode.

The blinding white light smothered us in a flash, and in the glare of it I could see Jimmy standing up in the cockpit, and I knew then the motor's sound had ebbed into silence, and I could hear Jimmy: "We're on fire! Kick out the rest of the flares before they explode!"

Fright came over me in a breath-taking wave. I'd known Jimmy Stetson too long to think he might overestimate danger. I fumbled at the flare switch, knowing all the time that I'd already done all I could. The plane went into a steep dive, power off, turning. The earth was brilliant with the light from this horrible incandescence. Through my mind went the searing thought that the flares' heat was certain to burn off the tail and leave Jimmy without any control—letting us plunge straight into the ground.

So it was a matter of time, and of Jimmy holding his nerve and making himself stand the torture of that heat, while he landed. If he took a second too long, the tail would melt off, or the pain of the fire would drive him out of the cockpit. I shouted hoarsely, trying to encourage him, but I guess all I did was make a wild sound in the wind. Leon was frozen in his seat, his hands making kind of clawing movements on the cowling. Then, as if he'd just discovered that it was the thing to do, he grabbed the fire extinguisher and tried to squirt a stream back on the glare. I knocked his arms down, screaming that if that fluid got into Jimmy's eyes we'd be gone sure enough.

WE'D been flying at less than a thousand feet, under the clouds, and all Jimmy did was turn into the wind, and cut the gun back, and go into a steep, nose-low side-slip. But it took time to get to the ground, and all the time I could actually see the tail burning off!

We must have looked like a blazing comet. I could see the ground clearly in that white light, the parked cars, the black dots that were people down there. I think we were slipping almost vertically.

And then I was knocked down in the cockpit on top of Leon, as Jimmy pulled up from the dive and leveled off. I remember raising my head to see a blur of white speed which was the prairie, and saying a quick prayer for the landing, and then the wheels were biting into the soft drifts, and we were slowing down, fast. And behind me, Jimmy was yelling like mad for us to get out of there. I got untangled from the wires and got out, and there was no use to try to help Jimmy, because that game little guy was already down in the snow, trying to help us.

We got out all right, but we lost the light meters. And it was then, when we'd got far enough away that there was no danger of an explosion throwing burning gas on us, that Jimmy let himself go. He must have been saving it up a long time.

"Well," he yelled, "nobody could tell you a thing, and you had to damn' near kill all of us, didn't you? I've been promising myself for a long time I'd smear that ugly mug of yours," he yelled. And then—bam! He let go with that left, which missed Leon a mile.

But he meant it. He kept right on swinging. Leon stuck out his left, kind of half-heartedly. Just then Jimmy walked into it, swinging again, and fell down. It looked like Leon had popped him, all right.

Well, you know, I'd forgotten all about Harriet being over there in Leon's car. But just as Jimmy fell down, Harriet came running up. Women are sure queer. She hadn't spoken half a dozen words with Jimmy in the last ten days, but now:

"You stop that!" she yelled. "Leon Horner, if you're going to hit somebody, find somebody your size!" She was sure sore. She dropped down into the snow and started to lift Jimmy's head.

Leon said, "I didn't hit him. He was trying to hit me, and he fell down. I wouldn't hit a runt who's not even your size."

Jimmy only had the wind knocked out of him. He heard that, and if he'd been dead he'd have jumped up just the same. I guess he caught Leon kind of unawares, because he socked Leon real quick —and real hard. The funny thing was, Leon went down—and he wasn't just out of breath.

"Now," Jimmy said to Harriet, walking over and grabbing her by the arm, not very gently, "we're going to settle it about that automobile. Is it going back to Leon?"

Harriet looked surprised, and she opened her mouth, and she said, kind of startled, "Why—yes."

"And there'll be no more of this foolishness about you working for anybody after we're married?"

"No," Harriet said.

"And we're going to get married—right away?"

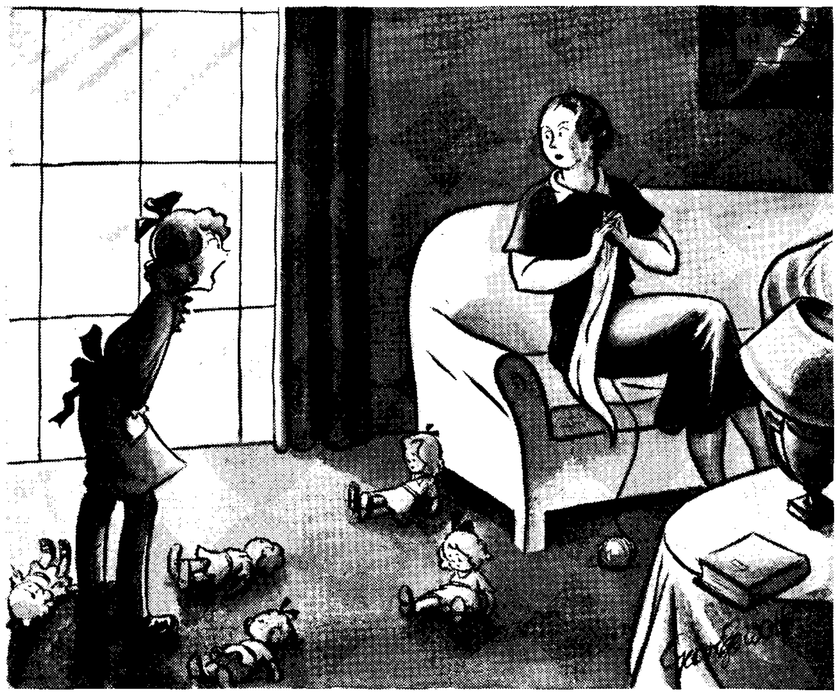
"Why—yes," Harriet said.

"Well, let's get away from here. We'll go in my car. Dad can see that Leon gets home."

"All right," Harriet said.

WELL, I've lived a long time, but I've never seen anything quite like the change in Jimmy. Of course, you'd expect a change, with him married to Harriet. But I don't mean about his sobering down in his flying. I mean about him being a hothead and temperamental and such as that. He's sure funny, in some ways. Leon kids him a lot about being a little guy, and Jimmy just grins, and likes it, I guess. It doesn't worry him like it used to do. People do change.

I feel pretty good about everything. It sure makes a difference to know your kid's straightened out, even if he isn't one of your own, but one you've just adopted and raised.



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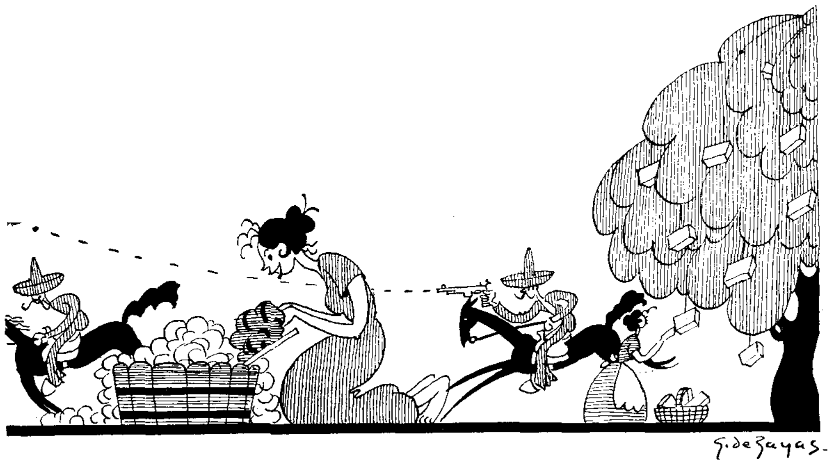

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Of the numerous kinds of soap plants that were once extensively used for washing because of their unusual emulsifying and cleansing properties, probably the most interesting is a tree which grows in tropical America. Its pulpy fruit is said to clean as much linen as sixty times its weight of manufactured soap.

Soviet Russia shows its hatred for the former czars through the altered inscription on the statue of Alexander III (1845-1894) in the Square of the Revolution in Leningrad. Replacing the former honorary phrases are the words: "My son and my father were executed and I reap the harvest of immortal shame. I am standing here as a cast-iron scarecrow for the country which has forever thrown off the yoke of despotism."

Undoubtedly the most important job held today by a school of goldfish is helping in the operation of the broadcasting station in Droitwich, England. These 150 fish eat the algae that grow in the water-cooling system of the transmitter tubes and thereby prevent these aquatic plants from clogging the pipes.—*By Ralph Bevan, Wichita, Kansas.*

Fingerprints made by the moisture of the hand can be identified only when left on smooth or polished surfaces. They cannot be classified, owing to insufficient ridge detail, when made on such rough surfaces as unpolished wood, iron or stone, textiles, certain kinds of paper or human skin.

Despite the fact that cracked or chipped chinaware often harbors bacilli of contagious diseases, Australia is the only country that is known to enforce strictly its law against the use of damaged dishes in public eating places.

Raphael is believed to have achieved an honor never attained by any other artist. With the exception of two or three of his paintings which are in private hands and probably could not be bought for less than $1,000,000 each, all his works are in art museums and national galleries.

One of the strangest hoaxes in history deceived the entire educated world in 1703 when a man, pretending to be a native of Formosa, which no European had ever visited, arrived in London with a "Formosan" alphabet, dictionary, national guide and coins, all of which he had invented. For 30 years he was lionized as Europe's only Formosan and few believed him when he confessed.

On January 1, 1934, the investment in the electric power stations of the United States was 12.9 billions of dollars, while the investment in utilization equipment was 13.2 billions. In other words, the value of the machinery that produces our electric power virtually equals the value of all our industrial machinery and household appliances that consume it. —*By Alice Corbett, Camden, New Jersey.*

The coronation of King Edward VIII in 1937 will revive the "offices" of many gentlemen who, through inheritance, claim to have a part in this ceremony. The most picturesque is that of The Champion of England, who owns the privilege of challenging to mortal combat any "sorry knave" who intimates the King is not the rightful king. Two others have the privilege of holding the Champion's right- and left-hand gloves.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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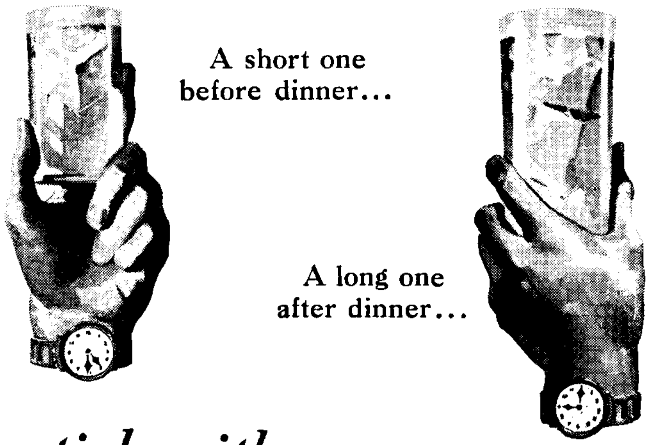
No matter what your watch says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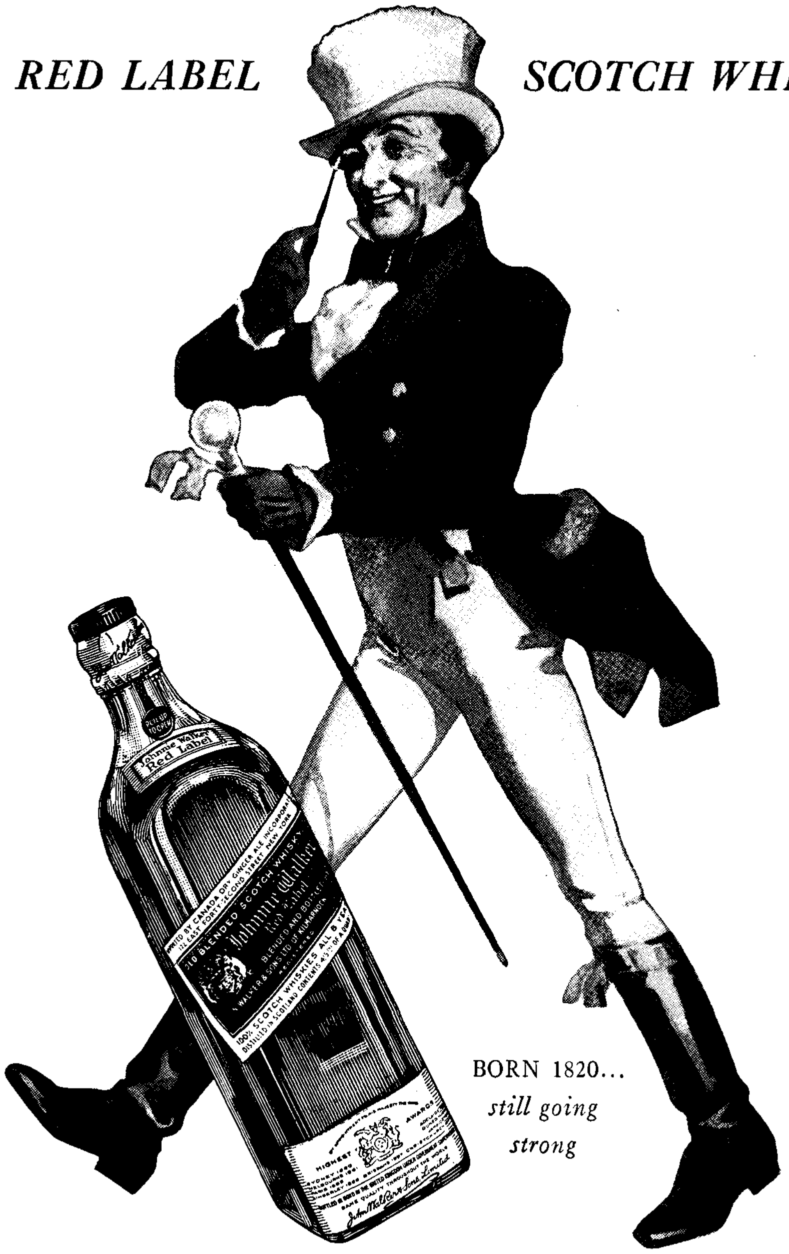

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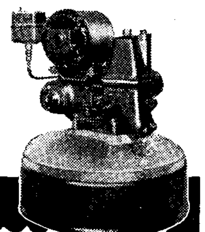

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Sight Unseen

Continued from page 13

rarely suited. The uncles and aunts were not, decidedly. Divining why their Ruth did not want this lawyer locked up, they were the more indignantly resolved to put him where he belonged.

Their Ruth wasn't even pretty. Her eyes were good, but so solemn; and ruined by those eyebrows. Socially, she was an extra girl and a fourteenth at dinner; mentally, she didn't know the answers. This young sharper wasn't even after her money: he had that!

To all appearances, P. Mortimer was a very likely prospect for some future trip of the green van that takes the convicts from the Tombs to the Grand Central on their way "up the river." And then John Dyce intervened: the case had had newspaper publicity, and the blind man didn't agree with the general belief in the young lawyer's guilt.

THE willful blind man was unimpressed by eyewitnesses. He was not of the docile blind who are overawed, as is blind justice, by the sweeping claims made for sight.

If this lawyer wanted to be robbed, why was not the pretense made of an everyday stick-up in the street?

But if he was not in on it, his own apartment would be the place to waylay him. . . . This mincing and iron-handed superintendent: might it have been he who was working with the robber, keeping watch outside? . . . The robber had come prepared to break a safe: how had he known there was a safe in that flat?

An interesting case . . . and with a stake permitting of a reasonable fee; reasonable even to a blind man of luxurious tastes, and who, before making his own peace with the law, had drawn an ample income from an extra-legal business. . . .

He lifted the telephone in his unlighted office in his spacious Park Avenue apartment. . . . And the telephone rang at that hour of 2:00 A. M. beside P. Mortimer's uneasy head in the Belgrand. It was the young lawyer's last night in the house; he was moving, because of the publicity.

RUTH and P. Mortimer visited the Park Avenue apartment on the following evening.

They were admitted to the apartment by a lank-faced and long-jawed man with low and mellow voice and melancholy gaze; this was Fay, John Dyce's body servant. Fay switched on a light in the office, saw them seated, switched the light off and returned to the foyer, leaving them with Miss Bright, who would keep an ear on them.

Voices sounded in the foyer. An invisible man padded into the office. A light snapped on over a center desk.

A square-built black-haired man, in evening dress except for felt-soled shoes and an office-jacket of black silk, was standing in the cone of light, hand extended. Large black lenses masked the eye-places in the impassive and grimly handsome face.

"Mr. Dicks? I am John Dyce. Good evening. . . . But you are not alone." The hand went out again. "May I have the pleasure?"

A handshake was not a perfunctory gesture to the blind man. The contact of palm and palm was informative, supplementing the voice.

Miss Bright, eyes closed, moved about the room on routine duties with the gliding motion of a Chinese lady.

Ruth's presence as second to the indicted lawyer was a piquant feature; it was quickly understood by the blind man. In dissembling, sighted people rely chiefly on gesture and facial expression, neither of which had meaning for John Dyce, to whom the tongue spoke out of the fullness of the heart.

"IF YOUR story is true," he said after prefatory talk, "you were out of that apartment more than a minute."

"Mr. Dyce, it wasn't even thirty seconds! I had the money on my mind all the time. I wouldn't leave it unguarded."

"How long were you away seeking the police?"

"Till I came back to the apartment? Maybe ten minutes."

"Did the apartment look the same when you came back?"

"Yes—or I suppose so. When I saw that safe open and the money gone, I didn't stop to look things over."

"Why didn't Mannix run after the robber?"

"That I can't say."

"Why didn't you pursue the robber instantly?"

"Well—I went in to look at the safe."

"Are you sure the robber was not concealed in the apartment when you first entered?"

"I don't think he was. It didn't occur to me to search."

"Were you in that apartment at this time last year?"

"I was. My mother was alive then, and—" He halted, and then said, "I'm almost glad she's not alive now."

"Mort!" Ruth's hand went out to him.

"Were the storm windows up last year, Mr. Dicks?"

"Not so early," said P. Mortimer, rallied by the continued inquisitorial tone. "Last year they went on in December. But Mannix thought we'd have a sudden freeze over this Halloween, and he put them on at once. You'd have to know Mannix to understand that, Mr. Dyce: he's always thinking ahead for the tenants' comfort."

"I shall know Mr. Mannix. He has a passkey?"

"A master key to all the apartments. They usually have."

"You think that you and the men who came to you in the 125th Street office were the only ones knew you had the money?"

"The only ones who could have known! I didn't know myself I was to get the money till that one-eyed man put it down."

The blind man sat in meditation, the black and shining lenses giving him illogically an appearance of unwinking scrutiny.

"Mr. Dyce, please." It was Ruth. "I've told Mort to say that I gave him the money. Please make him do it, Mr. Dyce!"

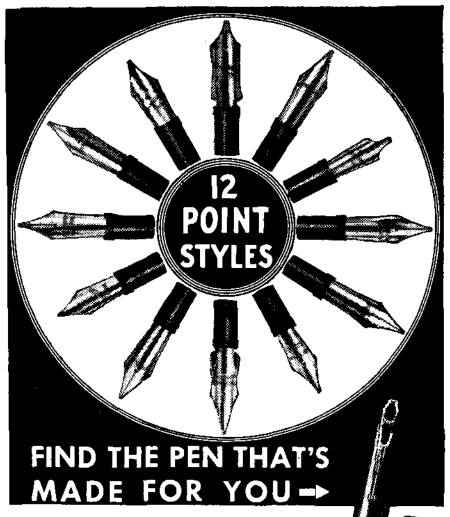
"I absolutely shall not, Ruth! If this is my last case as a lawyer, I'll fight it on the square!"

"I think, too, that Mr. Dicks will instruct you," suggested the blind man, whose experience in manipulating other people's money had been broad and ample, "that your gift to him would come too late. It would mean to the district attorney that Mr. Dicks had made a private deal with you, and he would try the harder to convict. Let us not run up the white flag yet."

He felt that these youngsters were clinging to him, a blind man, like drowning persons.

"Mr. Dicks, did you or the police go through the other apartments on that floor that night?"

"Yes, we did, immediately. We thought that perhaps—"



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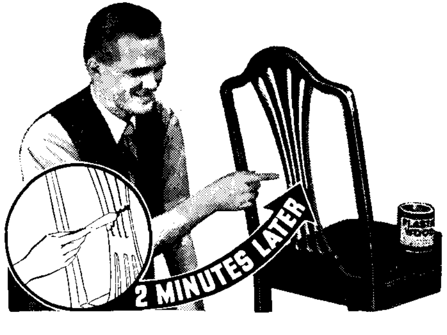

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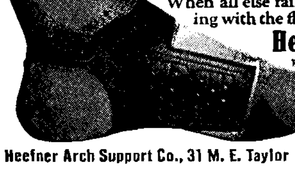

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"Was there a broken safe in any other apartment?"

"Oh, no; they were all in good order." He lifted his eyebrows humorously. "As good order as they were ever in. A bathtub had overflowed in apartment 48 across the hall, but that was just the rotten old plumbing, and Mannix was on the job fixing it."

"Then it was your apartment that you saw ransacked; and, since the thing could not have been done in a few seconds, the apartment that you left in good order when you stepped into the hall was not yours. . . . Somebody with access had moved your things into another apartment before you arrived; and he moved them back, or threw them back any which way, while you ran after the robber. Does that seem too difficult?"

"Well, no," said P. Mortimer slowly. "But, Mr. Dyce, I know where my own apartment is, after living there for years! And Mannix was right there when I went in and when I came out. How could—"

"But, Mort, that's what must have happened!"

"If you had opened a window and looked out," said John Dyce, "you would have known that you were not in apartment 43. Why didn't you open a window?"

"The apartment was too cold already. And those storm windows were so dirty I couldn't see through them. . . . Then I must have put your money, Ruth, into the safe in that apartment."

"Oh, Mort—then we can get it!"

"Hardly in that safe, Miss Gilfether," smiled John Dyce. "But perhaps we can get the thief to find it for us. He is an adroit fellow! He must have learned of the money from those men who came to you in the 125th Street office; but he handed over their man O'Dea to arrest—for breaking into an empty safe—and deftly took the money for himself.

"Mr. Dicks—get me a plan of that fourth floor; you can get it in the Building Department. And hold your nerve; no one has ever thrown dust in my eyes yet."

JOHN DYCE, coming with Fay in the late afternoon from the Bureau of Criminal Identification in the Police Department, entered his car, piloted by his chauffeur and strong arm—Ronin of the crushed nose and cauliflower ear—and was driven uptown to the Belgrand.

Entering, he asked for the superintendent and introduced himself as an out-of-town jeweler who liked the location, which was in the wholesale jewelry center.

"We try to make it homelike, sir." The superintendent gazed up winningly at the limpid eyes behind John Dyce's spectacles.

"But how is the police protection about here, Mr. Mannix? I'm taking an early train Friday morning, and that means that I will have close to a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry with me when I walk in here at six o'clock Thursday night. That's enough to make a man think. Didn't you have a robbery here not long ago?"

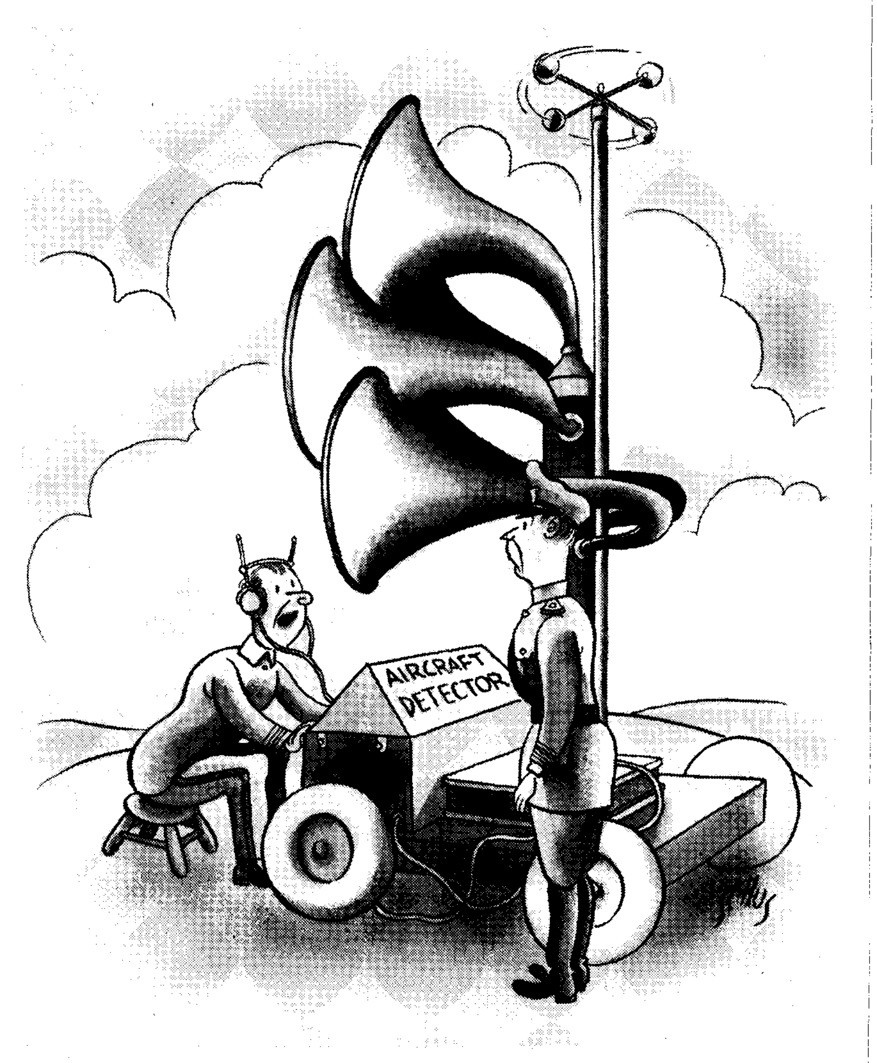
"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Higgins!" protested Mr. Mannix, glancing at the card that John Dyce had given him and then appealingly at the lantern-jawed Fay in the background.

"To be perfectly candid, sir, we had a lawyer here who asserted that he had been robbed, but the authorities looked into it and found that he had robbed himself! It was not his own money, sir. We have just the one apartment available, sir, if you care to see it."

"Well—if I won't be robbed in it except by myself."

Mr. Mannix presently admitted them to apartment 43, late of P. Mortimer Dicks, Esq.

(Continued on page 60)



"All I keep hearing is: 'Fourth floor, women's coats, dresses, linens, underwear—' "

ADOLPH SCHUS

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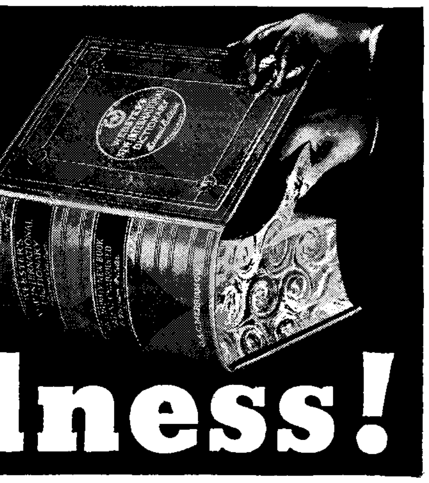

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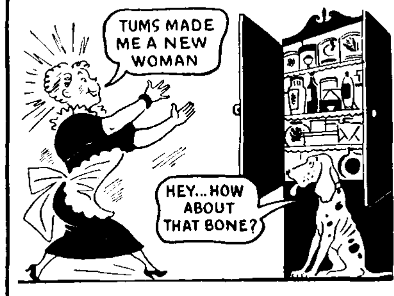

**OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND . . .**

Can You Finish This Jingle? $250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

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MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

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TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
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Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

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Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified promptly thereafter.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 26-B, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri. (Be sure to enclose wrapper from a 10c roll of Tums).

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WHILE FLOWERS SCENT THE BREEZE
AND SANI-FLUSH IS JUST THE THING
TO CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE!

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(Continued from page 59)

"This is fortunately available, sir; the only one. Newly redecorated and refurnished. . . . Here is the main bedroom. There is a new wall safe of the latest and most approved type, secure against fire and theft, little as either is to be anticipated in the Belgrand."

"Snug-looking," nodded John Dyce, moving his bright blue eyes about. "And a good safe! Just what I want; let me have the present combination. I'll take this."

"Can I provide any adjunct to your comfort, sir? Twenty-four-hour service, and every trouble is a pleasure."

"Then I'll make all the trouble I can for you, Mr. Mannix," promised the new tenant graciously.

When alone with Fay, the blind man moved about the apartment, acquainting himself with it. The obstacle sense in his forehead—a sense latent in the sighted, being unused—told him of whatever mass was before him, while the echoes sounded the mass, going behind the surface as sight does not. He had no superhuman gift; his feats surprised the sighted only because he approached on their blind side.

When the elevator hall was deserted, he paced it; it seemed to accord with the floor plan. He had Fay confirm his opinion, as he could not perceive color or slender objects at a distance or distinguish lighting effects.

"That's true, Mr. Dyce. Except for the elevator here, and the numbers on the apartment doors, both sides are the same."

"And a stairs at each end," nodded the blind man, smiling.

ON THURSDAY evening, John Dyce's car, driven by Ronin, drew up before the Belgrand. With the blind man behind the shades were his young lawyer-client, and Fay. In a cab standing down the block were a half-dozen Police Department detectives.

"Good evening, Mr. Higgins," greeted Mr. Mannix in the entrance hall. "Bracing weather, isn't it? And had you a good day, sir?"

"Excellent, Mannix!" John Dyce's handsome blue eyes swung guardedly toward his shoulder. He drew a wallet from his breast and opened and closed it swiftly, giving the superintendent a glimpse of sparkling contents. "The prizes of the Wethersfeld auction today! I'll be leaving you early tomorrow morning, Mannix."

"No dissatisfaction, I trust, sir?"

"Not at all. Simply that I've spent my money. Fay, go to that restaurant and order dinner and wait for me."

Mr. Mannix himself ran the car to the fourth floor. As John Dyce moved to get out, the car jerked; apologizing, Mr. Mannix caught his tenant's arm and stepped with him into the hall.

The tireless Mannix had been moving furniture again. There were twin bookcases in the hall. Against the opposite wall were again window curtains on a stretcher; under the ceiling light, which was badly smoked, was a swivel-chair.

"That light," said Mr. Mannix vexedly. "I have a bulb here, fortunately. . . . Mr. Higgins, would you be so affable and obliging as to stand on this chair and change the bulb? I could not reach it."

"Surely, Mannix." John Dyce was cooperative, hoping for an attempt to hocus him, but he couldn't see the light. He mounted the chair, pretended unsteadiness, waving, and caught the smoked bulb.

He turned it. The light went out. While he turned the new bulb in the socket, Mr. Mannix turned the chair below. The blind man, listening as only the blind listen, heard a broad surface swish from wall to wall. . . . The hall was bright again, showing the elevator doors, and number 43 on the apartment door to the left.

Mr. Mannix hurried hopefully ahead, unlocked door 43 and held it open.

But John Dyce, who, like most of the blind from birth, had a sense of direction inferior only to the magnetic needle, knew that apartment 43 was not behind that opening door. Here was the illusion that had provided the sight unseen. . . .

His things were back of that door, no doubt, and disposed just as he had left them in the morning, willing him to put his alleged jewels into that safe; it would be entertaining to go along and observe how the ingenious Mannix would switch him back into his own apartment, but then it might be too late. Here was the heart of the trick. . . .

He lingered, chatting idly.

P. Mortimer entered the hall from one of the stairs. . . . Mr. Mannix's deep-set hazel eyes became exceedingly alert.

"I HAD to walk up," explained P. Mortimer casually. "Hello, Mannix. I left a lawbook in the apartment. Will you please—"

He paused, staring puzzledly at the elevator doors. He stepped to the window curtains opposite, twitched them aside, and exposed another pair of elevator doors.

"I heard something of a new elevator. Have you two now?"

"We strive to give service, Mr. Dicks, thank you." Unhurrying, with rigid gravity, the superintendent moved the curtain stretcher aside, pushed back the elevator door, entered the car, closed the door and descended.

John Dyce found the back of the chair with one hand, and the curtain stretcher with the other. Demonstrating, he turned the chair and swung the curtains across to the other side of the hall.

"Presto! The elevator is now where it belongs. And there—" he pointed to the left—"is apartment 43. Did you ever stand on this chair, Mr. Dicks, and help Mr. Mannix change a light?"

"Why, no. . . . Oh—Halloween. I stood up there and took a pumpkin off that light for him! It never occurred to me even to mention that. . . . So that's how—and, look—the door numbers are changed; somebody made 48 into 43, and 43 into 48, with crayon or chalk. . . . Look, it rubs right off. But he's getting away! He knows that I'll see through his little trick now!"

"I trust he's getting out with all speed," grinned the blind man. "And I hope he's taking Miss Gilfether's money with him."

The elevator car came up; the colored operator looked out.

"What are those doors over there?" asked John Dyce.

"How come they here?" commented the man surprisedly. "They some of the old wood doors and frames Mr. Mannix took out downstairs—"

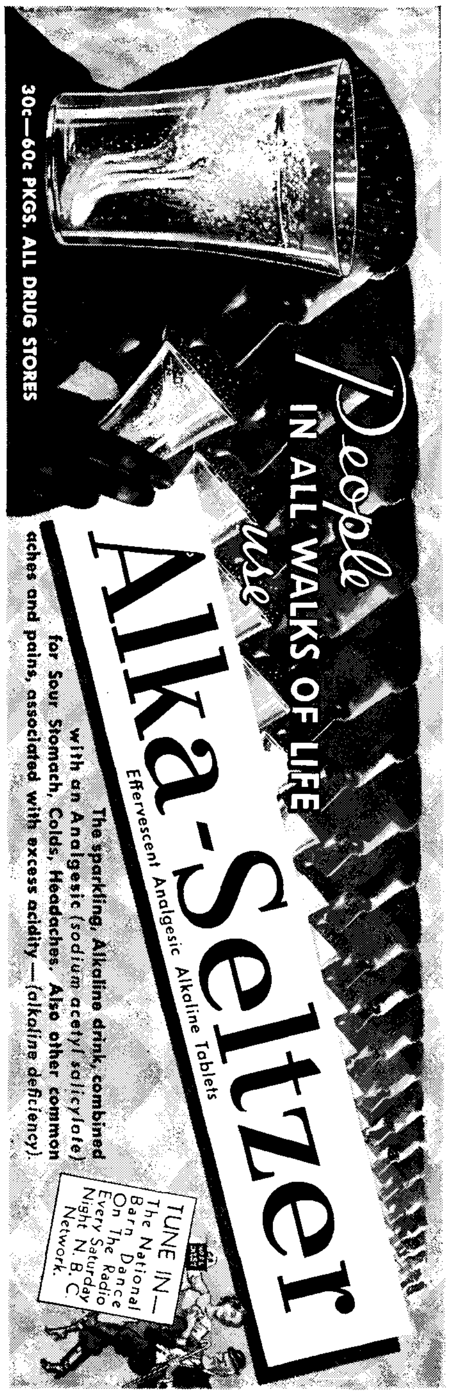
A police whistle shrilled in the street; three times.

"There is Mr. Mannix, collared on his way out," exclaimed the blind man pleasedly. "And he had the money with him! I asked the sergeant to let me know at once. This is a large house, Mr. Dicks, and we'd never have found the money if we had to look for it."

JOHN DYCE hung up the telephone in his Park Avenue office and spoke to P. Mortimer and Ruth.

"The police must hold the money until Mannix is arraigned in court tomorrow morning; it will be returned to you then. The money is all there; Mannix was too wise to spend any of it yet a while.

"The police tell me, too, that they have learned how Mannix knew that you were to have the money with you.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It's like a TACK in your toe!

TO TAKE a tack out of your toe you wouldn't saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You'd draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn *is* like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you leave the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it *all* out—swiftly, safely, gently—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes *root and all.* And there's no danger of infection.

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The instant you apply *double-action* Blue-Jay the pain stops—like magic. Then quickly the corn loosens, lifts out, *is gone!* Why suffer needlessly? Costs only 4c to end worst corn. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive that cannot stick to stockings. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

The robber O'Dea has made a statement, in revenge. He was prepared to take his punishment in silence, but when the police showed him the money and told him who had it, he was enraged against Mannix and offered to turn people's witness.

"This is O'Dea's story, told just now to the district attorney under promise of a recommendation.

"O'Dea was sent to the Belgrand by Mike Aron. He was to wait in your apartment for you to enter; if you were already in the apartment and refused to open the safe, he was to break it. He was told that Superintendent Mannix would help him—Mannix and Aron were together in San Quentin years ago.

"O'Dea went to the Belgrand and met Mannix, who told him that you had already come in and gone out again. Mannix let him into your apartment, and O'Dea went to rifling it, looking for the money. And meanwhile Mr. Mannix, who was tricking you both and picking the money from between you, was putting you into apartment 48 across the hall. He then rubbed out his false numbers, moved away his extra elevator doors, and was ready to deliver you and O'Dea to the police."

"And everybody praised him for it!" exclaimed P. Mortimer, sitting up. "Now that he's been exposed, we'll probably hear some interesting experiences from other tenants. Mr. Dyce, that Mannix is no first offender!"

"They rarely are, Mr. Dicks," said the blind man. "As a rule, a first offender is a man who is caught at last. A year in Joliet and three in San Quentin is the record compiled so far for Mr. Mannix by the Bureau of Criminal Identification. I dare say that the Bureau would have investigated him without my urging; I had a talk with the Bureau chief, several days ago."

"The floor plan showed—" began Ruth enlighteningly.

"Precisely," nodded John Dyce. "It showed, as I expected, since I knew that you had not been in your own apartment, that there was another apartment of the same layout.

"Here is the plan. As you see, the house is cut into three wings by two courts in front and two in the rear. Your apartment—43—is in the rear of the central wing. As you enter, the rear court into which the windows look is to the left.

"Turn the plan around now, as you were turned around, and look at apartment 48, diagonally across the hall. The layout is the same, and the front court into which the windows look is again to the left! And not only these two apartments but all in the house are alike in furnishing and decoration.

"Knowing that Mannix's plan had to be simple and quick, I had to catch and halt him in the very act. Hoping that he would try to trick me, I told you to walk in on us at the moment when I should be entering an apartment. His method should be exposed at that point. But, if he was to find the money for us, he couldn't be seized then; he had to be alarmed and let run, into the arms of the police outside."

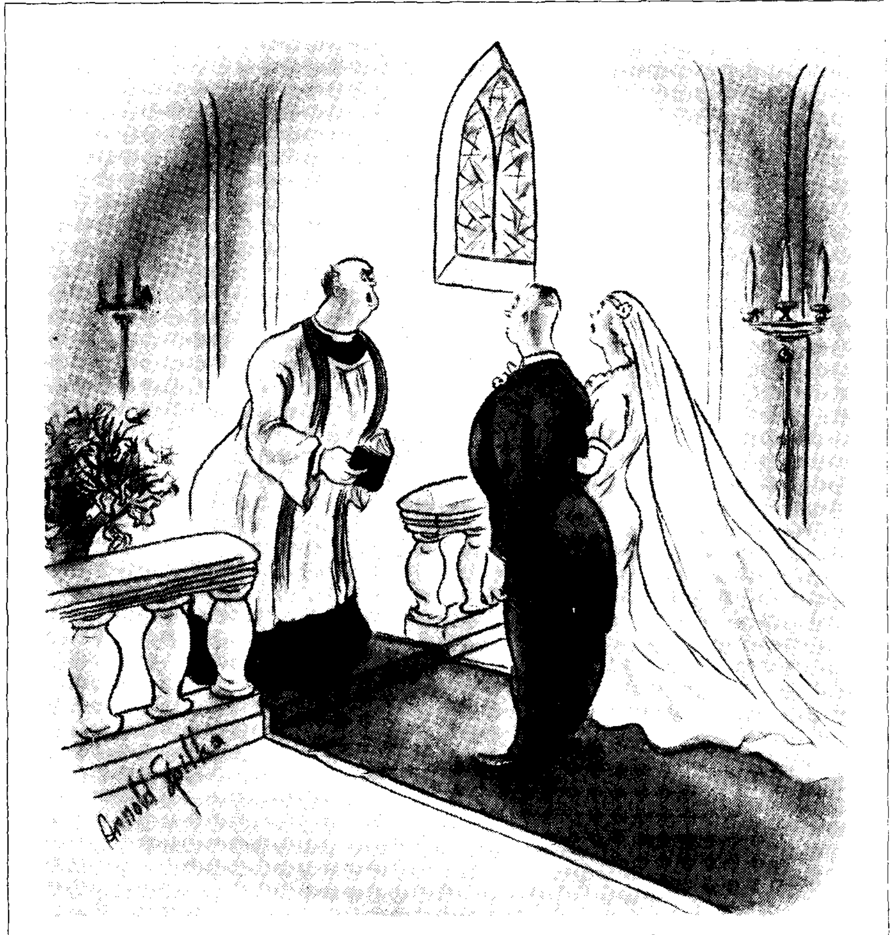
"BUT, Mort, you must have looked so"—Ruth choked back a giggle and swayed toward her lawyer—"so wonderful, Mort, always"

"The sight is easily tricked," said the blind man soothingly. "The hand is surer, and I am told that it is even quicker. You cannot see the air about us, nor water always, nor ice nor glass; it is hard for me to understand. But why people should be so sure of what they see, when they know how the eyes are tricked by the telescope, the microscope, the mirror, motion pictures—"

He broke off with a shadowy smile and reached for one of his infrequent cigarettes.

"There is an illusion of sight even here! Had I eyes, I should see you—should I not?—sitting in different chairs, well apart, and in conventional attitudes, whereas my ears tell me that you are sitting in one chair and that Miss Gilfether's arm—"

"No, Ruth, just close your eyes!" laughed P. Mortimer, holding her back from rising hurriedly. And his hand went over her forehead and drew her dark head down onto his shoulder.



"Now you made me forget what I wanted to ask you!" ARNOLD SPILKA

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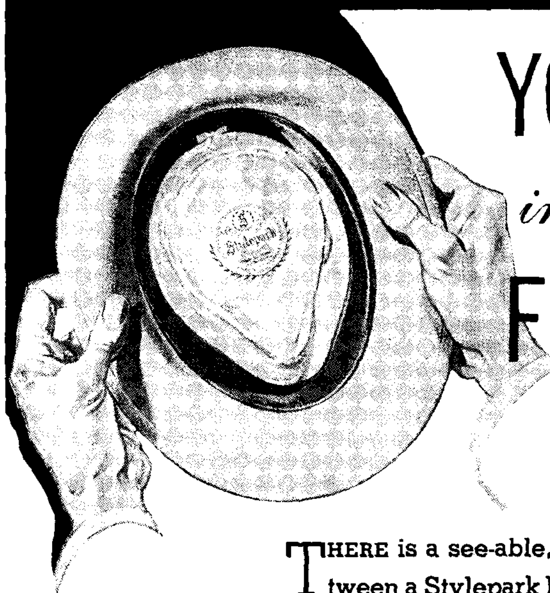
YOU CAN *immediately* FEEL THE *difference*



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GLOVER'S

The Invisible President

Continued from page 16

the study. "I want a few words with Herman."

"Cutting it rather fine. But if you insist. . . ."

He cursed under his breath as Salvaletti went out, turned, and stared angrily at Moya Adair; her calm aloofness maddened him.

"Something blasted funny going on," he growled. "And I guess, Miss Breon, you know all about it."

"I know no more than you know, Mr. Bragg. I can only ask you in your own interests to remember. . . ."

"The coaching! Sure I'll remember it. I'm in up to the eyebrows. But after tonight, I climb out!"

The door was thrown open and Herman Grosset burst in. His eyes were wild as he looked from face to face.

"Harvey," he said, hoarsely, "I'm real sorry. You won't believe me, but I've been dead sober all day. I guess it must be blood pressure, or maybe incipient insanity. It's in the family, isn't it, Harvey? Listen—" he met the angry glare: "Don't talk yet—give *me* a word. I got a funny phone message, more than an hour back. I thought it needed investigation. But hell burn me, that's all I can remember about it!"

"What do you mean?" growled Harvey Bragg.

"I mean I don't know what happened from the time I got that message which I can't remember—up to five minutes ago, when I found myself sitting on a chair down in the vestibule, feeling darn' sleepy and wondering where in hell I'd been."

"You're a drunken sot!" Harvey Bragg bawled. "That's what you are—a drunken sot. You've been soused, all afternoon. And this is the damn' fool story you think you can pull on me. Get out to the cars; we're late already."

"I don't like your words," said Herman Grosset, truculently. "They ain't just, and they ain't right."

"Right or wrong—get out!" yelled Harvey Bragg. "Get on with your job. I have to get on with mine. . . ."

Two minutes later, a trio of powerful cars roared down Park Avenue bound for Carnegie Hall. In the first were four armed bodyguards; in the second Harvey Bragg and Salvaletti; in the third, three more guards, and Herman Grosset.

"Bluebeard" was well protected.

IN NAYLAND SMITH'S temporary office in Carnegie Hall, silence, vibrant with unspoken thoughts, had fallen.

Maurice Norbert had just ceased speaking. He stood looking smilingly from face to face. Nayland Smith, seated on the edge of the desk, lean brown hands clutching one upraised knee, watched him unflinchingly. Sarah Lakin's steady grave eyes were fixed upon him also.

Senator Lockly, one of Orwin Prescott's most fervent supporters, had joined the party and his red, good-humored face now registered bewilderment and doubt. Nayland Smith broke the silence.

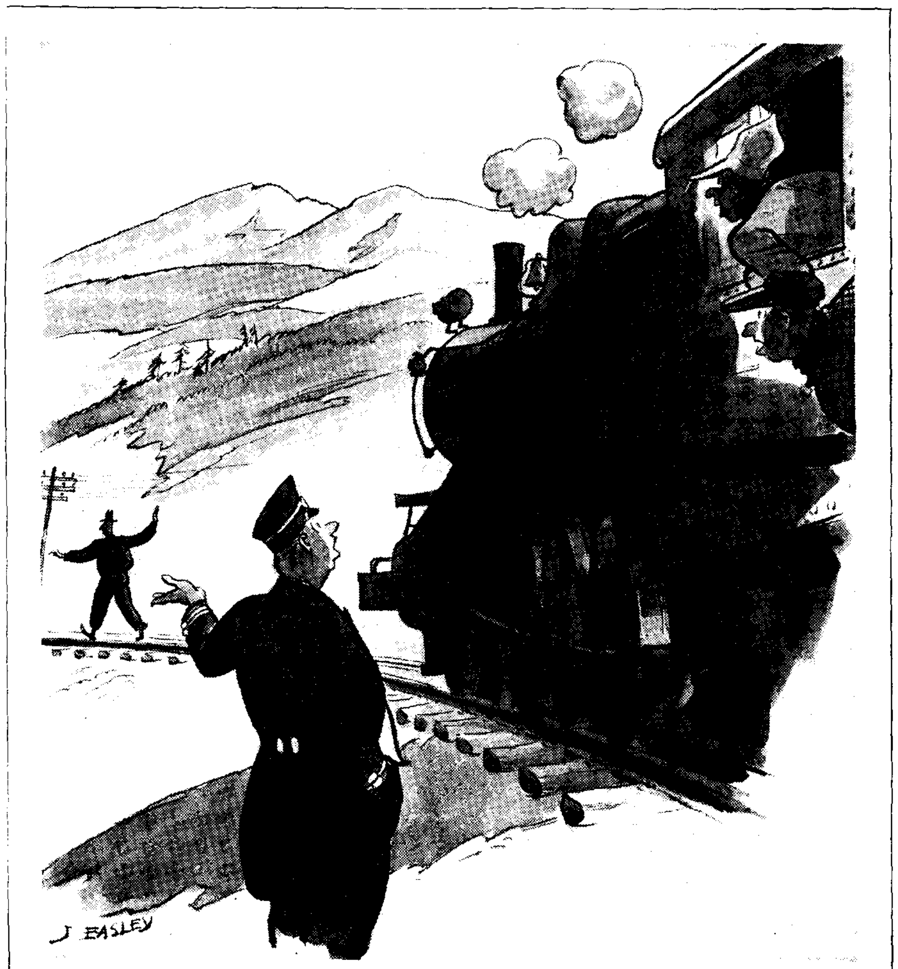
"Your explanation, Mr. Norbert," he rapped, "presents certain curious features into which at the moment we have no opportunity to inquire. We are to understand that Dr. Prescott communicated with you, roughly at the same time that he communicated with Miss Lakin, and gave you certain instructions which you carried out. These necessitated your meeting a car at an agreed point, and being driven to an unknown destination, where you found Dr. Prescott receiving medical attention, under the care of a physician whom you did not meet?"

"Exactly."

Maurice Norbert continued to smile.

"You had been instructed to take a suitcase and other items and we are to

(Continued on page 64)



"He says he hasn't stepped off for 37 miles! He wants to set a record!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

LOOK HOW THIS SMART NEW STUDEBAKER
tops them all in Beauty
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JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN LOWEST PRICED CARS

And an officially proved gas economy Champion!

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It isn't a last year model a little bit improved. It's thoroughly new from slender, silvery radiator to sweeping rear fenders. And you never saw interiors of such roominess, completeness and good taste.

The smooth, air-curved Studebaker top is the largest one-piece sheet of solid steel ever used in a motor car . . . and it's inseparably welded to a steel body that has more and stronger steel-girder reinforcements than you'll find in any other car.

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With this invention, a development of the modern-type transmission pioneered by Studebaker, the engine uses gas only 2 miles while car travels 3 miles.

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NEW 1936 Studebaker

SMART TO BE SEEN IN . . . SMARTER TO BUY

The Invisible President

Continued from page 62

understand that Dr. Prescott has come to some arrangement with those responsible for his disappearance whereby he will be present here, tonight?"

"Exactly," Maurice Norbert repeated.

Sarah Lakin continued fixedly to watch Norbert, but she did not speak. Senator Lockly cleared his throat, and:

"I don't understand," he declared, "why, having found him, you left him. It seems to me there's no guarantee even now that he will arrive."

"One of the curious features," rapped Nayland Smith, standing up, and beginning to pace the floor, "to which I referred—" He turned suddenly, facing Norbert. "I don't entirely understand your place in this matter, Mr. Norbert. And I believe—" glancing aside—"that Miss Lakin shares my doubts."

"I do," Sarah Lakin replied.

"Forgive me—" Norbert bowed to the speaker—"but in this hour of crisis we are naturally overwrought, every one of us. It isn't personal, it's national. These facts will wear a different complexion tomorrow. But accept my assurance, everybody, that Dr. Prescott will be here." He glanced at his wrist watch. "In fact, I must go down to meet him. I beg that you will do as I have asked. Senator, will you join me? He has requested that we be with him on the platform." As the door closed behind them:

"How long employed by Dr. Prescott?" rapped Nayland Smith.

"Maurice Norbert," Sarah Lakin replied, "has been in my cousin's service for rather more than a year."

"Hepburn has been checking up on him. It has proved difficult, but we expect all the details tomorrow."

AT WHICH moment, the door was thrown open again, and the Abbot of Holy Thorn, wearing the dress of a simple priest, stepped into the office.

The bearded face of Mark Hepburn might have been glimpsed over his left shoulder. Nayland Smith sprang forward.

"Dom Patrick Donegal!" he cried, "thank God I see you here! And safe!"

Mark Hepburn came in.

"My experiences, Mr. Smith," the Abbot replied calmly, "on my journey to the city, have convinced me that I have incurred certain Jangers." He smiled, and gripped the outstretched hand. "But I think I warned you that I am a prisoner hard to hold. It is my plain duty in this crisis, since I am denied the use of the air, to be here in person."

"One of our patrol cars," said Hepburn, dryly, "picked up the Abbot twenty minutes ago and brought him here under escort. I may add . . . that the escort was necessary."

"That is quite true," the priest admitted. "A very tough-looking party in a large car had been following me for several miles. But—" he ceased to smile and assumed by a spiritual gesture the role of his Church—"I have achieved my purpose. If I am to consider myself technically under arrest, I must nevertheless insist, Mr. Smith, upon one thing. . . . Failing the appearance of my friend, Orwin Prescott, *I* shall confront Harvey Bragg tonight."

A sound resembling an approaching storm made itself audible. Mark Hepburn nodded to Nayland Smith and went out. Sarah Lakin stood up, her grave calm ruffled at last. Smith stepped to the doorway and stared along the corridor.

The sound grew louder—it was the cheering of thousands of voices. Dimly the strains of a military band were heard. Mark Hepburn came running back.

"Dr. Prescott is on the platform!" he cried, completely lifted out of himself by the excitement of the moment.

"Harvey Bragg has just arrived. . . ."

THE classic debate which the Moving Finger was writing into American history took place in an atmosphere of tension unequaled in the memory of anyone present. After the event, there were many who recalled significant features; as, for instance, that Harvey Bragg used notes, his custom being to speak extemporaneously (if in the mood, for many hours). Also, that he frequently glanced in the direction of his secretary, Salvaletti, who seemed at times to be prompting him.

Hidden from the audience, Dom Patrick Donegal looked on at the wordy duel. And, helpless now to intervene, he realized, as everyone in that vast gathering realized, that Dr. Orwin Prescott was a beaten man.

As oratory, his performance was perhaps the finest in his career; his beautiful voice, his scholarship, put to shame the coarse bellowing and lamentable historical ignorance of his opponent. But in almost every sentence, he played into the hands of Harvey Bragg; he fell into traps that a child could have avoided. With dignity, assurance, perfect elocution, he made statements which even the kindest critic must have branded as those of a fool.

At times, it seemed that he was conscious of this. More than once, he raised his hand to his forehead as if to collect his thoughts, and especially it was noticed that points raised in response to the apparent promptings of Salvaletti resulted in disaster for Dr. Orwin Prescott.

His keenest supporters lost heart. It appeared long before the debate was ended that Harvey Bragg offered the country prosperity. Dr. Prescott had nothing to offer but beautifully phrased sentences.

And the greatest orator in the United States, the Abbot of Holy Thorn, dumbly listened—looked on, whilst his friend Orwin Prescott, with every word that he uttered, broke down the fine reputation which laboriously and honorably he had built up.

It was the triumph of "Bluebeard."

IN THAT book-lined room, high above New York, where sometimes incense was burned, Dr. Fu Manchu sat.

The debate at Carnegie Hall was being broadcast from coast to coast. Robed in yellow, his mandarin's cap upon his head, he sat, listening. Reflected light from the green-shaded table lamp enhanced his uncanny resemblance to the Pharaoh Seti I; for the eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu were closed as he listened.

His hands stretched out upon the table before him had remained quite motionless, as Orwin Prescott became involved more deeply in the net cunningly spread for him by Harvey Bragg. Only at times, when the latter hesitated, fumbled for words, would the long pointed nails tap lightly upon the polished surface.

On three occasions during this memorable debate, an amber point came to life on the switchboard.

Without in any way allowing his attention to be distracted, Dr. Fu Manchu listened to reports from the man of miraculous memory. These all related to numbers detailed to intercept Abbot Donegal. The third and last induced a slight tapping of long nails upon the lacquer surface. It was a report to the effect that a government patrol had res-

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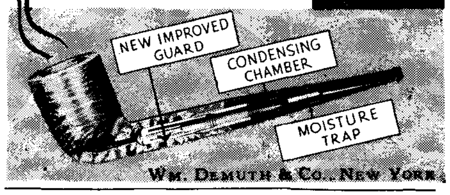

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cued the abbot (picked up at last within a few miles of New York) from a Z car which had been tracking him. . . .

The meeting concluded with wildly unrestrained cheers for Harvey Bragg. In that one hour he had advanced many marches nearer to the White House. Politically, he had obliterated the only really formidable opponent who remained in the field. Except for the silent Abbot of the Holy Thorn, the future of the United States now lay between the old regime and Harvey Bragg.

Deafening cheers were still ringing throughout Carnegie Hall when Dr. Fu Manchu disconnected. Silence fell in that small book-lined room distant from the scene of conflict. Bony fingers opened the silver box: Fu Manchu sought the inspiration of opium. . . .

Orwin Prescott, bewildered, even now not understanding that he had wiped himself off the political map, that he was committed to fatal statements which he could never recall, dropped down into an armchair in Nayland Smith's office, closed his eyes and buried his face in his hands.

Sarah Lakin crossed and sat beside him. Senator Lockly had disappeared. Nayland Smith glanced at Mark Hepburn and they went out together. In the corridor:

"Where is Abbot Donegal?" said Nayland Smith.

"In charge of Lieutenant Johnson." Hepburn answered dryly. "Johnson won't make a second mistake. Abbot Donegal stays until he has your permission to leave."

"Orwin Prescott was either drugged or hypnotized, or both," rapped Nayland Smith. "It's the most damnably cunning thing Fu Manchu has ever done. With one stroke tonight, he has put the game into Harvey Bragg's hands."

"I know." Mark Hepburn ran his fingers through his disheveled hair. "It was pathetic to listen, and impossible to watch. Abbot Donegal was just quivering. Sir Denis, this man is a magician! I begin to despair."

Nayland Smith suddenly grabbed his arm, as they walked along the corridor.

"Don't despair," he said, "yet! There's more to come."

They had begun to descend to the floor below when Harvey Bragg, flushed with triumph, already tasting the sweets of dictatorship, the cheers of that vast gathering echoing in his ears, came out into a small lobby, packed with privileged visitors and newspapermen.

His bodyguard, as tough a bunch as any man had ever collected in the United States, followed him in. Paul Salvaletti walked beside him.

"Folks!" Bragg cried, "I know just how you feel." He struck his favorite pose, arms raised. "You're all breathing the air of a new and better America. . . . That's just how *I* feel! Another obstacle to national happiness is swept away. Folks, there's no plan but my plan. At last we are getting near to the first ideal form of government America has ever known."

"Which any country has ever known," said Salvaletti, his clear, musical voice audible above the uproar. "America, Africa, Europe—or Asia."

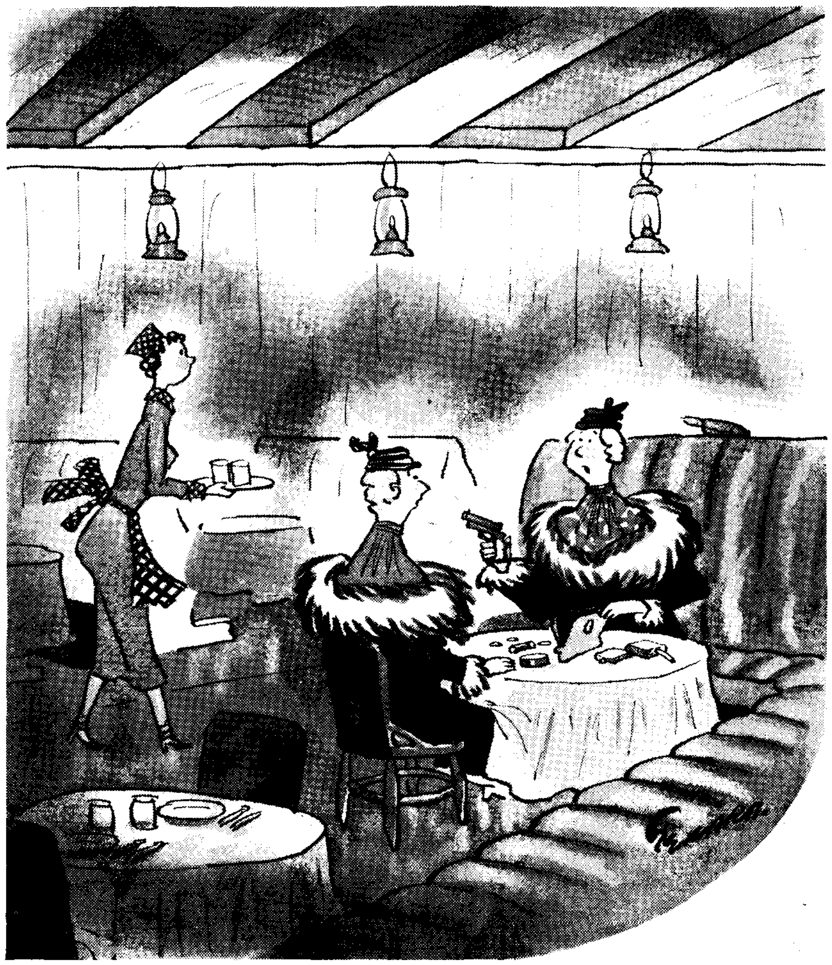
AS HE spoke the word *Asia*, Herman Grosset, hitherto flushed with excitement, suddenly became deathly pale. His eyes glared, foam appeared at the corners of his mouth. With that lightning movement which no man of the bodyguard could equal, he snatched an automatic from his pocket, sprang forward and shot Harvey Bragg twice through the heart. . . .

There was a moment of dazed silence; a sound resembling a moan. Then, the faithful bodyguard, one second too late, almost literally made a sieve of Herman Grosset with their bullets.

He died before the man he had assassinated. Riddled with lead, he crashed to the floor of the lobby as Harvey Bragg collapsed in the arms of Salvaletti.

"Herman! My God! *Herman!*" were Bragg's dying words.

(To be continued next week)



"I wonder if I haven't picked up someone else's bag, Ella?"

DAVE GERARD

In a Malayan jungle I made my Strangest "Find"

By Frank Buck

Author of "Bring 'em back alive"

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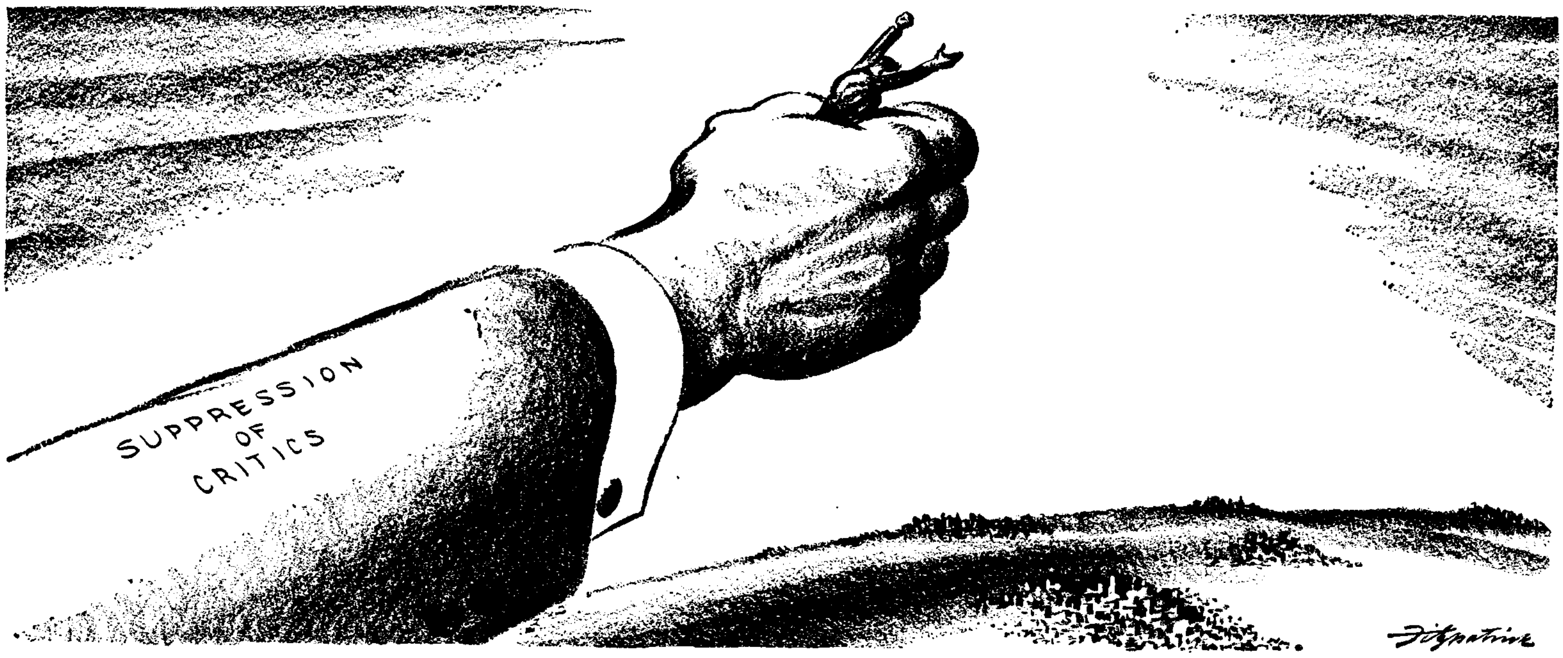

Double Fault

THE fact that 1936 is a presidential campaign year does not justify bitterness, extravagant statement or angry suppression of criticism on the part of governmental officials. On the contrary, we need especially this year to be considerate in what we say and tolerant toward opinions with which we disagree.

A good-natured toleration of political criticism is an ancient and honorable American custom. It should be continued. More than ever this year differences of opinion are unavoidable. Nothing can possibly be gained by any governmental effort to suppress unfavorable comment or to punish those who dissent from the policies adopted by the Administration. The recent summary removal of General Johnson Hagood from his command because of expressions used in his testimony before a Committee of Congress was a perfect example of what not to do in the United States. The arbitrary punishment inflicted upon General Hagood merely served to advertise remarks which had previously escaped public attention. Instead of suppressing what he said, the Administration succeeded in broadcasting his criticism and in inducing millions of people to consider it. Such a procedure, in addition to its other defects, is ineffectual. Governments cannot afford to be ineffectual.

The case of General Hagood will be long remembered because it showed so clearly the kind of blunder into which officials fall when they seek to silence dissenting opinions concerning their own policies.

General Hagood merely testified before the House Committee on Appropriations. He testified, not upon his own initiative but at the request of Congress. Before testifying he asked and obtained the permission of the War Department to appear. His testimony was given at an executive session of the Committee. He spoke in the confidence of the Committee and not for publication.

Subsequently his remarks were published without giving him the opportunity to temper his phrases. He had urged better housing for soldiers. His caustic comments on the WPA program and especially his phrase "stage money," describing WPA funds, raised the ruckus and deprived him of his command.

If General Hagood had, upon his own initiative, hired a hall and made a speech, few would have objected to the humiliation visited upon him. Soldiers are by custom denied the right to participate in political discussions. If, as an Army officer, he had ventured to criticize his superiors, he would have been punished and no protests would have been made.

But General Hagood did none of these things. He talked only when he was summoned by Congress and only after he had been given permission to testify by his own commanding general. He responded only to questions put to him.

Now, it is obvious that nothing can be learned from a witness who is not permitted to testify freely. If Congress or the Administration wants only approval and praise, there is no need for calling expert witnesses. Instead of summoning generals, Congress should call for "yes men," publicity experts or stooges. Certainly there is neither reason nor justice in inviting a distinguished soldier to express his opinions and then in punishing him because his expressed opinions are distasteful.

This is not the American way. Our tradition is one of tolerance. In the past Presidents have permitted high Army officers and other officials to criticize public policies upon which the voters were subsequently to act. Woodrow Wilson refused to restrain General Leonard Wood, in spite of the bitter criticism of Wilson's policies which General Wood expressed repeatedly. Abraham Lincoln permitted General McClellan to oppose his policies.

It is hard to endure unjust criticism and it is unpleasant to have to take even just criticism, but there is no escape in a free country. Certainly none of our Presidents, from Washington down to the present, has been immune.

Dictators and absolute monarchs can suppress everything but praise of themselves, but we have neither a dictatorship nor a monarchy. More than that, we are not inclined to any fundamental change in our form of government.

The sound governmental policy is one of toleration for dissenting opinions. If the critic is extravagant or unsound his recklessness will be recognized. The government cannot safely deprive itself of the benefit to be derived even from hostile and prejudiced critics. A policy of penalizing all who disagree will be disastrous.

In a campaign year such a governmental policy provides the opposition with ammunition. Opponents of the New Deal could ask no greater help than a policy of suppression by those in office. No official measures, however just or conciliatory, can undo the damage.

On the other hand, tolerance in the face of criticism is in itself a defense. An official who good-naturedly takes whatever criticism is directed at him inspires moderation even in the opposition. After all, in every election the record is important and the facts have a way of speaking for themselves.

This year surely the record is large enough to be argued honestly, fairly and with good humor both by advocates and opponents of the New Deal.

From every available source information is needed. The observations made by responsible officials in the permanent service should be made available both to Congress and to the higher political officials. Those called on to testify should be assured immunity against punishment in case their testimony lacks tact or their views prove displeasing to their superiors.

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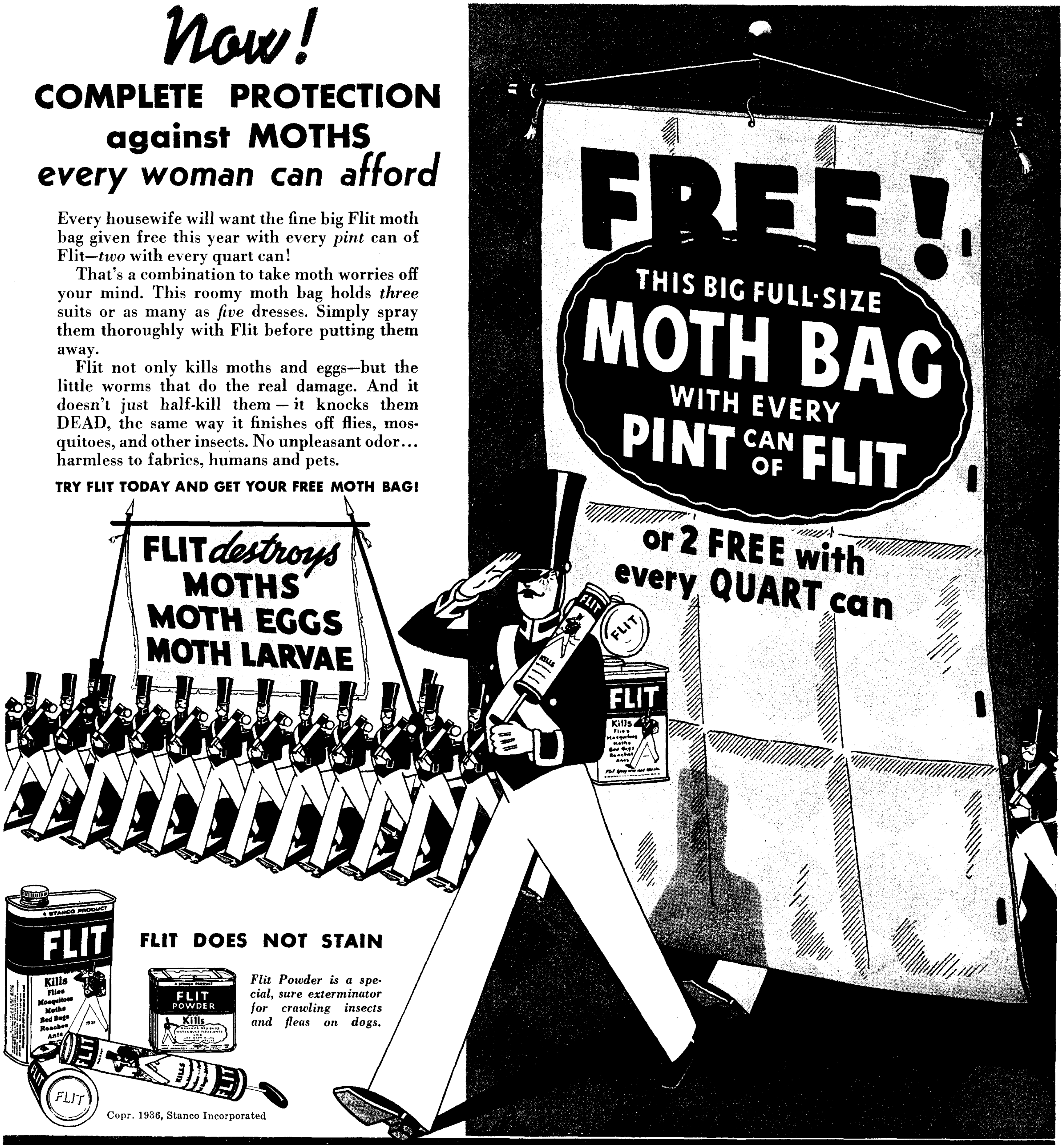
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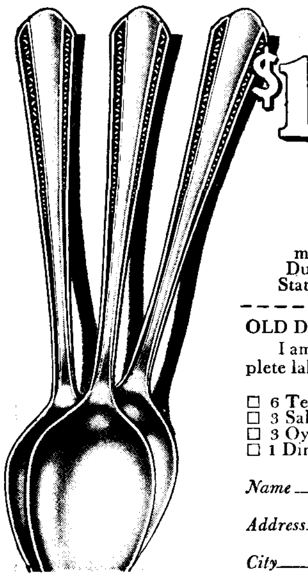

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